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Snider

(Goethe)

GOETHE'S FAUST

SECOND PART.

A COMMENTARY

—ON THE—

LITERARY BIBLES OF THE OCCIDENT.

—BY—

DENTON J. SNIDER.

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INTRODUCTION.

In the Second Part of "Faust," Mythology becomes universal, both in its form and in its meaning. The poem contains not a single Mythology of one time or of one people, or a single mythus thereof, but has the emphatic tendency to weave into its texture all Mythologies, of the most different times and peoples. But it employs not Mythology alone: it has also symbol, allegory, personification, even down to the riddle, yet each springs up in its own place and takes its part in the grand poetical cosmos. Besides these multitudinous forms transmitted to him, the poet frequently constructs a Mythology of his own, at first hand from Nature, going back to the original mythical fountain of the world, and making it pour forth again its primal treasures. The first myth-making faculty of the primitive race and the last flower of human culture bloom here, side by side, or rather they grow together into one colossal new product, the oldest and newest mythical gifts of man united into a world-embracing poem.

The chief Mythologies of this poem are the Greek and Teutonic, or Classic and Romantic.

These have had and still have the main influence upon the hearts and imaginations of men; they indicate also great epochs in the World's History; they still represent phases of individual development, and remain its best poetic expression. Faust is primarily the bearer of the Teutonic mythus, upon which the Classic mythus is to be engrafted, the process of which takes place in this poem as it took place in history, and as it takes place to a greater or less extent in the culture of every individual. A reconstruction of the world's development we have here in a new mythical form, though its materials be old; the mythus of all culture it is, which unites the streams of the great Mythologies into its own mighty mythical river, and thus rises to the proportions of the World's Mythus.

But in these heathen elements of the poem we must not forget the Christian Mythology, which is here too, and is everywhere, playing into the work. The legends of the Church take their place in the poet's Whole, which winds up in the supreme religious mythus, that of the future state. Then the Devil, whose mythical origin is directly deduced from Christianity in the poem itself, is always present, and runs through the entire action with his problem. By means of these Biblical influences a Semitic thread is woven through the poem, in indissoluable intimacy with its dominant Aryan elements.

The Second Part opens with the fairy Mythology drawn out of Shakespeare, but modeled anew and with a fresh significance. From some old hint

the poet constructs a new order of mythus, or a mythologem, such as Homunculus of Romantic, and Euphorion of Classic, fable. Allegory undisguised steps in, as seen in the Boy Charioteer; then the poem speaks in abstract personification, as in Hope, Fear, Prudence; symbols cunningly constructed and bearing deep meanings move through the picture, as we observe in that wonderful Elephant of the Masquerade. Again the verse flows into plain narrative, showing its sense on the surface, or under the most transparent covering; often it breaks into an apothegm or proverb, or turns to abstract reflection. Even Philosophy with its most abstruse forms is present, as we can observe in the scene of the Mothers; Religion, too, is on hand, with its legends and festivals and symbols, as we have already noticed. What a broad sympathy, what a universal culture is demanded of the reader of this poem! Too great, have been the demands on this and on the poet's own generation; the result is, his work has not been understood.

And now we must fully comprehend the relation of the poet to the mythus which he unfolds. Goethe is no longer the myth-maker in the primitive sense; he has not the naive faith of early peoples who recount in mythical form supernatural wonders. He does not believe, and he would not have his readers believe, in the literal raising of treasures out of the earth, in the literal transmutation of the base into the precious metals. The ancient story of Helen he tells again; but not with

the immediate faith of old Homer; we feel that he has another meaning, that there is an element of intention, of conscious mythologizing which belongs to a new spiritual time. Hence there is a loss of instinctive utterance, of beautiful poetic childhood; but manhood, too, must have its mythus, and Goethe is its best spokesman. Accordingly there is a gain more than compensating for the loss; indeed the old mythus cannot mean much to us, till it be transfigured into its modern form.

For instance, treasures are raised out of the earth by the plow, by the various methods of agriculture. The baser metals are transmuted into gold in mining and manufacture; the iron and copper flow into a golden stream by Industry. Thus the old magic and alchemy are transformed into the Mythus of Industry, of which they are indeed the early half-articulate harbingers. We must always feel this second intention in the mythical work of Goethe; the first intention of the simple legend has long since passed away. In this second sense Goethe believed in the mythus, and we believe in it, for it is the great reality before our eyes. The interpreter whose only function is to help the reader do without an interpreter, has, for his brief duty, the task of pointing out the second intention above noticed, as it unfolds out of the old mythus into the new.

The attitudes of the mind toward the mythus, as toward religion, are, in the main, three: 1st. The time of unquestioning credence, when the miraculous element finds no mental obstacle. 2nd. The

time of doubt and denial, when miracle, legend and religion are regarded as false, or largely as mere superstition. 3rd. The time of return to faith, not to the primal unconscious one, but now to a conscious one, which sees the truth of the early belief, yet sees too, its imperfect form, which caused the denial. Goethe in this Second Part of "Faust," essentially takes this third stand-point, rescuing for the cultured world the mythus, and restoring the same to a new faith, which again becomes fresh in our hearts. He asks us no longer to accept the literal word, but to probe to the inner spirit; in fact he rebuilds the mythus in accord with this spirit, and wins it back from its long banishment amid the realms of darkness.

To illustrate our meaning still further, let us take one of the few mythical lines of American poetry; it is written by Emerson upon the fight at Concord, in which the embattled farmers stood,

And fired the shot heard round the world.

This line is not a mere image or poetic figure, but a little national mythus, in which lies embosomed the meaning of the American Revolution to the world. Yet Emerson did not believe, nor expect us to believe, that there was any gun whose report could be heard over the globe. The particular fact of that shot is a lie, not credited by any American, however great his patriotism; but the universal fact of it is truth, profoundly believed by every American, and, indeed, by every thinking man. It is clear that, unless we reach down to this universal fact, we lose the poetry, and the line becomes not

only prose but a falsehood. The poet is consciously mythologizing right out of the heart of his time; no Greek or Teutonic fable is this, but the most modern, the very mythus of gunpowder, which is here made universal, the bearer of an idea, so that its report is heard round the world. An ideal report is this certainly, yet the truth and the sole truth of the matter; the rest is a lie. But it is easy to comprehend a single line of this kind, we know; what if we have thousands of lines and a whole mythical system, which seems all false and unintelligible, till we behold the truth of it under its disguise?

In some such way we are to study Goethe's mythical procedure, for we may be sure that he is not simply narrating a pretty story to amuse his reader. If the poet has nothing better to do than that, let his book be burnt, for it cannot mean anything to an earnest man. Far otherwise is its lesson, as we gather it; the poem preaches the deed and not amusement; its object is to fill, not to kill time; and a part of its own heroic deed is to read it. But why should the poet then hide his meaning under such a veil, why does he not speak out plainly? Reader, he does not hide it, it hides itself, if it be hidden to thee; whether it be hidden or not, depends upon the vigor of thy eye-sight. All things spiritual have a material time-garment, which may hide them to some, but in reality is that which reveals them. The mythus takes this little story or occurrence, a mere shell of Time, hollow, even false, and fills it with an eternal thing; it

transfigures the appearance, the lie, into truth. Moreover it corrects our material age by pointing to a Beyond, and by excluding from its poetic sanctuary the denier of spirit.

The connection between the First and Second Parts of the poem is specially maintained in the two leading characters, the natural and the supernatural, Faust and Mephisto, representing the two great strands which are wound together into the one work. The mythus of the old Faust-books and puppet-plays is continued in the Second Part, and adhered to even more rigidly than in the First Part. For the mythus has to be given to the poet by his people, he cannot make it, though he be the first to unfold it into its full significance.

The wonderful doings of Faust at the court of the German Emperor, as they are transmitted in legend, are the grand frame-work of this entire Second Part. That is, Faust passes from the individual, domestic and social sphere, in which he has been detained hitherto, into the State, a higher institution, passes from a lesser into "the greater world." This political setting will hold all of Faust's activity till the last scenes, when the religious world enters, and the State with its Present yields to the Church with its Future.

These miraculous doings of Faust in full may be divided into four chief actions: the making of money, the bringing of Helen, the winning of a battle, and the final fight with the Devil. The Teutonic, Greek and Christian mythologies have severally their places in these four grand actions,

which become, in Goethe's hands, vast mythical reservoirs into which he pours the development of the race, and the culture of the individual. They must all be read with that second intention, to which allusion has been made; the outer letter of the legend must be illuminated with the inner spirit, before it can be truly seen.

For instance, the magic making of gold and raising of treasures, become, by a poetic transmutation more magical than alchemy, the making of money in the modern sense, the creation of wealth through material Industry; the bringing of Helen becomes the long training of the man for his highest performance, or the Culture of the Individual; the winning of the victory for the State shows the trained individual Faust applying the new material resources of Industry and the spiritual results of culture, first to the saving of the State, and then to its regeneration; the battle with the Devil, lost by the Protestant Faust of the legend, is won by the new Faust of Goethe, whereby we may see that his career is at bottom in harmony with the religious movement of man. These four grand actions, all-embracing in their sweep, indicate likewise the four main divisions in the organism of the poem.

Thus the miracles of Faust are made to shadow forth the miracles of our modern civilization; yesterday's magic is to-day's reality, and it may be to-morrow's ruins. Wonderful is the sympathy of the poet who could see and feel in this wild hocus-pocus of his Teutonic ancestors an honest attempt to utter something deep in themselves, something

dark, which was struggling to be born into the light of the sun. Often frantic, often stupid, and always chaotic are these throes of the popular heart seeking utterance, hardly more than a cry or short forced pulsations of voice; but the poet touches the dark word, and it bursts into sunrise illuminating a world. This Faust magic, so beloved of the people, was a genuine thing to them, nay, to all time; it was not to be cast aside as mad fancy, or pure superstition, but was to be set forth in a great poem, which truly brings to speech the inarticulate fable. Magic is not now the wonder, but magic realized in the world before our eyes, in railroad, telegraph, telephone, all of which are legends more miraculous than any yet told in folklore.

The poet's work is, therefore, not the making, but the unfolding of the mythus into its true poetic flower. The poet may be truly said to interpret the mythus to his own age; unless he has this power, he can have little to say. Not merely to tell the story over again, as some former time told it—what is the use of that? Not an imitation his work must be, not a simple repetition or transference; with the gift of story-telling there must be the gift of interpretation, of working the significance of his own time into the legend, or rather of developing the legend into his own time, out of its earlier germ. His is the gift of poetic vision, which sees truth in fabulous forms, and reveals it anew, still in fabulous forms, which hold not the old but the new spirit. All this poem may be

called a vast interpretation of the Faust mythus, yet in a mythical form still; as the perfect flower is but the dark seed or germ unfolded to completeness in the light of Heaven.

This Second Part is not specially remarkable for imagery, or for those flowers which the reader expects to pluck as he dallies along its avenues and sideways. He must work into the conception, if he would find the true image, which is the whole work given in one colossal cast of the imagination. Too often with our poets the theme is utterly prosaic, though it be strown with many pretty posies; these do not grow as native flowers out the soil of the subject-matter, but are exotics with a sickly growth in an artificial environment; or possibly parasites clinging to a dead or even rotten trunk. Goethe is a grand builder, and his material is the pure marble, out of which he constructs his entire temple; he puts no plaster facings on it with an external marble glitter. Herein he is more Greek than Romantic, more Homer than Shakespeare, the latter of whom swathes his grand poetic conceptions in countless layers of images, one often heaped on top of the other.

Nor can it command a dramatic interest in the ordinary sense of the word, though it be a drama. It has no knot, strictly; it rests on no dramatic complications which are all loosened at once by a solution. It is rather a development and not an envelopment; it takes as its dramatic form the unfolding of man, and of the devil also, the drama of the spiritual growth of the race. It has thus the

last and deepest of all forms, so comprehensive that the name of drama hardly applies to it longer. All other dramas seem beside it certain small eddies more or less profound, in the Time-stream; this is the river itself in its everlasting sweep onward. It has well been called a drama of ideas; instead of characters we behold ideas acting and enduring; persons in it become what they were on the old stage, a speaking mask, through which the idea is voiced. Often we are in doubt whether the person be a living reality or some spectral phantasm; but we need not be in doubt concerning the idea uttered by him, which truly is all there is of him, or indeed of anybody or anything.

The difference between the First and Second Parts is great, but the profounder and more important fact is their harmony. They must be felt as one, the outflow of the same poetic soul, though at many diverse periods of life. The true discipline of the study of "Faust" is not attained till this harmony be attained in thought and feeling. The two Parts show great diversities: the First is more impulsive, the Second more reflective; the First has more joy in a sensuous fullness of expression, the Second is more sober and of stricter form; the First has more passion, the Second more thought; or, as the poet himself declares, the one is more subjective, the other more objective. The First Part moves in a limited even narrow sphere—old Teutonic life, with scarcely a hint of antiquity or of the great world stage; the Second moves at once to court, to the European current, into which the

classic world pours with a broad full stream, and we behold a multifarious image of the History of Europe. The First shows a descent from guilt to guilt; the Second shows the return, the grand palingenesis, chiefly through the Renascence. There are many other points of distinction, which the reader will make for himself, but the greater fact is their unity, the fact toward which the earnest student must always strive. Too exclusive devotion to the First Part in its special diversities and peculiarities may beget an indifference to the Second Part. When we hear a man praising the First Part, at the expense of the Second Part, we may be assured that he has not reached and felt the heart-beat of the First Part which he is praising, for it is one with the heart-beat of the Second Part. Again we must affirm the profoundest fact of both is their unity. We may be caught in the fervor, the brilliancy, the deviltry of the First Part, or some other special phase; then we may find the Second Part unenjoyable, with its calmness, its movement out of deviltry, its sententious form of utterance. Broaden yourself till you can take in both, else you will truly possess neither, for both have their deep primitive fountain in the same poetic soul.

We see in this poem the idea of Development raised to the supreme literary form, which becomes one with the movement of mankind. This idea was caught by Goethe distinctly from his study of Nature, out of which he transported it into Literature. But it has been the driving-wheel of all

Occidental civilization in contrast with Oriental fixity. Its first expression is in the Greek Theogony, in which, time after time, a system of higher Gods supplants a system of lower Gods, so that in oldest Hellas Theology was a progressive science, which it has hardly been since. But its completest spiritual expression is found in German Philosophy from Leibnitz to Hegel, to the last of whom, verily the last German Philosopher, this idea was the all-in-all, the soul of his dialectic, and the world was simply the unfolding of the idea into reality. Hegel is indeed in many ways the philosophic counterpart of Goethe. It is true Goethe disclaimed being a philosopher, and declared that he had "no 'philosophical organ;" still, as W. Von Humboldt told him, and as Schiller intimates, he was a philosopher, only his manner of philosophizing was different from the ordinary way, and the abstract metaphysical method was repugnant to him. Who can read his books and not see that he is a great thinker and is occupying himself with the profoundest problems of thought? Metaphysical cobwebs, spun for the sake of spinning, or to catch some wandering insect he took no delight in, nor does any earnest healthy human soul. He is the poet of culture by virtue of his thought; he is no Burns singing native wood melodies like the bird on the branch, which sound so delightful to the ear of the passing traveler; but one gets tired of bird-music, however sweet, and in fact one has not the time to listen to it long. Far different is the Faust strain of Goethe, it is the choral anthem

of the Universe, to whose music your life must be set, if you wish to live harmoniously. His poetry is not, let it be repeated, to amuse your vacant hour, or to rest your tired moments; you must give to him your best hour, if you will understand him; he rejects the off-scourings of your busy day, he will have your highest moment, and not once but many times. Your supreme vocation for the time being must be to understand him. The reason why he refuses to open his treasures to so many people, is, that they bring as their sacrifice to his altar, the offals of their intelligence. If you devote to Mammon the best of your labors, no true God or no true man is going to accept the remaining refuse of your life, he will keep out of your company.

In this sense of a continuous unfolding, the poem is to be read and construed. We must see the genesis of part out of part, the subtle transition must be closely watched in all its connecting threads. An interpretation has this business in the main; it is altogether the most difficult matter for the reader, and for the interpreter, which, if he does not get, he cannot reach the heart of the book. Philological, historical, mythologic difficulties are small in comparison; indeed they can be carried along unexplained often with little detriment, if one is borne deeply in the thought of the poem. But if the thought be not gained or be lost, what have you gotten? Here is the grand mistake of most editors and commentators. They seem to take for granted that the thought of the poem and

its structure are plain to every reader, while this little mythologic allusion or that little grammatical solecism is unintelligible. Often it may remain unintelligible without much loss; but the thought and structure must be seized, if we wish to possess the work.

The conception of "Faust," Goethe writes in 1832, goes back more than sixty years; in this first conception was included much of what is found in the Second Part at present. Particularly the elaboration of the "Helena" occupied him in this early period, and it must have been a constituent element of the first written plan or scheme. Such a plan of the continuation of Faust we find by the conversations of Eckermann, Goethe intended to insert in his autobiography for the year 1775.

But Margaret supplanted Helen in the First Part; one grand stage of Faust's development had in consequence to be carried over into a new realm. The idea of a Second Part must have already dawned on Goethe in 1797, when he wrote the Prologue in Heaven; Schiller speaks of it in the "Correspondence," as a matter determined. The two women of the poem, the German and the Greek, Nature and Culture, could not be well brought together; they are centers of the two different Parts, and probably first compelled the division of the poem.

In 1824, Goethe aged 75 years, was giving what he thought to be the final revision of his works—well might he think so! when he took in hand

again his autobiography (Dichtung und Wahrheit). Three parts of this work had appeared in the years 1811–14; the fourth part with which he had formerly been unable to proceed, was taken in hand, and the attempt was made to bring it to completion. It contained the events of the year 1775, and in it the plan of the continuation of Faust, as conceived at that time, was to be inserted. So much we learn from the faithful Eckermann.

But Eckermann, who was his literary assistant and counselor, urged him to lay hold of the plan, and to complete it poetically. To this sympathy and encouragement of Eckermann we owe the Second Part, as Goethe has himself declared. Of course all the fuel was there, only the lighted shaving was wanted to kindle it. This was Eckermann's gift, he could stir the old conception "of more than sixty years," could rouse the aged man to one final concentrated act of will running through seven years, till the work was done; then the hand fell and the old bard was dead, with his long swan-song ended.

Thus the Second Part in the circumstances of its composition differs from the First Part in two important regards. First, the Second Part is one great outflow, belonging to one period, whereas the First Part is scattered through forty years, is the product of very different periods, has more inequality, has greater leaps in it, and in certain points is more difficult to understand. There is an evenness and symmetry in the Second Part, while the First Part has ruggedness, irregularity, more

changes in style.

The second fact is that the Second Part was written in Goethe's old age, after life had given him all its experience, and had put into his hands nearly every literary form, and had calmed his passion into wisdom. In a sense, there is more variety than in the First Part, but this variety is mastered, it has no tendency to become independent. Nearly every kind of marble on the earth goes into the temple, but it is all hewn and fitted into its place, and is made to express one note in the grand harmony, being dominated fully by one idea, one ultimate form. All colors are here, still they belong to the Whole, and are subdued to its central thought.

It is not a product of senile weakness, as has been often charged, but of senile vigor, and just for this reason has a peculiar flavor among all written books. Yes, there is old age here, but an old age which has resumed and digested a long life, indeed, an old age which takes up and lives the life of mankind in its own life. No youth, no man of middle age could do this; the work is the purest crystallization of turbulent youth, studious and active middle age; the old man's imagination becomes a poetical universe. The sympathetic reader will feel the advantages of Age in this book as in old wines; doubtless, too, with certain disadvantages thereof.

The poetic process of Goethe is essentially the same in the Second Part as in all his works. He does not necessarily begin with the idea and in-

corporate it with an image; he rather begins with the image, and expands and fills it with an idea. Neither side is wanting; it were no true poetry if image or idea should be absent. He looks at an object, becomes one with it, sinks wholly into it, till he lives in an unconscious condition with its inmost nature, till he sees and feels its growth, germ, development, till its idea dawns upon his soul, not as an abstract thought, but as the very picture of the object. This condition is what he often calls his "dumpfheit," or period of poetic hibernation; moreover he speaks of himself as a sort of somnambulist, doing many wonderful feats unconsciously, which he would not dare attempt when awake. This power he has, of becoming one with Nature and feeling her secretest throb, then uttering the same in song; so he tells what the bird is singing, what the animal is doing, what Nature is saying. In like manner he treats the historic event, he sinks into it, lives with it, till he hears its voice, what it says and means, which is the voice of the future. The affair of the Diamond Necklace in which he saw a sign and heard a voice, is an example; it was a symbol in his use of the word.

In this sense he says that "everything that happens is a symbol." It has an outer phenomenal side, which, however, is but the expression of the soul of the event, its idea. The poet seizes the image of the event and makes it transparent with the idea, not always with intention perhaps, but because he cannot do otherwise. He says

somewhere "all our knowledge is symbolical;" this is to know a thing truly, to see its idea in the event or fact. "Alles Vergaengliche ist nur ein Gleichniss," declares the same thing; what is phenomenal and transitory is only a likeness in which is imaged the eternal. Reading his Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship in his old age, he finds it "symbolical," and in his sense it is.

Two opposite errors are here possible: We must not consider "Faust" as an image merely, a series of events or pictures; it is also an idea. But it is not some abstract idea merely, illustrated by a story or legend; the legend is the very form and speech of the idea, and the idea has its truest reality in the legend. The intuitive and the intellectual standpoints are united in the supreme poetic act; our thought may separate them for a moment for definition, but must never leave them separated. The highest appreciation of "Faust" unites image and idea into one poetic flash, and thus approaches the original creative act of the poet.

Everywhere, even in his scientific writings Goethe sees forms, and fills them; in the sky among the clouds, forms, forms; on the earth below, in its deep caverns, forms, forms; in the kingdom of flowers, forms, forms; in the animate world, forms, forms. He seems to have stood in more intimate relation to this formative energy of Nature, than any other recorded man; he turned to it, was happy only in contemplating it. But not only

did he contemplate it; he sank into it with feeling and instinct, was absorbed into the object, became one with its soul, slept with it in unconscious hibernation, yet wandered about as a poetical somnambulist, when he began to sing. A sort of insensible sense was his state of poetic activity.

He is the greatest poet of these late centuries, not because he has used the most images or the most beautiful images, but because he makes his image tell its deepest truth, makes it speak the profoundest and best idea to men. A sensuous indulgence in images, which float before the mind as shows, is not his poetic method; many a lesser poet surpasses him in brilliancy, color, vividness. But he makes his event or fable or other image tell its last story, speak its truest word; verily he appreciates appearances better than other writers, since he sees so much more in them. To the humblest trope he gives great honor, making it reflect its true soul or thought, and transforming it into a bearer of profound wisdom.

If the Second Part takes up and utilizes every species of poetic form, as parable, myth, symbol, even the riddle, in like manner it embraces almost every kind of meter, ancient and modern. Rhyme and rhythm, long and short verses, with every variety of harmonious intonation, play through the musical phantasmagory, yet under law always. In this respect the Second Part has often been compared to a symphony with its ranks of instruments, wood, metal, string; each has its place, its peculiar tone-color, its solo, when it sinks back

into the harmonious blending of the whole. Flute, violin, and horn, in many shades we hear; still it is one harmony, and organic. It may be said that the metrical work of the Second Part is of itself a most prodigious effort, by the greatest master of versification: in this respect alone it must remain a mine for all future poets. Herein it differs from the other Greatest Poets; Homer and Dante have but one measure, Shakespeare mainly one, with delicate lyrical snatches here and there.

Faust, too, has in the main but one measure, the free doggerel, whose lines vary from two to six feet, with consecutive, alternate, or remoter rhymes. This measure is very pliable in the hands of the poet, it drops at times almost into prose, and then rises into a rapturous flight; a light, easy garment at all times, borrowed, it is said, mainly from genial old Hans Sachs, the shoemaker and poet of Nuremberg. In the Second Part the metrical treatment is rather more strict than in the First Part, more of a classic reserve, and often breaking into gnomic terseness, a style much cultivated by Goethe in his later years. Then comes the infinite movement of his lyric forms, the rainbow playing over the waters, till even the doggerel passes into the purest sculpturesque serenity of the Classic Iambs of Sophocles, with rhythmic measures of the Greek chorus. To hear all this music is indeed a great training. It is a Wagnerian strain which overwhelms at first and which can be conquered only by time and much effort.

Herein Goethe has shown the true way of metrical procedure, his "Faust" resumes all meters to a degree, it is the very bloom of the measured speech of the world, and just therein is original in the supreme sense. Goethe does not have to fling himself out of the traces of Time to be original; the great lines of culture he keeps within while advancing them; the Universe is large enough for his originality. Never odd, he is still original in being the most human of humanity; every man may see in him nothing bizarre but rather his own true self. Hence Goethe never, with one or two possible exceptions in youth, quit the principle of measured speech for poetry, a principle laid down by old Homer at the beginning of Literature; his respect for it increases with age, in the Second Part of "Faust" its sway is absolute. Whitman is perhaps the most notable instance of the opposite tendency; maddened by the narrow and senseless restraints of English verse, and wearied to death by its eternal Iambic shuffle, he seizes the edifice which holds him a prisoner, like another Sampson, and tears it asunder in a fit of mighty wrath, and reaches liberty, but just therein destroys himself. He takes no free old measures, makes no free new measures, but substantially throws away all measured speech, and thereby abandons the first architectonic principle of poetry, without which it can never rise up a beautiful structure out of prose. There must be proportion, measurement, symmetry, which always make harmony possible; there must be a recur-

rence of the beat after a fixed interval, which must be felt to be coming, else there is a jar in the strain. Whitman has been called the Poet of Democracy with its measureless ocean; but we protest, freedom is not lawlessness in politics or poetics; more freedom we must have, but with it a more profound law; America is not outside of the World's History but inside of it, a resumption of it all, and its final perfect bloom, or to be such. Originality without oddity is the true originality, and the great man does not destroy the old, but transfigures it into the new.

This metrical treatment is a true image of Faust in all his career, especially his political; he fights for the ancient realm of the Emperor, and saves it from revolution; but at the same time out of the unrestrained sea he raises a new land, with new inhabitants, free men upon a free soil, which comes not by destroying but by preserving the old; from this new point he transforms all the world into freedom, not by destruction, but by reconstruction. In a similar spirit the poet has preserved the old meters, but out of them made a new music, and built a new harmony, which has not destroyed but really preserved and rejuvenated the measured speech of men. In this fact we see Goethe himself as the universal man of our time, the man who takes in the past, and foreshadows the future; the most conservative of men, called an aristocrat often, with much truth, yet the most progressive, nay, most radical of men, so devoted to humanity that he will not let one of its acquired treasures be lost,

nor permit it to be cramped from free development by its most sacred institutions.

The grand episode of Helen which, first and last, is more than half of the entire Second Part, is thrown into the world-movement of the poem, especially into its institutional movement. This is distinctively the Hellenic portion in all phases from the first origin in Homer to its final extinction. It gives what is called the Renascence or New Birth of Time, which occurs at given periods in the History of Culture. It arises when the shackles of custom and convention begin to cramp the human spirit, it opens a world of intellectual freedom, followed often by political regeneration. It comes from a new study and spiritual taking-up of ancient fresh sources of inspiration, chiefly from those of Hellas. There was a Roman Renascence in the time of Augustus, in which Greece gave a sort of spiritual glory to a declining political world. There was a medieval Renascence, slight, but it gave Dante. There was the great Renascence, properly so-called, that gave us Luther in the North, Michael Angelo and Raphael in the South, culminating in the mighty poetic voice of the Renascence, William Shakespeare. Then there was the recent German Renascence, begetting modern German Literature, in which Goethe is the central figure. This process of the Time-Spirit, the renovation of the decadent soul through a new culture, is imaged in the total "Helena," not merely in the Third Act. Faust, of course, has to go through this regenerating process before he can transfer it to his country and to his age.

The grand significance of a Renascence in the development of the race is here imaged. The Poet himself participated in it, nay, he studied and took up into his own culture all previous Renascences. Besides going to the fountain head, ancient Homer and the Greek Poets, he worked into the Roman Renascence with deepest sympathy, the least of them all, because it gave no practical regeneration to the Roman World. Ovid and Horace, wild Martial, and even little Propertius, mostly Greek transfusions into Latin, wrought upon Goethe prodigeously, he imitated them and became more original than his Originals. The Italian Renascence, chiefly through its Art, its best manifestation, makes an epoch in his life through his visit to Italy. The German Renascence of the 16th century furnished him his grandest theme, this Faust, who is a product of it, and through whom the twin German Renascences of the 16th and 19th centuries are joined together poetically, being cognate in so many points.

Here again Goethe's whole activity is a resumption and new unfolding of the world's activity in this line; his works are a commentary and fresh edition of all the Renascences from the Roman down; this is again his true originality, to be as great as the world aud as broad as humanity, as old as the Past, as new as the Present. A commentary on Time is his works, giving an image thereof; the part of Helen is, as it were, this image, and tnis double image, the process of the new Birth unfolding all the while, yet mirrowing itself in

this process, even to making new pictures of former pictures of itself. The Culture of the Individual it shows, yet this culture is also shadowed forth as the movement and soul of a period. The "Helena," placed in the institutional frame-work of a German State, is German in outer form and speech, yet it tells the tale for the future, and in its way prophesies the American Renascence, also to spring of the ancient Greek fountain head, and outlines in a general way all succeeding Renascences. Not simply Art and Literature does Helen influence, she goes into the practical world, and transforms it; her goal is not merely humanism, but humanity.

It was long thought that this Second Part of "Faust" could not be put upon the stage, being quite unpresentable to the outer eye. The poet never saw it on the boards, yet he must have thought that some day it might be produced, as he has arranged the scenes for stage-effect, and given numerous stage-directions. He saw it as a drama, it moved before his inner vision as a grand world-action, quite beyond the possibilities of the theatrical arrangements of the time. But here too, he was a prophet, and wrote for the future. Our own age has witnessed repeated representations of it, with great, even popular effect in Germany. Many important points are brought out in the scenic interpretation otherwise hidden; the newest and best commentary on it has been the acting of it. The report goes that many enjoy it in the representation, who cannot read it beyond the first scenes.

Here again it prophesies the new Drama, the

Drama of Ideas, and a new histrionic Art. Doubtless the operatic innovations of Wagner paved the way; indeed, there are many cognate points between Wagner's Trilogy and Goethe's Faust, in their demands upon the theater and upon the audience, as well as in their significance. Even Shakespeare felt the limits of the old stage, and chafed against them; his best play in many respects, "Tempest," is quite unrepresentable in the old fashion. It too is a Drama of Ideas, moving upon an inner stage, that of the Imagination; when those Ideas, Caliban, Ariel, even Prospero, are placed upon the outer boards, there seems some vast loss. Yet the new theatrical art may yet recover the loss; indeed the tendency is leading thither. The presentation of Wagner's operas has left Germany on a tour round the world; we may expect Goethe's Faust, the whole of it, to follow in the wake.

But the acting of Faust can never supplant the reading of it; indeed, it cannot be well understood on the stage, till after a thorough reading; it is like Hamlet, a good theatrical presentation is a sort of commentary to help the reader, rather than the spectator. A great play is one which cannot have its resources exhausted in a mere visual scenic production; thus they are only suggested, and provoke the spectator to read it, if he has not read it. No wonder Shakespeare's plays were printed surreptitiously in his own time, they drove the public naturally to read them. Some actors, with professional narrowness would have us believe, that the only way of understanding Shakespeare is by see-

ing him acted. Not so; it is but a side and that too, the external side of him; it is but a commentary, very valuable, but not the most valuable; hundreds read him to one who sees him. There are drawbacks to a scenic presentation, it may be poor or perverted, it may give a false idea, and always runs the danger of emphasizing too strongly the sensuous visual element in Shakespeare.

It would indeed require an ideal combination in a theater to produce "Faust." A manager who would direct all his histrionic forces, nay, his mechanical effects to bring out the Whole; an actor who would become truly a mask for the idea, a mask of flesh and blood, imaging and uttering only the spirit within, abjuring all outer sensational appeals; in fine, the idea must act and speak always, a supersensible world dropping for a moment into the senses. Such a theater will yet be, indeed, in supreme Art always has been; but it is now to become our permanent and conscious possession. Goethe, who was Manager, Poet, and even Actor in one, was well aware of the difficulty with the modern stage: in his "Prelude on the Stage" he has introduced the three characters speaking; there the Manager and Actor seem quite intractable to the idea of the Poet, they scorn his Whole, and turn to the immediate reward of sensuous effects; but the Poet persists, and writes his drama anyhow, appealing prophetically to the Future.

The drama of Faust, the drama of the soul, must chiefly appeal to the single human soul reading and studying it. For the reader can go

backward, forward, fast or slow, can stop and tkink, or even wait for a little growth over night. After all the stage is really the inner one, not bound to Space or Time, and chiefly not bound to these few hours' representation in a given spot. The dramatic form cannot be dropped, for this is inherent; but the drama has gone inside and is playing there; you have a theater and company all to yourself. In fact it is your own play, the play of your life, or you must make it such.

The reading of Faust, then, must continue the main communication with it; as a printed book it is to perform its function in the world. The study of it has already become a chief element in education, especially in the education of grown people, who derive their intellectual nourishment from the Literary Bibles. In Germany, of course, it is at home; schools study it, universities lecture upon it, a vast literature has grown around it.

Still in Germany the Second Part is by no means universally accepted as a Great Book. The literary critics as a class are against it. But of these German critics there is one who deserves special mention, we allude to Loeper. His two Introductions in his edition of "Faust" (Berlin, Hempel) contain some of the best words yet said upon the poem, and foreshadow its final acceptance by literary Germany, in its full compass and greatness. The old statement, almost a popular common-place in Germany, that the Second Part was a product of Goethe's old age and poetic second childhood, will vanish at least out of cul-

tured circles. Loeper's temper and spirit are most admirable, he is always a genial companion as well as a wise teacher; his sympathies are broader than those of any other critic within our knowledge, while his learning and accuracy surpass even his pains-taking countrymen; two other qulities rarely united he has: philosophic insight and poetic appreciation.

The present attitude of France is not favorable to anything German, and we shall probably have to wait awhile before the French critical judgment, naturally well-balanced, will regain its poise in matters over the Rhine. M. Edmond Scherer has written an elaborate criticism of Goethe, in which we always feel the sly poison of revenge, in spite of the author's strong efforts at self-suppression, and we cannot help thinking that his essay would have turned out differently, if the Franco-Prussian war had turned out differently. M. Scherer praises the First Part of "Faust," but considers it only a series of detached scenes, while for the Second Part he has nothing but censure, having a mortal horror of symbols, allegory, and reflective poetry. But altogether, the profoundest insight of French criticism is that of M. Henri Favre, who declares that the Second Part of Faust is the "poetic protocol" which heralds the recent defeat of France and the triumph of Germany. Yes, that is what it is—the war-song of the Teutonic race, and still better, the peace-song of the same, conquering for culture and industry untamed continents and even the sea.

The great English critic of the present generation, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has done much for the appreciation of Goethe, particularly in the line of what he calls the criticism of life. He says, however, that the First Part of Faust is "the only one which counts," that is, counts for Mr. Arnold. He, too, has a horror of "symbol, hieroglyphic, mystification," which seem to be all that he can see in the Second Part of the poem. It is manifest that Mr. Arnold has his own pre-established scheme for a poetic work, which must fit the same or be rejected. His frame is too small for "Faust," but he is mistaken if he thinks "Faust" must go, it is rather his frame which must be cast away or re-modeled. Furthermore, Mr. Arnold prefers "the immense Goethe literature of letter, journal, conversation," to Goethe's poetry, which judgment seems to indicate a defect of sympathy with the soul of the great German, which seeks always a poetic expression, while "letter, journal and conversation" are more or less external in comparison.

Faust with the other Literary Bibles is sure to travel round the world with the European race, as one of its chief spiritual treasures; we may ask how the book is faring on its journey. It is certainly beginning to strike deep roots in North America, whither its countrymen have carried it, with its atmosphere as well as its problem. The German-American often keeps his connection with Fatherland through Goethe (and Schiller too) long after every other tie is severed; and he finds in the Fourth and Fifth Acts of the Second Part,—

Faust's conquest of sea and land—the last bloom of Teutonic spirit in its Western movement, rising from its Germanism into Americanism. Even the Mythus of Faust with its weird Gothic scenery has followed the emigrant, Brocken with its witches and ghostly company has crossed the ocean, and if rumor be credited, has re-appeared among the hills of the Osage. The German commentator, too, has emigrated; several works on "Faust," written by Germans in their native tongue, have appeared in America. The Anglo-American, also a Teuton, of one or one hundred removes backward in time, and speaking still Teutonic speech essentially, has not been behind his German-American brother in appreciating "Faust." Indeed, there is probably more earnest study of the poem in American than in German circles of this country, being read much in schools, colleges and private clubs, both in the original and in translation.

Quite a number of fairly meritorious writings upon Goethe as well as upon "Faust" specially, have appeared in America, but here is not the place to list them. This Goethe literature has already began to look at itself (See Prof. White's article in the Goethe Jahrbuch, as well as Karl Knortz's essay, both treating of "Goethe in America.") But there are two productions, written in this land upon "Faust," which deserve to be especially mentioned, not only for their intrinsic excellence, but also for the indications contained in them of the new and more profound

criticism of Literature, which, with them at least, has begun.

The first of these productions is the "Letters on Faust," by Mr. Henry C. Brockmeyer, printed in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, (Vol. I. and II.) It is now quite twenty years since these Letters first appeared, and more than a quarter of a century since their author, in conversation and lecture, began to unfold his original ideas upon "Faust," as well as upon Literature and Philosophy. This influence, though not loud or pretentious, has penetrated far and wide, has entered kindred spirits and stimulated them to works of a similar character. In this respect, these "Letters on Faust," together with the personal influence of their author, may fairly be called epoch-making, they begin a new literary and intellectual movement.

The second of these writings upon "Faust" which deserve special mention, is by Mr. Wm. T. Harris, and is to be found in the book called "Life and Genius of Goethe," which is a collection of the Lectures delivered at the Concord School during the year 1884. Particularly that portion of the essay which is devoted to showing the relations of the poem to is time its most excellent, and is to be placed among the best words that have ever been written on "Faust." The whole essay, indeed, rests upon the deeper view of Literature, and in this sense, too, is worthy of being carefully studied, both for its own sake and for its promise.

It has been already stated that the Second Part

of "Faust" embraces four grand divisions of the Legend: the making of money, the bringing of Helen, the winning of a battle, and the struggle with the Devil at death. Upon these four lines the structure of the poem is laid; this structure does not correspond to the division into Acts, which springs from theatrical requirements and not from the thought of the work. Accordingly, the treatment of the subject will fall into four chapters.

I. The Mythus of Industry; the Feudal State with its Privilege and Poverty, that is, with its lack of Justice and lack of developing Nature's resources, versus the principle of modern Industry with its various forms of Wealth.

II. The Mythus of Helen, the Beautiful, showing, in general, the Culture of the Individual.

III. The rise of Faust to the Deed, or to a universal activity, in State and Society; gaining a double battle, he wins a victory both for them and over them, that is, he first secures State and Society against revolution, then he revolutionizes them himself.

IV. Faust's career identified with Religion and the Church, as expressed in Love, versus the claim of Mephisto.

GOETHE'S FAUST.

SECOND PART.

CHAPTER FIRST.

In this chapter, after the first scene, which is a prelude, and strictly belongs to the entire Second Part, we have the appearance of the State. We enter the political institution, which has not openly been brought into the action hitherto; still it has been in the background, for it was that which seized Margaret and punished her, and was that with which Faust collided when he undertook to rescue her from prison. Now it moves forth out of its dim background into clear daylight, and becomes the institutional framework in which the whole Second Part is placed, till the final scene, when the action passes into the sphere of another institution, the Church. Evidently we have entered a new realm, with a much greater horizon than our previous one; Individual, Family, Society, we have had hitherto, all of which are now taken up into a higher domain.

In the old legend, Faust appears at the Em-

peror's court, notably at that of Charles V., at Innspruck, where he calls up the shade of Alexander the Great, for the Emperor's entertainment. But Goethe is going to endow the magician with a new set of deeds, more consonant with the imperial wants, namely, the making of money and the raising of treasures, which, however, belong to the age of Faust, and are recorded often both in history and legend. In truth, the poet will keep a sort of running play with history and legend from the Reformation to the French Revolution, twisting a strange composite thread out of fact and fable.

To make money was the supreme endeavor of the medieval magician, as it is the supreme endeavor of the modern business man. Their methods, it is true, are very different: the one works by his occult art, the other by the clear understanding, the one by poetry, the other by prose; still the one is the legend of the other, the dim half-conscious presentiment rising at times into transparent prophecy. This legend, then, the poet will seize, and mould into an image of the great modern fact of Productive Industry, which makes money, transmutes the baser metals, iron, copper, zinc, tin, into running streams of gold, raises untold buried treasures from the earth, to an extent that far outstrips the wildest fancies of the alchymist or magician. The legend of wealth, of industrial development it becomes under the formative hand of Goethe, showing the good and the evil phases thereof, in Society and in the State.

Four scenes belong to this chapter:

1. The Prelude, or Faust's recovery and restoration to activity.

2. The Emperor's Court, where the old feudal principle of privilege is still intrenched, though utterly poverty-stricken, and has begun its collision with the new principle creeping in, namely, that of the development of Nature's resources, which gives Wealth.

3. The Masquerade, in which are unfolded the origin and development of Society into Wealth, of which the right use is first shown, then the wrong use, the latter leading to the grand final conflagration.

4. Paper Money, which has been created in the preceding scene, being one of the economical phases of social development, but which is now shown in its good and bad results, relieving the State on the one hand, but corrupting Society on the other.

Thus we see unfolded and put into poetic form the Legend of Wealth in our modern life. Not a complete presentation, one thinks, yet the germ of it; since Goethe's time what an expansion of this social principle throughout the world, especially the New World! Still, he is as yet its greatest, almost its only poet, giving even to Political Economy, the Dismal Science, a radiant mythical vesture and making it sing merrily for once.

PRELUDE.

This first scene of the Second Part is a musical overture, which gently touches the main theme, and throws melodious flashes forward through the entire poem. It is the poetry of a mood or internal condition, which is hinted by sweet sounds better than by definite images. Nature is the restorer of spirit, its subtle comforter and healer; as such, she speaks, or rather sings with a fond, low voice to sorrow-laden man; that voice is Ariel and the Fairies, and is now to be heard. So the poet has created here at the beginning a little mythical world, in whose center he has placed Faust "in a graceful landscape, bedded on a flowery sward, tired, restless, trying to sleep," manifestly not yet recovered from the harrowing scene with Margaret.

This little mythical world makes another link with Shakespeare, whose fairy lore, as revealed in "Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," is re-constructed and made to do new duty. A pretty little mythology moves into existence before the fancy, bearing a fresh meaning from Nature, who shows herself as a merciful healing principle to the soul rent with struggle. The elves are thus transformed into little sisters of charity, who "take pity on the man of misfortune."

The condition of Faust is that of a person filled with remorse, bleeding from "the bitter arrows of self-reproach;" what can be done for his cure? Faith he has not, the ministrations of the Church cannot help him; Truth he denies, he can receive no aid from the consolations of philosophy; every way of atonement seems to be closed against him. No priest to absolve, no thought to make guilt undone; what is he to do? Still it is the greatest mistake to say he has no remorse; he has, and the poet declares so in express terms. Indeed, if Faust could feel no remorse, there would be no salvation for him.

The method of his gradual restoration is a return to Nature, a dip into that unseen stream of Lethe, which will wash him clean of all bitter remembrance. He must lose his conscious life for a time, and be absorbed back into the physical universe; in it he will be created anew, when its hidden influences pour through him, and make him whole again. This is that stream of oblivion which is to pass through his soul without resistance, and whirl away in its flood the guilty record of the past.

Accordingly, this dim, unconscious world, into which Faust is to be dipped, is organized into a little order of beings who represent Nature's agencies working secretly upon man's spirit, her sisterhood of mercies, now voiced by Ariel.

1. Ariel is the chief singer of this choir, his first word tells the effect of the new spring upon the children of earth—it is the influence of the elf.

Ariel commands his elves to come and depart, describes their function, which is to cleanse of sorrow the man of misfortune, whether he be good or bad; they are to send through him in sleep the dark current of forgetfulness, and "restore him to holy light."

In accordance with the command of the master the elves appear, and sing in chorus the four pauses of the night, in four verses, which represent the stages in this ascent to light; evening without, whispers peace within; night without, brings sleep with bright dreams; dawn is recovery; sunrise is activity. Therewith the new world, outer and inner, begins to wake; listen to the tremendous noise, it is the sound of the new-risen sun. Ariel describes the grand tumult in rolling verses, yet hints, in a sly, mysterious line, that these wonderful sounds are not for the outward ear: "The unheard cannot be heard." Such is this echo of the Sun, whom Raphael, in the Song of Archangels, heard "sounding in his old fashion;" Dante, too, speaks of getting into that place "where the Sun is silent." But these elves cannot endure his face; off, off! into the rocks, into the flower-cups, ye creatures of unconscious life, the grand luminary has risen, the man is awake. Therewith we pass out of this little mythical realm into the world of reality; out of night to sunlight; out of unconscious into conscious life.

2. Faust rises up from sleep, a conscious man now, having passed through his Lethean dip. He at once identifies himself with the glorious mani-

festation of Nature before him, he hears her thousand voices, he feels her fresh pulsations through him, and he is himself inspired with a new resolution, imaging in his soul the mighty burst into light and life around him. It is the old eternal aspiration breaking forth afresh, true sign of the healed heart.

But memory is not by any means gone; he recalls in the intense brilliancy of the rising sun, his former attempt to gaze upon the Earth-Spirit, that "enveloping sea of fire," from which he had to turn his face; so now he has to avert his eyes from Nature's luminary, pierced with blinding pain. He cannot look upon the sun of pure truth. Henceforth no more of that; "let the sun remain back of me."

But behold the plunging cataract, with its thousand streams and eddies, sweeping through the cleft, with its foam and mist rising aloft in the air: such is life, and it is that which I am now going to regard. But not this alone; behold the rainbow rising from this mighty rush of waters, now clear, now vanishing. That is the symbol of Truth; it can only be seen by turning the back upon the Sun, and beholding its many-colored transmission through the world's mist, through the material manifestation. Verily, man cannot stand face to face with the Sun of pure Truth; he must simply regard its realization in life and nature.

The grand dualism is hinted in this fair appearance; behold "the bright rainbow's changeful duration." See how it keeps its place, its

colors, its form, yet through it are passing the incessant myriads of raindrops, or globules of spray —truly "a changeful duration;" shall we not say an image of the fleeting matter in the eternal form? It calls up one of the last utterances of this poem and of its aged poet: "Alles vergaengliche ist nur ein Gleichniss," everything transitory is but an image—image of the everlasting element behind it. Thus the beginning and end of the Second Part clasp in this common thought; a hint to the reader, also, how he should look at this poem, elevating the particular thing to "its universal consecration."

This monologue of Faust has its fair setting in mountain scenery, and finds its suggestion, according to the poet himself, in an Alpine view of sunrise and waterfall. Says he to Eckermann: "Without the impressions of that wonderful Nature, I could not have thought the content of these lines." This hints his method; he must have the appearance before him; but in it he also sees the content, thought, idea. Nature whispers to him, the poet, her infinite meaning from the start, and her language is his; he does not take the idea to begin with, and then seek a garment for it in Nature. That is, as a rule he does not, yet he may sometimes; why not? Both roads he can travel, being poet and thinker; he can go backwards as well as forwards, can take either Nature or Thought as his starting point. Why put a limit on him, being a universal man? Or, if you do, what is your limit worth?

Such, then is the symbol, the rainbow which

shoots its arch far over this Second Part. Faust is no longer in search of pure Truth, or an immediate view of the essence of things. On the other hand, we note that he is no longer a denier, he shows distinctly a form of faith that through the material appearance of the world is shining the ray of supreme verity. He will take life with its furious cataract, but also with its rainbow spanning the convulsed waters, well knowing that the Sun is behind there shining through the broken drops of existence. Life, the world, is a vast cathedral, through whose stained windows we get radiant visions of the Saints, and of the Eternal himself.

This is the poetical view of man and nature, the harmonious interfusion of the spiritual and material principles, also the fundamental view of Goethe. The reality before our eyes is only an image of the true reality; the pure essence of Truth in thought we cannot look upon, no more than we can upon the pure radiance of the Sun.

This monologue is seen in many ways to be connected with the poet's own experiences and beliefs. Not only is his poetic creed again hinted by the sentence: "in the colored reflection we have life;" he also had faith in the curative power of Nature over the soul's sickness, and always took his own medicine. In sorrow, in remorse too, we may think, he would turn to the woods and fields and find their balm.

Such is scene, showing how Faust is healed of his spirit's pain by the great restorer, Nature. These elves are not ethical beings, no powers of

justice avenging the guilty deed; "whether he be good or bad, they pity the man of sorrow." It is not an ethical process of purification; Faust with that denial in him cannot be reached by any such means. Still he too must be saved, Nature is his prime healer, and brings him his first atonement.

This is the thought, salutary, to many a soul; but most delightful is the aroma of these verses, in their very music bringing a soothing, sanative effect, like to Nature herself. This monologue of Faust, so different in color and tone from the monologues of the First Part, touches a deeper though more subdued note; the "terza rima" here used links his thought together by its rhymes into one deep harmony; the wild uncertain doggrel of former soliloquies vanishes into Dantean music.

Yes, it is a strain attuned to the Divine Comedy, a fact clearly indicated by its measure, which belongs to Dante, and to Dante alone. Why the Italian poet just here? What part of his book gave the hint? In the first canto of the Inferno, Dante is also "astray in a dark wood;" he comes to the foot of a hill "whose shoulders are clothed with the rays of the planet," the Sun; it was early morning,

Tempo era dal principio del mattino;

but he was driven out of his way by the she-wolf, "that seemed loaded with all appetites in her leanness," till he was forced to that place "where the Sun is silent" (la dove il sol tace.) From this point of darkness and estrangement he is to be led through his grand journey up to Paradise. In similar manner Faust is henceforth to pass through his

great discipline, but by a different road, not through a future condition, but through this life, here and now, until he reaches a harmonious existence upon the earth, and a final transfiguration in heaven. The last scene of this Second Part will again introduce a Dantean strain, not that of Inferno, as here, but that of Paradiso; thus the beginning and end are attuned to the beginning and end of the Divine Comedy. Yet what a difference in these two world-books! Five centuries lie between them; the one lays stress upon man's future, with all the punishments of Hell and the rewards of Heaven; the other lays stress upon man's present, with the strong assurance that if he always does his best deed now, he will do it to all eternity. Thus, in this little Prelude, Goethe shows his connection with the two previous Literary Bibles, his sole peers in these modern ages, Dante and Shakespeare, and develops himself and his poem, as it were out of them, revealing the supreme line of descent in the World's Literature. Hereafter he will, in the very heart of his poem, take up the remaining one of this regal line, and the first one, ancient Homer, whose heroine Helen will reappear in her last epiphany to mortal men.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

The Second Part of "Faust" now properly opens, introducing us at once to the Emperor and his Court. This scene is suggested by the legend, which tells how Faust appeared before the German Emperor, and gave in the presence of the monarch various manifestations of his magic art. The imperial setting of the poem will continue till the last two scenes, when the action passes out of the political into the religious world.

We have now come to the State which has hitherto hovered darkly in the background, but which has, notwithstanding, been felt as some mighty power over the Family, the institution in which Margaret moved, and of which she was the representative. What was it that seized her, put her into prison, and punished her for her guilt? What was it that Faust tried to circumvent, and from what did he try to release Margaret? The State, that institution, whose object is to secure to man justice. Now it is to be presented to us in its own form—that power whose iron hand we saw extending out of darkness, and laying hold of the one whom it wants. It is another phase of "the great world" which Faust entered sometime since under the guidance of Mephisto, and which is

rising in natural order through three institutional stages, Family, Society, State.

Now this State is shown in a declining condition, is, indeed, in the process of dissolution. A perversion of its great end, justice, is everywhere manifest, as is confessed by the Chancellor, the highest officer of the realm. "This supreme virtue" of the State has been so neglected that "lawlessness dominates as law;" robbery has the sole right, innocence receives the sentence of guilt, and finally, the judge allies himself with the criminal. We behold a general breaking-up, a time of transition out of the ancient order into the modern. Historically, it is the old Germanic Empire, whose death-blow Goethe saw, with a certain interplay of European History; it is the feudal State with the feudal Church woven into the action, falling to pieces within itself, whereof the grand manifestation is the French Revolution. Faust, the modern spirit, at the court of the Emperor, working his miracles with aid of Mephisto—certainly it means mischief, nothing less than a mighty overturn of the whole political fabric. But let us mark the elements in this fermentation.

1. The Emperor, the absolute head of the State, is the image of the whole difficulty; his authority he uses for his personal gratification and not for the universal good. He in whom the State finds its supreme point of sovereignty, whose will and conduct ought to be directed to the great general end, has lost his mission, and devotes the vast political organism to means for his indi-

vidual enjoyment. He is thus a ruler perverted, one who follows his sensuous and not his rational nature, in administering an institution; the result is, the State is perverted, its great universal end, justice, is subjected to personal ends, in it appetite gives law to reason. Such a State has no longer any ground for being, and revolution will not long be kept out, which comes to correct such perversion.

In a conversation with Eckermann, Goethe has touched up the outlines of this character in prose: "In the Emperor I have sought to portray a prince, who possesses every possible capacity for losing his realm, in which he at last succeeds." "The well-being of his land and of his subjects gives him no concern; he thinks only of himself and of his amusement from day to day." The perverted State with a perverted head, who are its companions and advisers?

2. These are, in the first place, the fool and the astrologer. Wisdom is dethroned for folly; external accident rules the State, not reason; what is read in the stars is mightier than what is done on earth. Superstition and Folly are at the helm—whither is the vessel rushing?

But the old fool is gone, he enjoyed this joyous court too much, "he was a barrel," full of good drink. In his place steps up, who? Our old acquaintance Mephisto. What is he doing here? we query in wonder. He has his little riddle, which he at once gives; he has, too, his big riddle, which he does not give. He possesses still his old

negative character, but it has taken a new turn corresponding to that last move of his when Faust compelled him to the rescue of Margaret. Now he is going to destroy the ancient order of society, which has itself become destructive; through him destruction will be seen destroying destruction, and he is still true to his definition:

> A part of that power
> Which always wills the Bad and always works the Good.

Thus he continues to be the spirit of denial, of negation, but he is made to turn back upon himself. Faust has subjected him into an instrument for working the Good; this outcome of him will always gleam through his diabolical doings in the rest of the poem, and give it an affirmative character compared to the First Part.

But why in the garb of the Fool? Mephisto purposes not only to suggest but to carry out his plan for the supplanting of feudalism and the destroying of privilege. Let him dare speak of such a thing openly, he would be roasted in his own fire. He must assume a disguise; like the fool in "Lear" his wisdom must assume the cloak of folly to get to court; as wisdom undisguised it would be driven away, for is not here a palace full of wise men already, the ministers of the Emperor? His speech will also take a disguise, a very peculiar one, that of magic; still under his magical nomenclature the truth will be told. In this perverted world, language assumes a perverted form, it cannot be direct, it has to hide the meaning somehow in order to convey it. Mephisto must conceal that he

is going to make money, yet he must tell the real fact about it also.

In a still deeper sense Mephisto is playing the fool. We have already seen how that he is a comic character in the "Prologue in Heaven," and elsewhere; he is always pursuing an end, which at last nullifies himself; in other words, the devil is always playing the devil with the devil. So here; in undermining this feudal State, he is at bottom undoing his own work, "negating a negative;" the evil principle is over-reaching itself, and is thus playing the part of the fool in the great comedy of the Universe, and he plays it well.

3. After the fool come the wise men, the chief officers of the State, who however, in the main point are the greater fools. Helpless, blind to the impending change, they can only complain, and therein show their weakness, their comic imbecility; still they, especially the Chancellor, will adhere to the very abuses which have brought about the present deplorable condition. For instance, the Chancellor laments the decay of justice; but what has brought it about if not that world of organized injustice, which he proposes to maintain, the privileges of "the Knights and the Saints," of the nobility and the clergy? But listen to the woes: the State is falling to pieces, every branch of the public service is rotten, debt is pressing everywhere, and the whole is summed up in one pithy sentence: "the loaf of bread is eaten before it comes on the table." The future is drawn upon to its last farthing, and is bankrupt; thus all diffi-

culties apparently go back to one thing—lack of money. Such is the report of the old officials, given to a pleasure-seeking Emperor, whom it bores; clearly they can do nothing. Indeed they stand in the way, no rational measure is possible under their authority; they are the old Bourbons, who see the trouble and wring their hands over the evil days, but are hopelessly wrong-headed in regard to the remedy. They are the true fools of the Time-Spirit; so the Emperor, in unconscious irony, turns to the fool and asks him if he has not a complaint too. Not at all; on the contrary, he can supply the grand want—money; the fool is the wise man.

4. We must not pass by the threatening back-ground in this State—the murmuring crowd, deeply discontented and promising future difficulty. It flings out short broken rhymes, now a menace, now a sigh from dark troubled heart-depths; one day the volcano will burst forth in furious all-devouring lava streams. It sees not, though it feels; mark how it darts its scornful satire upon all that is planned or done; Mephisto in particular, is the object of its bitterest sarcasms, though really he is working out its enfranchisement. Ominous mutterings of an underworld, which is to break up to the surface and become the overworld; Goethe does not make much use of it in the rest of the poem, he is hardly its prophet. It is a mass here whose voice is not individualized, being but the murmur of the multitude, yet it has a roll in it as of distant thunder and coming earthquakes.

Mephisto now unfolds his scheme. The gold is all here, "coined and uncoined," in the veins of the mountains, in the soil beneath our feet, "in the foundations of walls;" the art is how to get it. Who will perform the miracle? "The gifted man, through force of mind and nature." Such is the idea of Mephisto, the grand modern idea, which may be stated as the development of Nature's resources by Man's intelligence. The rise of the industrial world, which undermines the old medieval system is the fact here announced, the fact which means a new order of society. The new age of wealth begins to dawn, in relief of that old age of poverty; "money is lacking here," says Mephisto, who will supply it; the subjection of the forces of nature to the mind of man is wealth, the unbounded wealth of the world. Thus the human will is coined into gold, and the buried treasures of time, buried millions of years ago in the earth's bowels, can be brought to daylight. Yet Mephisto loves to mystify, this clear thought he wraps in a vail of mystery, he seems a flash of lightning suddenly diving into a cloud. Indeed he must mystify these people in order to persuade them; their understanding would reject what their superstition accepts. Moreover early science, of herself, takes this form, while she is not more than half free of her mystic trammels; alchemy is the miraculous legend of chemistry, astrology that of astronomy. Even industry, especially the mining industry, has its magic garb, in which it "lifts the buried

treasure;" and the poet himself, chief of magicians, now puts on his mantel of Prospero, and transmutes the old grotesque legends into the pure gold of poetry. The literary form, then, is demanded by the theme; the very history of the rise of industry becomes an image before our mind in this weird drapery.

But the great scheme will find opposition, being Mephisto's; the Chancellor who was also an archbishop in the old Germanic Empire, is startled from his sleep, and begins to smell the devil. He voices the Church: "Nature is sin, and Mind is the devil;" then he speaks ominously of "burning Atheists." Yes, this fair world of ours is diabolic, this godlike intelligence of ours is but human depravity, both are to be shunned with rapid flight to the knees of the Saints. The life of man here is but a preparation for the life beyond, upon which he must spend his energy, and not upon taming Nature till she becomes his ready instrument, responding at a call to his every thought; this is indeed heresy and witch-work.

The Chancelor's scent is right, the new idea will be the transformation if not the destruction of his world, political and ecclesiastical. That idea bids us take this earth, subdue it, make it the fit abode of rational man in every part, even its soil is to be transfigured, and to bear the superscription of man's reason. Heaven is to be brought down from the skies, and transmuted into our terrestrial dwelling-place, the bliss of the future must realize itself in the life of the present. That idea pro-

claims also, that we must do so here and now, begin this very moment, and not put off the great duty to the hereafter. We shall see how Faust fulfils his mission, how he will literally build "a new earth," rescuing it from the great ocean, and on it will establish "a new heaven," containing the free man on a free soil in free activity. But what is to become of the Archbishop? He will be on hand, and be needed, but so changed that you will not know him, for he too is to be regenerated.

But how shall we account for this present Mephisto? A destructive spirit still he is, yet the direct instrument of the creative spirit, which is bringing forth the modern world out of the decay of the medieval. This subtle process works at first in the forms of the old order of things, quite as Mephisto creeps in, disguised, among these ancient officials. His speech takes on a medieval tinge of magic and alchemy, it seeks to conceal its meaning, especially after that hint of the Archbishop about burning Atheists. It has already been said that this language of mystery is the garb in which science during the Middle Ages hid itself from others, and often from itself. Yet all of Mephisto's symbolical speech points to the development of the earth by industry; "I cannot sufficiently declare what lies waiting everywhere ownerless," the unused and even unpossessed power and resources of Nature; "the peasant ploughing his furrow, turns up a pot of gold," the more furrows the more gold. Yet Mephisto, we must not forget, is also a mystifier; like a sea-lion he delights to rise to the

surface of the water for a moment, then to give a dive out of sight. Still the water is transparent to a vision once trained; but, should the medium get a little turbid, the thought is clear, for even the monarch is told to quit pleasure, "take a spade and dig, the labor will make thee great, and a herd of golden calves will jump out of the earth." The industrial will bring in the political revolution, fatal to "the Knights and Saints," the privileged classes of the Feudal System.

Still Mephisto cannot refrain from casting a sly scoff at these people, who will not take knowledge in her native form of light, but only in the dark way of mystery, whose superstition is so much more persuasive than their understanding:

To know by day is all a humbug,
By night is mystery at home.

It is indeed a perverted State, demanding a perverted speech, even for telling the straight fact. That condition has appeared, in which truth, to be heard at all, must take the form of a lie. The astrologer also is present, and is under the influence of Mephisto, the new spirit; he says the same thing, but in the language of the stars, which is his perverted speech. In such fashion only can wisdom reach that court; the monarch, pressed by his financial needs, declares that the scheme, whatever it be, must be tried. But his next word is pleasure, for a grand time of merry-making is at hand; "the wild carnival," which is the next scene, will be taken to image this society in a new wonderful form. Well may Mephisto give them his parting

fling: if such men had the philosopher's stone, the stone would not have the philosopher. Which, indeed, is the more important, the stone or the philosopher?

In such fashion, Goethe has taken these grotesque legends, full of dumb presentiment of the coming time, and made them give up their meaning, while keeping their ancient shapes; a process of poetic alchemy, which illumines a dark world, and even gives it a new voice. The making of gold, the digging for treasure, the feeling for metals, the reading of stars, all introduced into this scene, and belonging to the old Faust age, are of a sudden transmuted into the new Faust age through the intervening centuries. But a secret still lurks behind, as we feel out of the words of the astrologer and the fool, some deep mystery—what is it? Over this true making of wealth by means of productive industry, which is slow, Mephisto is going to float suddenly a gorgeous phantasm thereof, which for a time will take all souls captive, the very ghost and delusion of wealth—he will make paper money.

THE MASQUERADE.

This is another of those strange forms employed by Goethe, which become a puzzle to his readers. Thereupon the readers usually divide themselves into two classes, one of which gets angry and throws the book aside with the remark that there is nothing in it; while the other class holds on with the faith that there must be something here not at first glance intelligible, and though the mind rebound from it once, twice or thrice, the mind must be brought back to duty, till it catch the secret. In this second class we must now enroll ourselves, with patience, yet with the certainty that we shall be rewarded.

It is in the form of a Masquerade, that is, the matter here represented is in disguise. This is the link which connects the present scene with Mephisto of the preceding scene, who was disguised as a fool at court, to whisper into the ears of the Emperor a little wisdom. But now all society, the world, is "one great fool," and in disguise; furthermore, this Masquerade is gotten up, apparently by Faust and Mephisto, for the purpose of imparting wisdom to the Emperor, if he can take it in such an alien form. Thus the one disguised Mephisto of the preceding scene has become the world disguised cunningly in the garb of folly and wild

fantastic pomp, with the design of holding up before the Emperor an image of the society around him and its outcome.

This picture of society we must distinguish from the picture presented on the Brocken in the First Part, which showed men in pursuit of selfish, individual ends, without regard to any universal end. But the Masquerade shows the universal element of the present society, its beginning, movement, and termination, though in a mask. Brocken is society perverted, this is society disguised.

The mask is employed in the first sense to conceal, but in the second and deeper sense to reveal. We note that this Masquerade really unmasks society, which in its natural or usual form, always hides itself in some disguise, covers itself in formalities, conventionalities, politeness. Its very soul and spiritual movement is hid in an outer crust which must be stripped off, whereby is revealed a new strange form, which tells what it is, not what it is seeming to be; this new form, outwardly manifested, is the present mask. Such, then, is the double thought always to be held in mind while reading the scene: this masked concealment is an unmasked revealment.

Indeed, the natural condition of the social world is disguise; it is always masked, seeking to hide the inner man, the thoughts and feelings. You must not say what you think, it is a breach of politeness; you must not do as your freedom dictates, else you violate the conventionalities. Good breeding means the ability to draw over conduct

an impenetrable disguise, which never lets the soul peep out; the face of flesh is itself transmuted into a mask. Diplomacy is the most fashionable cloak worn in society; language itself takes a mask being employed to conceal, not to express thoughts: "I am delighted to see you;" oh no, you are not; yet I dare not say so, but am myself at once compelled to put on my mask, and bow graciously, as if it were the Lord's truth.

Society, then, in its normal state, is a grand masquerade, of which the present scene is an image, but an image which strips off the veil. Each person exhibits his disposition, his own nature, really unmasks himself in his disguise; that is, the inner becomes the outer, in the mask. When the secret motive, wish, character is read in the assumed face and costume, the inside of men is turned outside, and the disguise is the very tell-tale. So it is with society as a whole, it has its grand final end and outcome hidden deep in its shell of external forms and events; which shell is broken and cast away in the disguised personages and symbols which are to now appear.

So we have another of those strange literary forms, subtly adapting itself to the subject, yet puzzling the reader by its departure from all traditional poetic methods. Not merely the theme is new, but the underlying art-form has undergone a revolution, which makes it a complete riddle, till we reach down to the cause. Then we shall justify the skill of the poet, and see his creative spirit at work building an harmonious structure. The Mas-

querade has often before been employed in Art, especially in the drama and opera, but probably never with any such hint of its double character. This is, in fact, the essence of it, and the two-fold vision, so often already called into exercise by this poem, must again be employed with fresh activity.

Though the poetic form be difficult to grasp and make real to the mind, still more difficult is the organism of this scene. This is subtle beyond Goethe's subtlety, and the connecting threads often seem to be lost in the intricacy; yet the whole is not a tangle, but a many-colored garment delicately woven, though, it must be confessed, unfinished in several places. Still, in the unfinished parts, the plan can be traced and the linking thought, so that the reader can enjoy the ideal, if not the real whole. We know that Goethe was fond of schemes or tabular outlines of his work; this scene must have had an elaborate scheme of the kind; to reproduce it is one of the main points of study.

Here again we must avoid the double danger which besets the poem everywhere. On the one hand this scene is not merely a succession of pictures for an external theatrical effect; nor on the other hand, is it a far-fetched allegory. It has a meaning, but this meaning lies in it, not outside of it. When Duentzer says, for example, that the wood-choppers point to "the unequal distribution of external possessions in life," we feel that he has forced a meaning into the passage from the outside. On the contrary, when Loeper implies that there is no connection between these figures, but that they are

so many individual pictures danced before us one after the other, he goes to an opposite, but equally violent extreme, in my opinion. Let the wood-choppers remain wood-choppers indeed, but behold them in their place and function in the social order, such as they have in reality. For they do not stand alone in actual society, but have their place and function in the grand totality, whereof they speak here. Shun excess, the excess of interpretation and the excess of no-interpretation. Regard rather the poet, who has given partly two redactions of this present theme; the one is his description of the Roman Carnival, written in prose, because it is a mere account of the external incidents; but this scene is poetry, in which those incidents are transfigured from their outer reality into an ideal image. Here again we must see how the individual thing is called "to its universal consecration," whereby it stands not selfishly alone, but gets its significance and true being from its position and duty in the grand social organism, and therein becomes a true image of man himself in that relation. Goethe's Italian memories are in this scene not merely transcribed into prose, but transmuted into poetry; we must rise out of the historical into the ideal side, if we would understand it; then we shall find it something more than a disconnected series of brilliant pictures; on the contrary we shall find it a closely jointed, well organized whole, each of whose parts gets its meaning and illumination from the entire cycle of these shapes.

The Masquerade then is the unmasking of society in its origin, development and outcome, being revealed to the Emperor who is its center and culminating point both in the reality and in this representation. This total movement of society has two grand divisions or phases: first, the domestic phase, or the rise of the Family; this phase, through the necessity of mutual help and sustenance, passes into the second or industrial phase, which in its material tendency brings on the grand conflagration.

The scene is introduced by a speech from the Herald, or master of ceremonies, who hints the Italian origin as well as the joyous Italian character of this carnival, as distinguished from the horrible figures, "Devil's, Fool's and Death's dances," in which the German delights. Every much-experienced man is now to put on the likeness of folly, and the whole world is to play the fool. This Herald will speak often, introducing new parts; it will be well to watch him closely, as he marks important transitions and describes significant appearances. Yet he is the mere usher or indicator of the outward order; he is not the prophet who sees into the inner essence of things, that must be ultimately the reader.

I. THE DOMESTIC PHASE OF SOCIETY.—This shows the play of motives which lead to the formation of the Family, as the basis of social life. Then follows the representation of this domestic world in Art, which also has its different methods. These two divisions we shall map out more defi-

nitely. The setting is a garden, a hint of the original Paradise, in which the primal Family was placed.

1. The first persons appearing at our grand Masquerade are the garden-girls, whose first word is—"to win your approval we have decked ourselves to-night." Garden-girls are not alone in that trait. Other artifices, not unknown, are revealed; the natural luxuriance of their locks is increased by new kinds of hair, literally silken tresses; they have flowers also blooming the year round without wilting, "for the natural way of woman is so near akin to art." But the remarkable trait of these flower-girls is their frankness. Clearly in their mask they have unmasked all their feminine mysteries; for what mortal man ever heard of these things before from the lips of woman? We begin to suspect that even the Herald, not a Seer by any means, sees through the appearance, when he implies that the venders as well as the flowers "reveal the garden." Then comes the boldest declaration from all of them in concert: "come let us offer our wares at the merry festival." So they come forward, six of them, and individually unfold their deserts; we notice them grouped also by twos, the two useful flowers or plants first, then two of the fashionable kind with artificial aids, finally two natural beauties, golden bells and rosebuds. Very frank and open-hearted are these flowers in speaking of themselves, is again the comment. What if the flowers and the garden-girls were one?

So these young ladies have gone "into society,"

debutantes they are called professionally, as we read in the newspapers, offering "themselves and their wares" at the masquerade, ball, concert, promenade, everywhere, at any "merry festival." Who will interfere with them, or not take delight in their display of their "wares?" Only the envious who have no such wares. It is their business, let them do it and do it well, accompanying it with "song and mandolins." God speed you, garden-girls, you may never have so good a chance again. The world is indeed a garden, garden of Eden, and you are the flowers; but what would Eden itself be without an Adam.

Hold! who are these garden-boys who now enter with "song accompanied by theorbs?" One need not question long, as these young men in mask are as frank as the young women. They speak distinctly what they are after: the flowers, to which they will add their fruit. Listen to the young scamps: "you may poetize about roses, but you must bite into the apple." Their proposal is short, quick and effective: "let us pair." We judge, that it was at once accepted. In the same booth the wares of each couple will now be set up; then will be seen under their cosy arbors everything—flower and fruit, with "the little bud and leaf" appearing in due season. And thus they continue to adorn and increase their establishments.

The eager mother, too, appears speaking to the daughter, alas! no longer a garden-girl, for "many a year has fled unused and the wooers have all passed by." It is almost the tragic side of this

merry gathering; still, courage! To-day she is dressed up again in hope, for the "fools are let loose," and some foolish garden-boy may appear and unite her "wares" with his. After all he might do worse. That mother has a candid speech: "Maiden when thou wert born, I thought thee at once a bride." Hush! why say it out so loud, though it be true of thee and of all good mothers—why tell it so plainly? Well, it is a masquerade, and if a woman is not to speak the truth when she is in disguise, when is she?

It is no wonder that we still hear of games, such as "fishing" and "bird-catching," with every possible sort of lure and trap among these garden people. The poet has not filled out this part of the scene, but his plan is apparent. He has portrayed the entrance of the man and the woman into the Family; that phase of society antecedent to marriage is given, though in mask, yet most completely in its motives and termination. For the young man and woman who enter upon this social phase, it is still called "entering society."

But with family and children, the little "buds" which are to become "flowers and fruit," a new responsibility creeps in, that of maintenance, which can only be obtained by labor. And here comes the mask of labor in its most laborious and primitive form, the wood-choppers, who have to clear away the forest and prepare the rude earth for culture and industry. Thus it is the first labor of the Family and condition of all other forms of labor.

To make the picture complete we must see the

side negative to labor—the do-nothings of this domestic world. Three kinds of them are marked; the Pulcinelli, the men who do not labor and who ridicule the toiling wood-choppers, the men who labor. They slip through life as jolly beggars, without work or ambition. The parasites are of the old kind, flatterers whose end in life is to get a good dinner. The drunkard has lost all serious purpose of existence in a different appetite, that of drink. All three are drones of the social hive, maintaining no family, living from the work of others. The last one drops under the table in an unconscious state, therewith this part of the scene is brought to a close. Thus the negative element has its place also in the garden.

2. The Herald announces the appearance of the Poets, and the astonished reader asks: What are they doing here? What is their meaning, and what is their connection with the preceding portion? Poetry is the representation of life, it is man's reflection of himself in his various relations; the human soul, double in nature, is always seeking to produce some image of itself, in order to behold and know itself. So this social phase will have some reproduction of its own visage in art. Love, the sentiment of domestic life, as well as Nature, have always been, and still are the chief theme of poetry. Accordingly, after the reality we have the representation thereof; and the poet of this scene is to include himself in his work, even as maker of this masquerade. But there are various kinds of poets, bad and good; the stage directions

give a hint of two leading classes, and even sub-classes.

(a). Poetry which has in it no transfiguration is first and lowest; it seizes nature, life, and the emotions in their immediate phase, and is unable to transform them into an image of spirit. It is the simple description of outer appearance or internal feelings with the soul left out, or perverted.

Of these inadequate and false poets two main species are described: the nature-poets, love-poets and others, who take the bright side of the world, since sunshine is as common as darkness and more pleasant. Then come the poets of the night and the grave, who deal in the black and terrible. Even a new school seems in process of formation, the vampire school of poets, who in addition to working the black and terrible, are blood-sucking. Such are the poets, well-known and abounding still, who deem the shudder to be the supreme poetical effect. To be original is to be horrible; and the satirist may well say that poetry is "what nobody wants to hear." Whether Goethe ever intended to fill out the prose directions here inserted, by putting them into a poetic form, is doubtful. He hints that both these sets of poets do not come to any poetic manifestation, and it looks as if he did not propose to allow them any here. Only the satirist, the destroyer of them, comes to a short metrical utterance. This whole realm indeed is not poetry, which must have in it a transfiguration of nature and life—wherewith we suddenly come to the Greek

Mythology, which, though in modern mask, springs at once into poetic form.

(b). This Mythology seizes the natural world and through speech imprints upon it the image of the spiritual world. This is poetry, the making over of nature into spirit, the transfiguration of the appearance into the soul of things. Accordingly we see now rise up certain mythical shapes, which embody and express in speech social relations; we may call this little scene a poetic transfiguration of life. There are three sets of these shapes which may be distinguished as follows:

First are the Graces, the orderers of the outer harmony of life, the Graces of intercourse among men, grace in giving, receiving, thanking.

The second are the Fates, the orderers of the inner harmony of life, reducing it to a Greek moderation and symmetry. Atropos is chosen to select life's thread which must be smooth, even and slender, requiring much thought in its adjustment; beware of all excess, lest it be snapped. Clotho has now the shears, in antiquity held by Atropos, who made a bad use of them; but at present they are stuck in their case, to-day there is no threat of the ancient Fate, life is no longer tragic, nor is society; therefore go on rejoicing. Lachesis has the ordering of the many threads in the social totality, "if I once forgot myself, I would fear for the world." These are not, then, the old Fates of external destiny, but the new Fates of inner order.

The third set is the Furies, specially announced by the Herald; they too are not the old, but the

new Furies, unrecognizable by the learned in Greek. They represent the negative element which destroys the Family; the opposite of the preceding, they are the grand disorderers. Alecto assails the love of the betrothed by vicious tattle; Megaera assails the love of the married pair by caprice and discontent; Tisiphone is the avenger of outraged love.

Thus has our little mythical mask given us an image of both the positive and negative elements in Family and Society. For both elements are always present, in the reality as well as in the representation. The Greek Mythus is here employed in a new sense; through its shapes the social and domestic relations are transmuted into speaking persons, whose characters represent these relations. Thus the Family is mythologized and its life is transfigured into poetry.

In such manner our author represents the domestic phase of society, represents it first in reality, then represents it representing itself in poetry, his own being the new representation which includes both sides. It is a new form, that of the Masquerade, turned into Literature; its peculiarity is that it conceals under a poetic mask in order to reveal. Into this new form the poet takes up life, and the poetic attempts to express life; his own poem spans the whole, the real and the ideal sides, with both their positive and negative phases.

Here the first part of the Masquerade ends, that which presents the domestic phase of society. Man, having settled the question of family and

gone to work, in order to make a living, another question arises, that of labor, which soon becomes the absorbing matter. What is labor? Man, busying himself in this world, accomplishes what? His effort gives him a living and a surplus; the surplus accumulating rises to wealth. This realized labor, or wealth, becomes the moving principle in the social fabric, and transforms it; which transformation we are now to behold imaged in a totally new set of poetic forms. The fair environment of the garden, the Eden of the Family, now vanishes into a larger world.

II. The Industrial Phase of Society. Here, then, begins the important change which introduces the second part of the Masquerade. The Herald marks the transition strongly: "Stand aside, what follows is not of your kind"—so he speaks to the previous masks. These were taken from Italian life on the one hand, and from Greek Mythology on the other, and represented the domestic phase of Society, as already unfolded. But now a totally new set of shapes, a new Mythology or fragment thereof, rises up before us, representing the industrial phase of Society, which, through labor and the consequent acquisition of wealth, grows out of the preceding phase.

Certainly this is a daring and novel attempt in Literature. New mythical beings appear, not taken from Greek legend, but created by the poet to express his new thought. Here the statement, insisted on by Loeper and echoed by Schroeer, the

two last commentators on "Faust," breaks down, I must think, though it be true in some cases: "Goethe is not the poet who starts from the idea, and then finds an image to embody that idea." Why limit the universal poet to one way of poetizing? He may sometimes start with the image, and sometimes with the idea; both ways are legitimate; the true test lies in the excellence of the thing done, not in the manner of its beginning. The fact that a poem starts with an idea does not of necessity destroy its freshness, or spontaneity, or any other poetic quality; an idea, indeed, is just as spontaneous as an image. Moreover, it is not always so certain how the poet starts, though it is likely, in the second part of this Masquerade, that he started with the idea of the several stages of industrial society, and created an image, or mythus, or symbol, to embody these stages. One thing, however, is certain, we are to see the meaning in these shapes, however it got there; to say that they have no meaning makes chaos visible once more in this poem.

There passes in our presence a series of shapes or symbolic figures in successive order; around each of these shapes the other subordinate forms whether persons or allegoric figures, are arranged. Such is the general plan: a number of groups with a central shape move before the eye in panoramic fashion; yet these groups are connected in the poetic thought genetically, indeed they have a tendency to pass into one another outwardly in some cases.

The problem with the poet is, not to unfold a character merely, but to unfold an institution, round which the characters cluster. In the poem and novel, ordinarily, the individual is portrayed upon a background of Society; but here that Society in itself is the theme, and is brought into the foreground and is unfolded in its various stages. Hence these symbols, which are now to follow—truly a great invention on the part of the poet, and forecasting a Mythology of our industrial world.

The garden, like that primitive garden of Eden, was the fixed environment of the first part of the Masquerade, which also had in it the man and the woman, in the process of forming the Family, under many pleasant masks. But now we behold not a fixed setting, but a movement, a development; in it there are not only characters in mask, but the stages of the movement are given, the phases of social development are shadowed forth in mythical forms, which forms are the center of the masks. Yet this social movement, too, is disguised in these poetic symbols; which disguise, again, has the purpose and result of revealing the movement.

Two threads, then, must be noticed carefully in each group and in the total movement of the groups: the symbol as the center, and the figures, allegoric, mythologic or real, arranged around the symbol. For instance the tamed elephant is the central symbol of the first group, while around it and on it are arranged Fear, Hope, Prudence and Victory. Then a little action plays about each

symbol, a little drama with its collision and solution, yet fitting into the grand total development of Society—little eddies sweeping forward in the great current. For instance, Zoilo-Thersites excites in the first group the conflict, which, with his suppression, makes the little drama.

Of these symbols, or symbolic groups we may distinguish five, which are so many separate pictures of this social panorama, imaging and unfolding the problem of wealth in its origin, growth and outcome. Five groups and no more, I think, distinct to the outer eye, yet passing into one-another through the underlying thought. We shall follow on the same lines, trying to hold before us the meaning and connection of each group, both as a whole in itself, and as a component part of the greater whole.

1. The first of these symbols is the huge animal, tamed, adorned, compelled to carry burdens, guided by Prudence; what is it? Just what it is declared to be, the universal animal subdued and transformed, even decorated; the earth reclaimed from swamp and forest, the wild forces of nature subjected to intelligence, the earth's animals also, made to perform man's behests, nay, the animal part of man himself trained to obedience—such is this enormous elephant, verily the hugest of all animals, now tamed into a docile burden-bearer. We catch at once the true image of the industrial phase of society, transforming nature, and thereby producing wealth—a new power in the social world, which has been already indicated in the preceding

scene, and is here revealed in a new form to the Emperor and his Court, could they but see into its meaning.

It is not the image of the State or Government, as many suppose; the symbol does not fit, indeed it emphatically rejects any such meaning. The function of the State, as the Chancelor has already declared, is justice, the securing to man his own, which he has already acquired; but this symbol is the first acquiring of that which is secured by the State. Moreover, the State has no connection before or after, at this point; it would, indeed, be an elephant to the interpreter and to the poem, which would be rent to pieces just here by that animal. The unity of the whole movement is what we must see; Goethe, we may be certain, makes a symbol which both fits the thing, and fits into the total structure.

Around this symbol, representing a grand phase of Society, are grouped the allegories which indicate subjective tendencies, individual traits and forces which play into this social whole. The taming of nature, this industrial development, directed by Prudence, who turns to "spy gain everywhere," or create wealth, brings with it Victory, not in war, not in any state affair, but as "Goddess of all activities," and thus the spur and the end of all endeavor. Victory is attainment, Fear and Hope must go along, must both be present in any great enterprise, but kept in chains, subjected rigidly to Prudence, else Fear, paralyzing, may destroy ac-

tivity, and Hope, infatuating, may lead to a fruitless activity.

The Goddess Victory, or successful endeavor, always calls forth the envious detractor whose object is to "make the low high and the high low, the straight crooked and the crooked straight." This is the negative side to all success, now appearing in Zoilo-Thersites, a compound of the literary and the political defamer, compounded of Zoilus the abuser of Homer and of Thersites the abuser of Homer's heroes. The Herald smites him, as Ulysses smites Thersites in the Iliad, at once he is resolved by the blow into his two ugly natures, and disappears in the dark as adder and bat. This poetic transformation, clear enough to an eye which sees the truth of things, is not only a puzzle, but a terror to the multitude, in whose murmurs this part of the spectacle vanishes. Such is the first group with its little drama.

2. Behold now the second symbol passing before us—a chariot drawn by winged steeds or dragons, which are evidently able to mount through the air, like Pegasus of old. But at present the entire equipage is held down to earth, by three persons on it, and chiefly by a very heavy box, which cannot possibly be borne aloft to the skies. A new bearer of men we behold, a chariot with winged coursers, no longer the elephant, the tamed animal of nature, but an animal of the mind, the creature of imagination, of spirit, has appeared; in fact, the whole outfit is seen to be the pure product of man's intelligence.

We quite agree with the Herald, that something spectral has slipped in, not by the open way, but "through the windows," verily some spirit, "from which I cannot free you." The good Herald looks at this new appearance in amazement, it is his duty to tell what the thing is, but, like many another interpreter, he gives up, "I cannot explain it, help me." He then recites a description of its external appearance; to the meaning he cannot penetrate; how can a Herald be expected to recognize spirits? He can only "announce masks," never can he "fathom the essence" of these appearances. He is the graveled commentator of the present scene, graveled at the spiritual phase of it; still he has one advantage, he has not yet denied the existence of this spiritual phase.

Around the symbol of chariot and winged steeds are clustered three allegorical shapes, as previously we saw the allegories around the symbol of the elephant. A little drama now takes place, whose characters and leading points are worthy of our careful study.

The first of these figures is the Boy Charioteer, who has charge of the coursers. Inasmuch as the Herald can give merely an outer inventory of his appearance, "a half-grown boy, who might be taken for a girl, with dark eyes, black hair, a very seductive wooer," the boy himself must tell who he is: "I am the spendthrift Poesy." No wonder that stars dance around his chariot and that so many hues flash in the distance, and that he fillips lightly from his fingers every kind of gem and

precious thing, which the crowd try to pick up and appropriate, but cannot; beautiful pearls in their hands turn to insects. Such are, indeed, the poet's miracles.

But the Boy Charioteer is something more than a maker of verse or fine imagery; he is Poesy in its universal sense, the Poesy of Life. That is, he represents the transfiguration of the whole material realm into beauty. He is the grand giver, the spendthrift, who will not hoard, but employ the gain of the world to transmute the world into the image of spirit. We have already gotten wealth through the taming of the huge elephant; now wealth is to be united with Poesy and spent.

Hence we come to the second figure on this chariot, the main character here, Plutus the God of Wealth, whom our honest Herald can again merely describe outwardly, but whom the Boy Charioteer, the true interpreter as well as poet, can name and unfold inwardly. That industry which we saw represented in the first symbol has produced him—Wealth; he is the main link of connection between the first and second symbols; the first transformation of Nature, whereby she is used to satisfy man's material wants, leads to Wealth; the second transformation, wherein this Wealth is not in itself the end, but is the means of satisfying man's spiritual wants, brings forth Poesy. Plutus is now in a happy union with Poesy, and well may he say to the latter: "soul of my soul art thou." Yes, it is a blissful marriage when Poesy

of Life is joined to Wealth, transfiguring it form material grossness, and making it beautify all human existence. Society is in its most harmonious condition, when its gain and greed are transmuted by Poesy, whereby it becomes melodious, if not in singing, at least in living.

Mr. Taylor suggests, in his commentary on this passage, that the "second and more carefully concealed allegory," namely, the relation between Goethe himself and Karl August, Duke of Weimar, Poet and Ruler, is introduced in these two characters. It is quite probable that Goethe, while writing the present scene, may often have had that relation in his mind, and have imparted its warmth and glow to his verses; but otherwise it does not fit. Then what is gained by putting one individual person or thing for another—the individual Karl August for the individual Plutus, for example? It does not help us to understand the Whole, rather the contrary. Better follow the admonition of the poet himself, whose supreme function is to "call the individual to his universal consecration." So we shall keep Wealth and Poesy here in their own forms, as Wealth and Poesy, but seek to behold them in their meaning and connection in the entire scene.

Such is the happy concord, where Wealth and Poesy of Life dwell together and in agreement—surely an ideal condition of Society. But the conflict will arise, here it already is; behold that third character on the chariot, seated upon the chest of gold; it is the principle hostile to Poesy,

Avaritia, who is Mephisto in disguise, as we might expect. He seeks not to spend but to keep, to make wealth the grand end of existence, and not the transfiguration of wealth into beauty and true living. So this little drama, too, has its collision; the question is, to which side will Plutus the God of Wealth lean, to that of spending or that of keeping? The economic problem has sprung up in the household, and that prodigal Boy has been squandering too much money, even for old Plutus.

Accordingly we hear a sudden discordant clatter of female voices, soundly berating Avaritia; for it is the woman who in society is the spender, and thereby the upholder of the Poesy of Life, not so much the money-getter or money-keeper. Here-upon Mephisto, in the mask of Avaritia, will give his view of woman, not a favorable one, of course, being the Devil's view. Even a battle is threatened; "Give him a slap," cry the women; indeed an echo from the household we hear; "he comes to stir up our husbands, who are already troublesome enough." Spending too much money for your Poesy of Life, thinks Plutus, (and the husband too) though he says nothing; he quietly descends from the chariot with the chest of gold and Avarice, whose side he has clearly espoused. Then he, in a highly complimentary way dismisses the Boy, the prodigal, to the pure poetic realm, "to solitude," far away from Life, which he will no more transfigure.

Such is the grand separation between Wealth and Poesy, formerly bound together in strong

attachment; surely a new condition of Society is about to follow. Avaritia has conquered and got control of Plutus, the God of wealth; Poesy is sent off out of the world of reality to his dreams. Off fly the winged steeds with the chariot, having the Boy alone; that heavy chest and the other two terrestrial beings weigh him down no more. Behold him soaring through the clouds; he has vanished and we shall not see him again. Now is the beginning of woes.

3. The Chest of Money is left behind, which may be properly called the third symbol, as around it play the allegoric figures, Avarice and Wealth, in conjunction with the crowd. A new little drama is thus unfolded, giving a short history of the unbridled pursuit of gain in Society. For Plutus now unlocks the treasures, behold the golden blood "boiling in iron kettles," into which, apparently, crown, ring, chain, every decoration, are thrown; all beautiful forms of gold are cast into the melting pot, in the greed for money. Then listen to the crowd in its jostle to gain some of the treasures: "pick them up from the ground," "stoop and get rich;" finally the boldest seeks "to take possession of the chest," to seize all the wealth at once, the total bank of Society.

It is a mad pursuit, whose consequences cannot be long deferred. The honest Herald, with his cool understanding, warns the crowd that all this wealth is "but a delusive appearance," is a hollow mask without reality. In vain, they will not be warned, they must be singed in the fire of expe-

rience, like most of Adam's family. Then follows the grand commercial panic; "back, back, ye foolish masks;" thus they try to retreat from the flames, and escape the consequences of their foolish greed. It was a great scare, which must henceforth be guarded against; hence Plutus as a security of good order, "draws an invisible band," some limit or restraint for these people in such a time, probably some law, statutory or economical.

Yet this financial revulsion is not the only consequence of the greed for gain; the second result is next to be shown. Avarice, or Mephisto, who had evidently made money by the crisis, will now "go a-courting;" he will indulge his appetites a little. Behold him, he takes gold and kneads it, "like soft clay," into any shape except the beautiful one, for "it still remains deformed." Everything worthy and unworthy, the honor of men, the virtue of women, becomes purchasable; money is changed into every form but Poesy, which has fled.

We must assent to the Herald, who fears that "the clown takes delight in offending morality," and so proposes to drive him out of the company, according to the law in such matters. But there is little use of your petty restrictions now; listen! do you hear that wild commotion—that mighty "threatening from the outside?" Something stronger than Law, as Plutus hints: "Great is Law, but greater is Necessity." Yes, the time has come when all legislation, enactment, statute, is to be overborne in a mightier decree, Society and State itself are to be upheaved, according to the final authority

of the World's History. Moral violation and every other kind of violation, escaping Law, have called up the Supreme Tribunal, which is now going to deliver judgment.

4. Herewith is unfolded the fourth picture with Pan, "the All of the World," as the central personage, surrounded by the savage figures of Greek Mythology, the wild elements of Nature—Fauns, Satyr, Gnomes, Giants and Nymphs. We observe, essentially, the same principle of grouping, as in the previous symbols, though the figures are now mythical, rather than allegoric. Still the new meaning is in these old shapes; they are, in particular, assigned a new place, a place in the social order.

There is almost an universal agreement among commentators, that this is a picture of inbreaking revolution, the last "Necessity," above the State even. Law and morals are gone, the wild powers rush in, bent on destroying that society which has in itself become destructive. The All, the World-Spirit, is purifying itself of its rotten elements, and seizes upon the rudest, most primitive forces of human nature as its instruments. The first imaging of such forces is found in the Greek Mythus, particularly, as told by ancient Hesiod, which accordingly furnishes to the modern poet the shapes here, not Olympian and spiritual, but terrestrial and physical. So in revolutions, notably in the greatest one of all, the French, the lowest elements rose to the top; yet they were but the distructive implements, in the hands of Pan, to

destroy a corrupt world.

Each of these wild groups has its individual character, which, however, must not be pushed too far into the blue inane. The Faun reaches his paw for "the fairest woman to dance with him," clearly a dance of sensual license; the Satyr loves the wild unsocial freedom of the mountain height, where he is alone, hence he is introduced here singly, as Duentzer remarks; the Gnomes, delving in the dark earth, suggest the lowest stratum of human labor, friendly enough themselves, but used as a means for every kind of deviltry; the Giants are the brute strength of man purely, "naked by nature, and in ancient might." Truly a rough company taken together, destructive in their character, or easily turned that way by Pan.

But who is Pan? He does not speak himself, and so we have a chorus of Nymphs to tell us about him, voices singing in the air, premonitory of great changes. They chant of his wonderful ghostly presence; when he sleeps at midday "not a leaf stirs, and a healing fragance fills the quiet air." This is the time of his repose, when the World-Spirit is at peace; but there follows a time of tumult, when his voice resounds terribly, nobody knows where to turn, "the brave army in the field is scattered," flees in a panic, which is Pan's terror. Yes, he is always the victor, no discipline can avail against him! "Great is Law, greater is Necessity."

While the Nymphs are celebrating "the All of the World, represented in mighty Pan," behold a new deed; a deputation of Gnomes, a committee of

Labor, arrive with their petition to mighty Pan. Their plaints sound familiar: we, workingmen, have dug the treasures out of the earth hitherto, which "thou graciously has distributed," whilst we live "like Troglodytes, arching our houses in dark caverns." Listen to their new claim, which is, nevertheless, old; "we have discovered down here a new wonderful source of wealth;" what is it? "Thou canst complete it" with a mere stroke of thy pen; sign this piece of paper, O Pan.

We learn later that the mighty Pan is none other than the Emperor himself, in mask, who at this point gives his signature to paper money, making it a legal tender, in the language of our day. It is done, to be sure, in masquerade, but this is the case always; the real thing is itself a masquerade, paper money is but a grand disguise, in which history is playing the masker. Deeply true it is also, that Labor, "the deputation of Gnomes," demands this money, thinking somehow thereby to get rid of labor, that is, get rid of itself, which would be indeed death. Prophetic, verily, is the poet's look; in our own time and land Labor has seen in such a printed leaf its salvation, and "the deputation of Gnomes" has presented its petition to an American Congress; indeed it is still singing its hymn of paper-money to the Great Pan.

But what has now become of our Wealth, the grand product of our industrial Society? It is no longer made by labor, but by a pen-stroke, the quantity, one or a million dollars, being a matter of indifference; in other words, it is logically des-

troyed, being based at best upon a promise of future endeavor. Plutus, who always has a good eye for his own interests, knows well the result: "something terrible is going to happen." Still the consequence lies in the circle of his own deed; he broke loose from the Poesy of Life, and kept with Avaritia; now Pan breaks loose from him—from wealth, and makes money by fiat without any real basis of wealth. All the accumulations of the past, all property is worth now just one stroke of the pen, just nothing and here it is, that nothing active in the form of an earth-embracing, sham-consuming conflagration, which will burn up this whole masquerade of society from top to bottom.

5. The fifth tableau is now brought before us, the fire, which is here veritably a symbol, in which all the figures burning have their place; the very allegories are consumed. The dwarfs, small men certainly, have led the mighty Pan to the great "source of fire;" his beard falls in, it is a little external accident, as usual, which starts the conflagration, the flame and the tinder being already prepared. Everthing is at once ablaze; there is a general burning up of a masked world, among them Pan too. The cry rises from all sides: "the Emperor suffers such pain." Yes, it is the Emperor, still he is consumed and all his palace.

Doubtless Goethe had before his mind, in describing this conflagration, two historic scenes of a similar sort. The one took place at the court of Charles VI. of France, as far back as 1394; the other happened at the ball given by Prince

Schwartzenberg in Paris, 1810; the Emperor Napoleon I. was present at this ball. But these historic incidents are made by Goethe into the bearers of an universal meaning, and represent not the one, but the all. Such was his habit, he declares, of dealing with apparently unimportant events, even so-called accidents; he read in them the signs of the time, they became prophetic to his eye, a truth-revealing symbol. For instance, the incident of the "Diamond Necklace," a seeming bubble on the Time-current, hinted to his vision the approach of the French Revolution. So this conflagration, though in mask, really unmasks the outcome of the present society.

The Emperor is made to represent Pan, who is also the World-Spirit over him; he is thus the bearer of the agencies of the new Time, yet is not aware of the fact; he is indeed the very instrument of burning himself up. So it goes with such a man; the World-Spirit takes hold of him, makes him carry out its behest, though he is likely to think he is doing just the opposite. This is the truest and profoundest of all these forms; Pan is the spirit of the time, which is to burn up the Emperor, yet the latter is in the mask of Pan, and is really carrying out the God's will. Louis XVI., for example, was the chief instrument in bringing on the revolution which meant his dethronement and death; he kindled the conflagration which consumed him and all that he represented.

Still, after such desolation, "help is introduced"

by Plutus, Wealth, who is again on hand, giving advice. Faust is in the mask of Plutus, who has survived this last great destruction, and seems ready to build up a new world once more. But what has become of Mephisto? We last saw him kneading gold to every shape, and thereby "offending morality," then apparently he slunk out of the way; he, as Avaritia, has done his work, when the wild tumult of revolution breaks forth. Yet in this revolution, too, he plays a part, we conceive, though in a new disguise; he must have a hand in all the deviltry that is going on. The final conflagration is, at bottom, his work; indeed, this Masquerade, portraying the destruction of Society, is his work, corresponding well with his negative nature. Thus he reveals the Mephistophelean element in the social world, and its outcome. Still this world is to be saved in spite of him.

A wonderful piece of writ is this Masquerade, setting forth in cunning symbols a whole history of Society for all time, and marking out the line of its development, order, disorder, and destruction; a grand spectacular view of its various stages, moving with an outer scenic fullness, yet with an inner spiritual depth, from the first domestic beginning to Industry and Wealth, through the fateful separation of Wealth from the Poesy of Life, to Avarice, with the final act of paper money bringing on social conflagration. Though it fits just here, in itself we may call it a poem, which has to be read with the highest vision, being truly a bit out of the World's History. The Masquerade seems to grow,

it comes of itself just at such a period of hollow forms and delusions, yet it reveals the whole tendency and outcome of the age to any eye that can see. It lies in the time to disport itself in masks; the time itself is doing it; yes, we must have a masquerade just here, and nowhere else. It thus becomes a phase of a new Mythology, taking up old mythical forms to a certain extent, yet creating new ones; on this side it has many far-reaching hints, prophetic of a new poetical world, or of some fair demesne thereof, which we may call the Mythus of Industry.

Then note the structure, not the least of its marvels, showing the subtlest head work; very intricate, doubtless, in its details, yet moving harmoniously together, in a common purpose. We have tried to suggest partially this structure by marking division and sub-division, but the strong-hearted student will go further and write it down in a complete diagram, whereby he may study its intricacies the better. Let him not stop till he has satisfied himself upon the four following points: 1st. The meaning of the scene in itself. 2nd. Its meaning in the whole action of the poem. 3rd. Its structure. 4th. The ground of its poetic form, viz., that of the Masquerade.

Many dissuasive voices he will hear, but let him take courage and do this thing well for once and forever. Doubtless there will always be different methods of looking at the scene; such differences lie in the different mental constitutions of men. Some will give a wild far-fetched interpretation,

cutting loose from the poem, and darting like a comet, clear out of the solar system, beyond the light-sphere; beware of them. Others will point to such excesses, exclaiming, "Just look!" and thereupon will start to run in the opposite direction, straight into the fire, crying: "There is no meaning in the thing—a picture and nothing more." Still, let the student not become panicky at these frantic demonstrations, but preserve his mental balance. Why should he starve himself to death because somebody commits excess in eating, and thereby gets dyspeptic?

PAPER MONEY.

The grand final conflagration of the last scene was manifestly lighted with paper money—a strong suggestion of the assignats of the French Revolution. But the trouble had a deeper source; the beginning of woe lay in the divorce of Wealth from the Poesy of Life. The Emperor has beheld and in part acted this fateful drama of society; we are curious to find out how the whole has affected him. Has he seen through the disguise? Faust is as curious as we are to learn the same thing; accordingly the present scene introduces him inquiring of the Emperor in a sly way concerning the matter. The description of the conflagration by the Emperor shows that he has only beheld the outward appearance; to the meaning of it he has not at all penetrated.

Nor does he penetrate the hidden irony of the speech of Mephisto, who describes to him Majesty controlling the wealth and wonders of the sea. It is in the same manner in which Mephisto had in a previous scene described to him the wealth and wonders hidden in the earth, and it has the same purport, namely, the treasures of nature revealed by man's intelligence, especially when directed by true Majesty, the wise head of the State. The speech is couched in the same mysterious magical

form, only that the marine mysteries are employed. The elements of nature, fire, earth, water, conceal fabulous wealth, but it requires the magician to find it and to take it from them. This Emperor is clearly no magician, and does not understand the magician, but leaves to him the realm of air and the Arabian tales.

Scarcely is the doubting word spoken, when the Arabian tale turns to reality. Here come those old grumbling officials with a new smile; every debt is paid, money flows in unlimited abundance. Even the good Chancelor, who once scented the devil, comes bringing with joy the devil's leaf, and reads the imprint to the Emperor, who does not understand it and declares it a fraud, to which his signature has been counterfeited. But it is all his act, done in the Masquerade; and his one stroke of the pen has been repeated a thousandfold by another class of magicians known as printers. Money is now limited only by the capacity of the printing press.

Here we have the phenomenon of paper money. For this money all the buried treasure of the Emperor's land is hypothecated, which of course is to be raised before the paper can be redeemed. At this point the deception lies; it will take all this buried treasure to raise it, no more, no less; the very value of the treasure is the cost of its raising. When the labor and the interest of capital are paid for, the treasure will have spent itself. Money means that it contains so much value in human endeavor; the piece of gold shines by virtue of the

work concentrated in it, shines just so much brighter than brass or copper. To raise that treasure called a bushel of wheat out of the earth is quite the same as raising any other treasure; the gold coin which is exchanged for it represents at last the same amount of labor.

The piece of paper is a delusion unless it represents that original purchase money of all things — namely, labor. Here, too, its real nature begins to show itself by the "premium on gold." It is truly the product of Mephisto, in it is found his twofold nature. On the negative side it increases extravagance and corrupts morals; but on the positive side it stimulates activity prodigiously. This last is the element of it which belongs to Faust, who hints what is to be done with it: Make it the means of raising the treasures of the realm, of developing the resources; then it may be paid off. Faust again overrules Mephisto.

Still Mephisto has his little realm here, in fact, his strong following: "Half the world thinks only of feasting," extravagance breaks forth on all sides. The moral effects too, are hinted; in general, society at such a period, seems to go on a grand debauch. The Emperor scatters the notes freely among his servants, the result is mainly to turn license loose. But there is one exception; the old fool also has "come to life again," and asks for some of the "magic leaves;" he gets a large amount, he goes at once and converts his paper into land, in which all treasures, even the very guaranty of this paper, lie buried. Thus the fool is really the wise man again,

and transforms himself into the independent landowner, possibly a lord, "Who now will doubt the wit of our fool?" cries Mephisto in sarcastic admiration.

One little inconsistency we may note. In this scene, the signing of the paper money is stated to have been demanded by the Chancelor and the Council; in the previous scene, by the deputation of Gnomes, to whom this request really belongs, though some interpretors assign it elsewhere. A little discord, not of much account, left possibly from forgetfulness, or resulting from some omission; let it pass without further conjecture, as it does not disturb the main facts connecting the two scenes.

We might call this scene Mephisto's visit to America, for we have beheld him here in this very part. He makes paper money because it is the delusion of money, secured by treasure hereafter to be gained. Still we must not forget the good side. It does its work, it has helped the State out of a pressing extremity, indeed saved it from immediate dissolution. Nay, we can see that with wise management of the State, this money will do away with itself; it has so stimulated industry to raise the "earth's treasures" that these will be able to turn back and pay off the promise; like Achilles' spear, its rust will heal its own wound. Hardly under such an Emperor as this, however.

One more reflection may be allowed. The issue of paper money is always an economical folly, but it is a folly which must be committed some-

times for the nation's salvation. In the pinch of danger, Capital refuses to aid the State, looking out for its own selfish interest; Capital must then be stormed and conquered like an enemy; before the enemy in the field is conquered, it must be made to yield. Paper money is a mighty power, it pledges the labor of the whole land ere a stroke of that labor be done; it draws upon the unperformed task, when no loan is possible; twenty, one hundred years it may keep its people toiling to pay its promise. Glory be to the people if they redeem the promise honestly and liquidate the last farthing of obligation. Think of the toil of a nation for a century to come staked upon this minute's cast; yet the nation at times has to put up such a stake or lose its existence. Behold the people willingly chaining themselves to the plow, and their children and their children's children—such is the greatest spectacle of history and its sacrifice. Political economists may truly show the folly, lawyers may truly point out the constitutional barrier, still it must be done: "Great is Law but greater is Necessity."

The crisis is relieved by the issue of legal tender. Our medieval state may now go on for a time without the grand conflagration hinted in the masquerade. Indeed, if we look into the matter we may fairly say, that the country has been saved by the issue of paper money; time has been gained for new forces to set in, and though revolution will hereafter break out, it will be put down by Faust and Mephisto. That, however, is a

chapter far ahead. Meantime another immediate want has presented itself; what is it?

CHAPTER SECOND.

Every careful reader will feel a new turn in the poem at this point. The financial crisis is past, the old State will hold together for a time, at least, and now "we, having made the Emperor rich, have to amuse him." But how? The model forms of man and woman as revealed in the art-world of ancient Greece, are strongly demanded, and Faust, as the man of intelligence, or rather as the grand thaumaturgist who has gotten up that wonderful show of the Masquerade, and the spectral appearance of Money, is required to produce the forms of Paris and Helen, Homeric shapes standing at the very threshold of Literature.

It is manifest that a taste for Art has arisen, and wealth has furnished the condition. But it is not to be a masquerade, a mere spectacle, in the form of disguised folly; now the ideal is asked for, and nothing less than beauty will satisfy. It is, indeed, quite a change from that mad spirit which was so eager to "celebrate the wild Carnival;" not now the form which wantonly hides its meaning in a mask, but the form, which is one with the meaning, in happy harmony and interpenetration, the beautiful form is sought: in other words, the clear transparent world of classic shapes is to be intro-

duced into this wild Walhalla of dark riddlesome Teutonic specters and masks.

We are, therefore to witness the genesis of Art, and specially of a stage of Art which has long since passed away, but which is now to be resurrected, for the new time demands it. Such a demand is fundamental, springing out of the deepest needs of man's culture; as a self-conscious being, he must see himself; so he is driven to make his own image, which is his spiritual visage, as it has manifested itself in all time. In the Masquerade we had Teutonism and the present, now we are to have Hellenism and the past, the real is to rise into the ideal.

An outline of the Renascence of Classic Art is here drawn in poetry; not one, but every Renascence we may say. For that old Greek spirit, somehow, is always being born anew both into the world and into the individual; here is the poetic image of such new birth. One must flee from the reality around him, go back to the pure shapes, to their home at the Mothers who dwell outside of Space and Time, and bring thence those shapes into reality, into Space and Time, which become again their fresh shining vesture.

A new tendency in that Court, hitherto given over to shows, balls, spectacular effects; but also a new tendency in Faust, hitherto the unadorned truth-seeker. However, when we look back, we note that he has been long preparing for just this turn in his career. At first he was the man of pure science, of philosophy, and we can hardly trace an

aesthetic strand in him, unless it be his discontent with abstract studies and his love of Nature. But in the "Witches' Kitchen," he exclaimed, doubtless at some shape of undraped Greek classicity, "can woman be so beautiful!" Recently, too, he would see life only "in its colored reflection." Then this last Masquerade was quite a piece of artistic work in its way, as we have seen, yet with a purpose outside of itself. Now, however, he has the ideal in him, which he is going to embody, and his spirit and his career become those of the artist pure and simple, whose purpose is inside his Art.

This new movement, embracing the present chapter, will last to the end of the Third Act, taking up more than one-half of the whole Second Part, 3866 lines out of 7498, according to Schroeer's count. The following divisions and sub-divisions will help us in the study of the meaning and the organism of this important movement.

I. The first attempt to obtain Helen, and its failure. From the descent to the Mothers till the end of the First Act.

II. The discipline to obtain Helen, in which Faust has to go back to his former world of erudition. The Second Act, divided as follows:

1. The unconscious time of Faust, at the University, with its shapes—Insects, Famulus, Wagner, Homunculus.

2. The Classical Walpugis Night, the night of Greek erudition, with its four grand developments:

Development of the Orient to Greece.

Development of Faust towards Helen.

Development of Mephisto to Phorkyas.
Development of Homunculus to Galathea.

III. The Helena, in which Helen subjects Phorkyas, marries Faust, gives birth to Euphorion, and dies after her son's death. Third Act.

THE MOTHERS.

We have now before us a scene which is one of the most difficult in all "Faust," and about which many different views have been given, and will continue to be given. For the scene works variously upon various minds, according to inborn tendency and acquired culture; it seems to present to every human soul a mirror, in which that soul reads something of its own individual feature. Yet amid all this diversity there is a wonderful agreement, a certain substantial harmony, which of itself reveals the true significance of the scene, and thus becomes its best interpretation. The music it makes in the souls of men, not the discord, is its deepest truth.

And first in reference to its historic relations, we may truly say that its motive lies deep in the whole human race, from the Orient to the Occident; hints, echoes, analogies may be traced in the religion and myths of the Chinese, Hindoos, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, ancient Teutons; they all, amid their differences, have some conception, or some deities like these Goddesses, the Mothers. A subtle link connecting total humanity seems to lie secretly in this scene, so dark yet so profound;

such is its first note, not to be neglected, touching faintly a universal harmony.

But it is directly taken from the Greeks who are to give the forms for the entire classic movement of Faust, which is now first introduced. Primeval forms of the Greek world are the Mothers, imaging the earliest birth-giving principle, hence belonging here at the start of the Hellenic tendency. The poet says himself that he found the expression and the kindred thought in Plutarch, in whose life of Marcellus occurs the unobtrusive passage: "In Sicily there is a city called Engyion, not great, but very ancient, and famous on account of the appearance of the Goddesses called Mothers." That is all, whereat the poet's glance, in deepest human sympathy, beholds and constructs the present scene. Another passage of Plutarch (de Defectu Oraculorum) is usually cited in this connection, which passage, though it does not mention, gives a little commentary on the Mothers: "In it (the divine Triangle) lies the field of Truth, in which rest immovable the grounds, shapes, primitive types of all the things that ever have existed, or will exist. Eternity surrounds it, from which Time passes over into the worlds as an effluence. Human souls, if they have lived a good life, receive permission once in ten thousand years to view these shapes;" one of which souls is now Faust, and, we hope, the reader.

Through this last passage the Mothers are connected with another ancient Greek doctrine, the Ideas of the philosopher Plato. These Ideas

were the archetypes, the primitive forms of the phenomenal world, and lay back of all sensation and experience. A still closer connection with the neo-Platonic philosopher, Plotinus, has been traced by Loeper, who declares that Goethe in later life was more familiar with Plotinus than with Plato. Among modern philosophers, Paracelsus, with his conception of the matrices, or Mother-forms of things, presents a striking similarity, and Paracelsus also was known to Goethe. But there is in the scene another and very important philosophic side, besides this Platonic or ideal side, that is, the employment of the Negative. There is the abstraction from the finite, till the Void is reached, or pure Nothing; then this Nothing appears to Faust as the grand productive agency, overcoming and negating itself, and therein bringing forth the Universe: "In thy Nothing I hope to find the All." That is, in the Nothing of Mephisto to whom he is speaking—Mephisto reduced to Nothing, negated, which would be the negation of the negation, which brings forth the positive element of the Universe. Here Hegel is suggested above all other philosophers with his play of the Negative, in fact, a deduction of the Mothers after the Hegelian manner we may call the first part of this scene. Indeed, through the whole poem, at certain points, the analogy to Hegel has peeped forth in the play of Mephisto's irony—Mephisto being himself the denier, or Negation embodied. So the present scene unites the great Greek and great German philosopher, the ancient and the

modern philosopher, as the theme now is at bottom to take up Hellenic into Teutonic culture. Carus and others are right in thinking that this scene can only be grasped philosophically; such is the chief fact which calls it into being just at the present juncture.

As this descent to the Mothers, then, is an attempt to express the philosophical principle of the poem, it cannot be fully comprehended without philosophy. Those who are fond of citing Goethe's aversion to abstract thought, may profitably ponder this scene. He undoubtedly did dislike a fruitless philosophy, as he did a fruitless poetry or a fruitless science; but of real philosophy, as well as of real poetry and science, he was both a student and admirer. He shows in hundreds of passages that he was an abstract thinker as well as a poet; and his declaration against barren speculation cannot be taken as hostile to all philosophy, but to the perversion of philosophy.

We behold how the mind is to go from the visible to the invisible realm, to reach forth out of this sensible into the supersensible world, and bring thence forms which have long since departed. Shapes, Paris and Helen, ages ago, passed out of the body possibly, but certainly out of the consciousness of men; now they are to be called back and endued with a new existence. How? The mind must get rid of the present, of the material appearance, and reach back to the primitive form which underlies the present as well as the past. Is there such a universal form? Can the mind attain

it? To both these questions the scene before us answers, yes; furthermore, we shall notice, if we observe it carefully, that it gives a double answer to both questions, one answer being couched in abstract, philosophical terms mainly, the other in symbolical terms. Such, then, is the organism of the scene, deeply accordant with its matter: a philosophical and a symbolical statement both of the universal form, and of the process of the mind in reaching the same.

I. The first line strikes the key-note; we have gone from the bright throng of the Court and are on the passage to the dark world, where the Mothers "are throned in venerable solitude." One has now to think away all finite relations, and reach pure, empty being, without content or limit. "Hast thou a conception of the Void and desolation?" asks Mephisto. Well, if thou hast, bring it into play now, for it is not of much use at any other time. No wonder that Faust shudders at such a descent, for is he not to abstract from the whole finite world, himself being finite? His puny individuality quakes for its very existence; as it once before did in the presence of the Earth-Spirit.

We notice, too, that it is Mephisto who is going to tell Faust all about this wonderful descent into the sources of being. This fact seems at first view a little strange, but we shall find on looking into it, that it accords with the character of Mephisto completely. In the first place, the process is a negative one, that of abstraction; there is no road thither, no ascent or descent really, for these are

finite relations, from which one must abstract in his thought, if he wishes to attain the Mothers dwelling "outside of Space and Time." Yes, even "to speak of them is embarassment," as speech itself has on it the stamp of finitude. But, in the second place, we have quite from the beginning found Mephisto the knowing Devil; else were he no Devil; he knows the good, but wills not to do it, hence is the bad; he knows creation, but wills destruction; he knows the positive, but wills the negative. Nay, he knows that evil is overborne into the good, is in fact self-destructive, still he does it; for did he not define himself as "a part of that power which always wills the Bad, but always works the Good?"

Mephisto, therefore, knows the way to the Mothers, though there be "no way," since it lies just in the above mentioned abstraction; it is, indeed, a phase of his own nature. He is aware, too, of the realm of beauty, though he cannot get there himself. The witch world of the North, which images the dark and destructive powers, is his sphere of Art; he has no control over that bright Greek world of Heroes, Heroines, and Gods, who are housed, not in his Hell, but in their own Hades. "Still there is a means;" come, let us have it without delay. Accordingly the Devil is now going to give Faust a lesson in philosophy, we might almost say, in Hegel's philsophy. Three stages of this abstruse lesson we may sharply mark, as they correspond to the symbols to be used hereafter.

1. First is the abstraction from the finite, the negative process of thought which at a blow does away with the whole created world. "The realm untrodden, not to be trodden," for the tread is a finite thing, where "thou canst not hear thine own footsteps;" thou wilt there reach the Void, "Nothing thou wilt behold in an eternally empty horizon;" the Now, the present world with all its fullness, is thus reduced to pure Nought, the condition, it seems, of creating Paris and Helen.

Faust is at first decidedly inclined to ridicule this mystifying talk, as coming from "the first of all mystogogues who have deceived faithful neophytes." For has not he himself passed through the Void in his philosophic studies, and has he not fled to the solitude of the wilderness from the face of man, and there at last given himself over to the Devil? Now he is sent again to the Void for his Art; it is a strange proceeding and he suspects Mephisto of using him, with some devilish purpose, "like the cat, to scratch the chestnuts out the fire." But hold! a new thought faintly gleams upon him, the genesis of which we must give in philosophic speech.

2. Through our process of abstraction, we have come to the unlimited or infinite form, which, of necessity being held up against and contrasted with the finite, finds its boundary therein, and thus becomes itself finite or limited. Or, that Nothing which we have just reached, cannot remain nothing, but cancels itself, it suddenly turns creative from being destructive; like Mephisto, it is self-annull-

ing. Here comes the new grand insight of Faust, and he shouts—"Go on; we are going to fathom it;" he shouts like a man who has just got Religion, and he has got it, and Art and Philosophy all in one. Previously he was a scoffer at the whole thing, but suddenly how changed! Listen to his fresh hope sprouting, as it were, just out of the fires of denial: "In thy Nothing I hope to find the All." Verily a new man, or the beginning of such, we see him at once become; indeed, we may fairly consider this expression of Faust as the axis upon which the whole poem turns.

The hint is here given that negation is negative to itself, that evil is self-destructive, is but a transitory phase in the process of the Good, or of the All. Denial has begun to come round to itself in thought, and there to deny itself, which is the positive solution of the Faust problem. Already Faust had put down Mephisto through love for Margaret; that love, however, was in his emotions; this new insight is in his intellect, the original seat of his denial. Man can, then, find the All, can know Truth; that primitive denial with which the First Part began in the first soliloquy of Faust, is now denied, and the old aspiration is begining to storm the citadel of thought. The Nothing of Mephisto suddenly gives hope, the highest hope, that of finding the All. Yet we must not expect too much at once; it is but a glimpse, not yet clarified into pure vision, still less realized in life. Much remains to be done; the man is converted, but not yet regenerated.

3. We must now grasp these various steps together as one total process. We started with the visible, finite world, from which we abstracted, and reached the infinite form, which is the Void, pure Nothing—the spiritual solitude created by thought, where "thou wilt behold in an eternally empty horizon Nothing." Yet this Nothing cannot stay with itself, but annuls its own being and creates something, as night begets day in ancient Hesiod, as chaos turns into cosmos in modern Laplace. Thus the infinite form, in its very desolation, begets forms, is the mother of all forms, verily the Mothers.

Such is the Dialectic Process, continually destroying and continually renewing in one, the form of forms, which Hegel in particular has placed as the driving-wheel in all being. The connection between the philosopher and poet is manifest; in fact Hegel taught at the University of Jena, a few miles from Weimar; his friend and patron was Goethe, who had also a certain official control over the philosopher's work, on its practical side, quite as he now spiritually weaves it into the texture of his poem, as one thread of the vast total fabric. But mark! not for this reason is the whole poem to be interpreted into the Hegelian categories, or shown as an exposition of Hegel's system; that were to see in the cathedral only one of its little chapels.

If then, we have reached the primitive form, the form of forms, that which creates all others, surely we can recover the forms of the ancient

world, which have long since passed away, since we have obtained their common creative principle. Paris and Helen may again return to the Upper World, take on finite shapes, as they once did, under the action of this same primitive energy. "In thy Nothing I hope to find the All:" such is the sudden glance which pierces through the Faust darkness to the very source of light, and thence looks out upon the first glimmers of the new creation. Mephisto recognizes on the spot that Faust has now dived clear through his world of negation, and has come out on the other side: "I see truly thou knowest the Devil." Now for the first time could this be said; now thou art ready, "here, take this key."

II. At this point begins the second part of the scene, which unfolds the symbols imaging in new forms the process that has just been given abstractly. A quick transition from philosophy into poetry, or from the thought to the image—what does it mean? This universal speech of philosophy is not the final utterance, especially for the poet or artist, who is to clothe the infinite in the forms of the finite, who is to seize the abstract thought in the concrete image, who is to raise out of the realm of pure Ideas the living shapes of Paris and Helen. Accordingly, even in this scene we pass from metaphysical concept to the pictured symbol, though both give the same process and lead to the same end, namely the Mothers.

1. The first symbol is the Key, that which unlocks the outer door, removes the first obstruction; it is an image often used in religion and

art, the supreme key being that well-known one of St. Peter's opening the gates of Heaven. In the present case, somewhat analogous, the key is to remove the material or phenomenal world, and conduct Faust to the realm of supersensible forms; it is really that power of negative abstraction, that has already been described in abstruse terms. "The little thing" is the little No, the Devil's word, hence is furnished by Mephisto; but it becomes very large, when it is made universal, and applied to "the whole created world," as is the command now. It has the power of "scenting the right place;" follow it, and it will lead to the Mothers, to that primitive solitude of being which results from taking away all reality and finitude. No wonder Faust shudders again, being finite himself; but that shudder "is the best part of humanity;" for it is the feeling of the infinite in the little finite man, that sudden quake is the beginning of a revelation of God. "Ascend," or just as well "descend," it is the same, "escape from the created world into the shadowy kingdom;" quite the directions which we had in the first part of this scene.

2. The Tripod is the second symbol, to which the Key leads; it blazes, and shows that "thou art in the deepest depth," the home of all forms. The character of the Tripod as form is three-foldness in one, or the triune form, which now flames up and consumes, but therein gives a light which reveals the Mothers and all forms. The Tripod is the first material shape that stands alone, a three-legged object, being in this way complete, and a

hint of the ultimate form. By virtue of its symbolic suggestion, probably, it was a religious vessel, used in the temples of the Gods for various purposes; it hints the Trinity, fundamental form, which plays such an important part in the history of both religion and philosophy. A sacred instrument truly, revealing "the deepest depth;" we may call it the symbol of the fundamental form in the mind, illuminating all other forms. Such are the attributes of the Tripod, as indicated here, quite enough to cast the shadow of the poet's thought.

But as the process thus unfolded is a mental one, it can be told in the language of philosophy, and so identified with what has been already said of the same matter. The Key, abstraction, leads to the Tripod, which burns in itself and gives light; that is, abstraction also must be abstracted from, to be complete; it burns itself up through its own nature, and by the light we behold itself and the Mothers too. Thus we see again negation which negates itself, consumes itself in its own fire, but therefrom affirmation comes forth, in whose light all fundamental forms are to be seen. The total process of abstraction, then, leads to the Tripod, and kindles its light; it is the ultimate form in the mind, by whose blaze we see the ultimate form of all things in the world. The entire procedure is but a symbolisation of the one grand insight of Faust: "In thy Nothing I hope to find the All." The steps of the process are cast into images for the forthcoming artist.

3. The final symbol, which, however, has

hovered over and under the entire scene from beginning to end, and enfolds it wholly in one grand image, is the Mothers. They are the complete symbol, holder and parent of forms, even of the Tripod, which Faust first gets by going down to them. They embrace both sides, have two opposite characters in one. First they are the endless solitude resulting from negation of the finite world, they are the pure Nothing, with "a horizon eternally empty." But their second and higher character must also be grasped, springing indeed, from the first; they are the grand creative energies, genuine mothers giving birth to pure forms, which show the essence of the divine process of the world:

Formation, Transformation,
The Eternal Mind's eternal entertainment,
Surrounded by shapes of all creation.—

At one time negative, at another positive, they too have in them that play of negation, so often seen before in the poem, but now appearing in pure forms, freed from all real manifestation.

It will be noticed that the Tripod and the Mothers have a common principle, the former is indeed in the custody of the latter as one of these forms; yet by the light of the Tripod the Mothers are seen in their full variety and movement, and the pale Hades of shapes is illuminated. Nor does Faust get the Tripod till he goes to the Mothers, then he brings it away with him, it is his apparently forever afterward. We may call it Thought, we may call it Creative Imagination, both

names are applicable in a sense. The Tripod is the ultimate spiritual form in the mind, the Mothers are the ultimate spiritual form in the world; the first is subjective, the latter objective, yet both are finally one, showing the one fundamental form. Mind sees itself in the world as the principle thereof, and it is the world which really shows mind unto itself. Now we may understand why the Tripod reveals the Mothers on the one hand, and why on the other hand the Mothers have the Tripod in their keeping. Faust must go down to them and get it, this form of forms, abstract it with his key and bring it with him, while the Mothers remain behind.

Faust, having it, can now "call out of night hero and heroine," Paris and Helen, and indeed all the forms of Art. For has he not obtained the ultimate form of all things, the eternal Idea which has simply to put on its material appearance, and be beautiful? Nay, even the Gods themselves will take form in the incense ascending from the glowing Tripod; in the vanishing smoke will flit the image of the eternal. Faust stamps in his strong endeavor, down he goes out of sight. The denier Mephisto thinks he may not get back; yes he will, he has conquered the devil and the doubt.

Such is the scene, doubtless abstract enough, the most philosophic scene in "Faust," yet even this in its fundamental conception is poetry. An image, not a pure thought is its world, that of the Mothers; we must picture it at last, not think it, though there is much thinking in it. Nay, it is

dramatic, it portrays a man, a character, filled with a purpose, which purpose drives him to the action which is here unfolded. Philosophy, the profoundest, is thus taken into poetry, and made a factor thereof, becoming one phase of this all-embracing poem. Indeed in the course of the scene, as already noticed, the philosophic passes into the symbolic form, the nude thought hastens to clothe itself in an image.

The scene is not an allegory, but the highest utterance of the theme; it must not be interpreted too closely, else we shall drive out the soul of the poetry. We must feel that the poetic form of the author is the true and final one for the matter, and that it will be lost, if it be wholly translated into a different mode of thought and expression. Still, some idea we must have to begin with, an outline and hint of the drift; then we must become sympathetic with the very utterance of the poet, and feel it as the only perfect one, and the true revelation of the theme. An interpretative word is needed merely to help us enter the world of the poet; it opens the gate and gives a diagram of the garden, but you must pluck the flower and smell the fragrance. Poetry is not a highly complicated riddle set before you to test your ingenuity, though it has its riddle, as life has too; poetry, at least that of the great masters, is an utterance, a perfect utterance, which may require some training before it be fully understood, by the very virtue of its perfection.

This scene, then, is its own final expression,

and is not to be translated altogether into any philosophy, not into that of Plato, not into that of Hegel, though both play through it profoundly and must be introduced for its full comprehension. But how much else is here, felt or imaged in the Mothers! The far-reaching suggestiveness running through so many religions of Asia and Europe, and binding them together, as it were, must not be left out—that unconscious strand woven through humanity, deep-souled, profoundly poetic. Then the sexual hint must live in our conception of the scene; Motherhood, the bearer of all life, and with it the everlasting fount of love, is suggested also, not so much on its physical as on its spiritual side, the source of ideal forms and beauty; a hint, which will reach its fullness and culmination in the Eternal-Womanly (Ewig-Weibliche) of the last line of the poem. Some such connection may be felt more than expressed, a connection between eternal motherhood and eternal womanhood; for a thread of emotion runs deep through this scene, dimly leading us to the Eternal-Motherly (Ewig-Muetterliche.) Round all the abstract philosophy here, then, we feel an atmosphere of the Beyond, quite unexpressed and unexpressible.

Says Eckermann: "So much remained enigmatical to me (after hearing this scene read by its author) that I begged Goethe to enlighten me. But he looked at me with big eyes, repeating in his mysterious manner:

> The Mothers! The Mothers! it sounds so strange."

So the poet very naturally refuses to interpret his

own poetry, or to give another expression to that which has already received his highest expression. In other cases, Goethe sometimes explains himself; not so here; still the reader will need a little lift to the first round of the ladder. Then says Goethe to Eckermann: "Take it home with you, study everything well, and see what you make of it." And now let this be the parting word to the reader, with our blessing in his descent to the Mothers—Deus vobiscum.

MEPHISTO'S BEAUTY.

The previous scene, that of the Mothers, shows Faust in search of the Beautiful, for which he has daringly entered the world of supersensuous forms, where the eternal shapes of Art abide. The present scene shows the other side, the work of Mephisto in the sensuous world, at court, which is truly the realm of appearances, of the fleeting phase of existence. A contrast, intensified to complete opposition lies in the two scenes, yet they are dealing with same matter at bottom.

For Mephisto also is trying to produce his kind of beauty, in the Mephistophelean way, without any descent to the Mothers, while deprived of Faust's presence. He is engaged in making one young lady pretty by telling her how to remove freckles from her face; "Take frog's spawn and toad's tongue, distil under a full moon;" another young lady applies for a cure of a frozen foot, which hinders grace of movement in dancing and making a bow; the Devil cures her by a kick of his hoof. He is also solving love difficulties; he instructs a court lady how to get back her lover who has quit her for some one else; even the little page obtains his advice in an affair of heart; the whole multitude seems to be thronging about him for a consultation.

What a company to produce Helen in, the Beautiful, whose form eternal is to be brought back from the Mothers! These people have their Goddess of Beauty in themselves; by some external artifice or adornment they seek to center all admiration upon their own appearance. The supreme question of life with these women, is: How can I get hold of the eye-strings of every man in every company, and turn his eyes round after me, which ever way I move, in the drawing-room or on the street? Just the opposite is the true sense of the Beautiful; it is a sinking of self into the object, a participation in that realm of eternal forms whither Faust has gone, and left this false realm behind, Mephisto's realm of beauty. The individual may have glimpses into the highest sphere, if he can but get himself out of the way. Verily, to be admired is human, but to admire is divine—if you admire the divine.

A little sketch of Mephisto's following at court we have in this scene; the victims of mountebanks and quacks, but chiefly of their own vanity. They live in delusion, seek to be admired for nothing admirable, frauds themselves, and the victims of fraud. Surely there is sore need here of the new Art, and we may pray with Mephisto for once: "O Mothers, Mothers, only let Faust go."

PARIS AND HELEN.

The last scene of the Act gives the appearance of Paris and Helen, the two ancient lovers, whose story is the starting-point of the first great poem of the Occident. A story of error, repentance and restoration; it shows the grand human discipline, and thus rests upon the bed-rock of all Literature. It has a Mephistophelean element too, but it portrays that element overcome in the end. Faust may well be attracted to this story, for does it not throw a far-off ancient image of his experience with Margaret, who has also passed the bitter ordeal? The material is in his own life, now he is going to give to it form—the beautiful reflection in Art.

The legend contains the suggestion of the scene. In the Faust-book of 1587, Faust conjures up the ghost of Helen for the students at Erfurt. In Marlowe's drama, and in the puppet play she appears, and many analogies are found in medieval tales and romances. The longing Teutonic spirit has always sighed for the classic world and its beauty; it sought to seize the fair Helen outwardly in the great irruption of the barbarians; this barbaric way of violence yielded to the attempt to seize her spiritually. The Faust mythus expresses that strong aspiration, through which the Teutonic

world never rests satisfied till it has taken into its heart and head the spirit of Classicism.

In the present scene, moving underneath the ancient story of Paris and Helen is Faust's attempt to seize the beautiful woman, the Teuton's attempt to take her away from her antique lover; thus we may call it the new "Rape of Helen." The attempt does not succeed, in fact it destroys the fair one, and knocks the artist dumb; by another road is she to be gained. Still this present experience must be gone through, it is a part of Faust's and of the world's life.

The scene, having a Teutonic audience and atmosphere, is kept in the mystical style of the North, and not in the clear plastic outlines of Hellas. The Herald, who cannot deal with spirits, confesses that he is at his wit's end: "In vain one ventures to explain this confusion from grounds of the Understanding." No, the prosaic Understanding cannot even describe it; so, off, and let another try, for the audience is assembled, and will soon be impatient. Accordingly, the astrologer, the man of mystery, is taken to unfold the mystery, yet with Mephisto as prompter, who always excels in "suggestion, the Devil's art of speech."

The external setting is that of the old Greek temple, evidently in the Doric style, whose massive columns "stand in a row, like Atlas bearing the Heavens." This structure calls up the keen antagonism of the Gothic architect, who likes the "slender pillar, the pointed arch, striving, infinite," truly a Teutonic spirit. But behold, up

from his grand descent comes Faust "in priestly robe, the man of wonders;" the Tripod rises with him "out of a hollow vault." He addresses the Mothers, around whom "hover the images of life, active, yet without life;" the double character, already indicated more than once, of the Mothers, is again touched upon: "throned in eternal solitude, and yet companioned." Life seizes some of these images, but "the bold Magician," the Artist, seizes others and brings them up out of the purely ideal world into reality. That Greek temple vibrates into music, into an accordant song, when the Key all aglow, touches the basin of the Tripod; to the strain a youth steps forth out of the vapor—who is it? Paris; the act of poetic creation begets the antique form moving to rhythmical time, and making music in the movement; with his coming "the whole temple sings."

Paris, the lover, now appears in that Court, the character of which, particularly in love matters, was tested in the previous scene by Mephisto. The audience criticise, apparently Paris, but really themselves. This criticism is purely subjective, grounded upon the likes and dislikes, the personal feelings of the critic; it does not profess to have any basis in the nature of the matter criticised. Yet Beauty, as the revelation of the True to the Senses, must have Truth as its principle, and not some individual whim or opinion. "I like him," say the ladies, in general, of this Paris, he being a lover, and appealing to woman's favor; yet each lady says it in her own peculiar note, as a court-

lady, fastening her whim on some outer characteristic. "I don't like him," say the men, being a little jealous of him as a rival; really they don't like his praises on the lips of the ladies.

Next Helen appears, the criticism continues, quite in the same style, but just reversed. Now the women are the detractors; in every form of gossip and inuendo they seek to belittle and besmirch their fairer sister, though a mere empty shade. But the men are enraptured with the beautiful apparition, they declare their favor, from courtier to page, always with an amorous turn, seeing only the sensuous element of beauty in her, so that fair Helen in this courtly circle gets at once translated into "La Belle Helene," with the strong suggestion of the French novel or opera bouffe.

Mephisto, our prompter, finds her not to his taste, surely she is not the Devil's beauty. The astrologer thinks very highly of her, and speaks of "tongues of fire wherewith to sing her praises," which sort of a tongue he has not, and so he lapses into silence. Even the erudite man cannot be omitted; his learning questions her genuineness, but he is not too dried-up or old for a sensuous thrill, which makes him accept her, by the help of a quotation from Homer. All this criticism tells nothing of Helen, as usual, but tells much of the critic, as usual. It is quite what we hear and read daily in the Press and Magazine; each man and woman has the center of admiration in self and not in the object; to show off that wonderful center, Helen is

but the means, is but the indifferent Sun in Heaven to illuminate the terrestrial butterfly.

But how about Faust, "in his priest's robes?" He is overwhelmed, engulfed in Helen's beauty; to her he will give "love, worship, madness." Far gone we must say, and we do not wonder at Mephisto, the cool understanding, yelling to him from the prompter's box: "Don't fall out the role!" But such madness is just in the role, though the whole affair be his own play of specters. Paris undertakes to carry off Helen, in accord with the classic theme; no, he shall not, there shall be no second "Rape of Helen," not of my Helen, at least; I shall defend her, destroy her ravisher, rescue her. Thus Faust collides with Paris, the modern with the ancient lover, "the spirit with spirits," seeking to win "the double realm," the real and the ideal, for himself and Helen. He, too, will seize the ancient beauty, as Paris did, both being ravishers. Listen: "I shall rescue her, then is she doubly mine"—whereat he touches the Key, that red-hot Key, to the Trojan youth, when an explosion, as of dynamite takes place, the forms, both Paris and Helen, vanish in vapor, while Faust the Artist is knocked senseless to the ground, back he falls to Mephisto, who has to take charge of him again, and shouldering him carries him off, mid darkness and tumult.

What is the cause of this sudden explosion, and evanishment of antique shapes? It is manifest that Helen cannot be taken away from Paris at the start, that were her second abduction; without him

she is not, and vanishes. She must be stolen and then restored; the discipline she has to go through in all its bitterness; restoration without the fall is impossible, the sin must first be, and then be overcome. No Trojan war, no Iliad, no Homer, no Helen without Paris and his deed; no Greek Art, in fact no Greek World. We need not be surprised at the explosion which smites Faust the poet into unconsciousness, and turns him over to Mephisto; it would have sent old Homer himself to the devil. Then it is necessary for woman to fall, is it? Oh no, my dear lady, not necessary for thee, dare not think of that; but it was necessary for Helen, else she were no Helen, as it was necessary for Eve to listen to Satan in Paradise, else she were no Eve, mother of men. Faust, then, in his very ardor for getting the Greek ideal, has destroyed it, by eliminating Paris and the abduction, the negative but necessary side of that ideal. It is clear that he has now to go through some new vast experience before he can attain Helen in reality, the true Helen of the Greek world. The next time we behold her, she will not be a phantom, but will talk and act; she will not come in Northern magic and mystery but in clear Greek sunshine; her epiphany will not take place in the cold and misty Teutonic world, but under her own liquid Spartan skies, and chiefly she will appear after her return from Troy, after her restoration from the fall, when Faust will rescue her in a new manner. He cannot take away her negative trait without destroying her; just as little can he take away the Mephisto in himself;

both exist to be overcome, the struggle and the victory are just the process of all Art. The fall and the rise therefrom are the two last elements of Helen, of this very poem of Faust, indeed of every great book and bible.

The ultimate difficulty must now be brought forth and exposed; it is the deepest contradiction in Faust's soul; his action in eliminating Paris from the life of Helen is flatly opposed to what he has just learned at the mothers: "in thy Nothing I hope to find the All." That declares the necessity of the Negative, which, however, he tried to take out of his artistic creation. But what he learned at the Mothers was mere theoretical insight, it was the philosophic glance over the chasm of his previous doubt and denial. That is, when he comes to the application to concrete life and art, he neglects the very thing which he has just learned; it is yet only an abstract thought with him, not a living fountain of action; he shows the eternal antinomy between the Theoretical and Practical. Nay, he must do thus; every day of every man's life has a small or great difficulty of the same kind: "Video meliora, deteriora sequor." The theoretical form must be filled practically; life is a mule which refuses to follow the guiding reason without kicking first out of the traces, and then being kicked back into the traces. It were an easy victory, indeed, if action would follow reason of its own accord; but it seems seldom to enter the narrow way without the rebound from unreason. Wisdom is so gentle that she would not have a

single follower but for the whip of folly. So true to human nature it is that Faust should violate practically the very principle at which he has arrived theoretically. Henceforth his main task will be to unfold that theoretical conclusion into life, to transform his pure sunlight into rainbows.

Taking a summary of this First Act, we observe in it two general threads—the real, and the transformation of the real into poesy or the ideal. These two threads separate, intertwine, even interfuse at times, producing the many-colored reflection of existence. The hint is given in the introductory scene: life has its image in the rainbow, not in pure spirit, nor in pure matter. Upon these lines we may cast a glance back through the Act.

1. The real thread introduces the State, which connects with Family and Society of the First Part and forms the climax of the world of reality. This State is passing into an industrial phase, the idea of wealth is entering. Then comes the ideal thread, the Masquerade, which is the representation of wealth in its two chief tendencies—wealth transfigured into the poetry of life, and wealth pursued for its own sake, when it ends in conflagration. This Masquerade is the rainbow, has indeed a second shadowy rainbow within a rainbow, since it not only represents in poetic form the social problem of wealth, but represents the representation. It is a new kind of Art, the romantic, which the modern world has produced; with its dark question and its pure light shining through the real things of the

time. Society is a disguise, but just therein reveals its true character, when it tries to hide itself. The symbolism, allegory, caprices, rollicking fancies of the Masquerade are the peculiarity of this Art, veritably a "many-colored reflection." We may call it a new mythus, of infinite subtlety, wherein man bodies forth his thought in a form which is alien to thought, and just for that reason transparent; not open conflict, war, aims and motives are given, but spirit takes on a mask, and under disguise tells all and does all. This twofoldness, that in the concealment lies the revealment we must feel, and get used to, which is indeed the irony of living, particularly in society.

2. The real thread comes to the surface again in the paper money scene, when a sudden but delusive wealth is created. This wealth also must be transfigured, in order to save society. The Emperor himself has a vague longing for something beyond these riches, he calls for Paris and Helen, the ideal forms of man and woman. But Faust most deeply feels the need of such a transfiguration both in his own individual case and in that of society. In the Masquerade he indicates the destructive energy of wealth, unless it be transformed into the poetry of living; now the problem is before him again with pressing urgency. This is what carries Faust to the Mothers, where are the origins, the pure forms not in Space and Time, forms which are the eternal element of the past as well as of the present. These forms he will reproduce in their clearest purity, which will give

Classic Art.

But he does not succeed, he calls up but a phantom of Helen, which vanishes at his own touch. He must go to work in a new way, he must show the real Helen in her restoration; she is not to perish in her fall as Margaret did, but to manifest the rise. Still further, Faust is to be transformed within, he must make that old Greek world his own, must become a Helen in himself before he can produce her in Art. For he is the Artist transforming himself, he has gotten up the Masquerade and this appearance of Helen, he has the aspiration, but not the reality. He has before him the problem of culture, the individual transformation into an ideal. This is the work which he is now to set about doing. So the money-getting and money-spending Society needs Helen to "raise it above the mean and vulgar" of material pursuits; her career, through fall and rise, manifests just this elevation from the sensual depths. Faust, too, in subjecting Mephisto, has begun his transformation; but he must do more, he must image it fully; he has to "create Helen" out of himself, but he has to put her there first.

As the poet himself divides his audience and even his announcing heralds into two classes, those who behold only the outer appearance, and those who glance into the inner essence of his shapes, so the interpreters of these scenes divide themselves into two similar classes, and will continue to do so to the end. The later German expositors, for the most part, see here an explosion and nothing more,

as Wagner saw a "poodle and nothing more;" and they say the whole is "a play of spirits" for startling theatrical effect. The older commentators, on the other hand, recognized the symbolic meaning, they all saw in one way or other that Faust's attempt to possess Helen, was an attempt to seize the ideal immediately and hence was fruitless. Very good and true; still we wish to know in what consists this immediate seizure. The poet has, with absolute distinctness, told us in his poetic way, it is the endeavor of Faust to possess Helen without Paris, "to rescue her" without her grand alienation from home and country; thus she is not Helen, and at once turns to smoke. Assuredly this explosion has knocked some worthy commentators more senseless than it ever did Faust, only they do not remain speechless in that condition.

The reader has already said to himself, doubtless many times: Well, I never read such a poem. Yes, it hardly seems poetry at all; yet it is, though not of the old cut. Uncomfortable it is somewhat, for it demands a reconstruction of our very notion of poetry; it does not stir up the sentiments, but rather allays, it seeks not the tempest of writ, but repose. Truly a different poem from all others, it has little emotion and no passion. It is throned calmly far above the emotional nature of man, it lies in the purest serene heaven of intellect. It is a piece of head-work, though musical in the highest degree; it is the intellectual music of man, heard not so much by the ear as by the thought. Imaginative, too, full of pictures and always moving

as one vast picture; still it is a picture to be seen by the mind working in subtle harmony with the eye. No passion, but the clearest glance, looking into the most complicated net-work; passion would disturb, in fact, utterly confound all this nice adjustment. For it is structural, like the bodily organism, to the finest point, which cannot be pricked with a needle without bleeding; all the intricate movement of Life and History, shown under a transparent crystalline covering, is here; no haste, no impatience, no passionate fluctuations, else the whole would become chaotic. Thought, image, structure are present, but can be caught and held only by a loving study and repeated endeavor; the music of it, too, is symphonic and must be listened to by the intelligence; not a superficial, light-flowing, one-stringed melody, but a symphony played by a vast orchestra having every instrument under the sun with its special note, and in its true place—all making a complete harmony, the harmony of the intellectual universe. As to the rustic ear the orchestra is but a chaos of sound, so to the hasty, unthinking, untrained sensation-loving populace of readers is this poem; still the music is in it, and is playing now, which thou, reader, wilt hear with a little work and patience, and also perhaps with a little getting rid of thyself.

ACT SECOND.

The Second Act introduces us to the immediate consequence of Faust's rash attempt to seize Helen: he is thrown back to the very beginning and has to pass through his career again. The old Gothic chamber in which the poem opens, becomes a second time the environment, more dingy and dim than ever. It is the realm of erudition, the German University, to which he has now to return, unconscious, unawakened, "stretched out upon an ancestral bed." Yet he has the new experience in him, and never again in the future will he undertake to blow up Paris in order to get his Helen.

Yes, Faust must go back to the beginning and learn his lesson over again; a fact which most men have observed in their own lives. A light comes to us at some period of our earthly wandering; it means a total reconstruction of all that we are and know; at the foot of the ladder we start afresh, with our new lamp burning hopefully, and mount as rapidly as we may. Deeply significant, we might almost say affecting, is this return of Faust to his starting point, the middle-aged man going back to his early studies, which are to make another man of him. We note, that he has now in him a new thought, just the opposite of that thought with which he begins his first soliloquy in the First Part;

he started with the denial of Truth, but he has come, in his world-wide searchings and yearnings, to the pursuit of the Beautiful, to the pursuit of Truth in the form of Art. This is quite what he has hitherto disbelieved; now the intellectual world, or an important part thereof, must be traveled over again with the new conviction in his soul. This conviction, we recollect, is what he obtained from the Mothers, and is essentially expressed in that pivotal line: "In thy Nothing I hope to find the All."

But such an abstruse expression is not Art, but it rather stands in the way of Art at first; in it "the colored reflection of existence" has become quite colorless. Faust therein has touched the pure form of thought, and is looking straight into the sun, and not at the rainbow. Still there is the deep necessity for just such a start; as his intellect was first blasted by philosophy, so by philosophy the cure of it is to begin. Before Faust can produce Art, the many-colored reflection of Truth, that old denial of Truth must be taken out of him, and taken out of him the same way it came in, namely, by thought. That denial was the Devil of the First Part, and we remember that the Devil has always to go out the same way he comes in. Such, then, is the beginning of the new career at the Mothers; still it is but a beginning, let not Faust think of seizing Helen at once, else he will be smitten dumb. But this is just what he has done, and indeed must do, to have the grand experience.

We may turn the matter over in a little differ-

ent way. The whole career of Faust has been a struggle with negation, and now he has reached a point at which he has overcome his enemy in theory. But when he tries to produce Helen, who embodies in Art a similar restoration from a negative condition, he will not let her be stolen, will not permit her fall, whereby he contradicts the reality of her life and of his own too. His true problem, then, is to harmonize this reality with his thought. For such purpose he must go back and live his time over again to a certain extent, at least till he be able to image it truly in Art. His life has run parallel to that of Helen, in having to go through a grand discipline of evil; Helen must manifest the artistic image of his own innermost experience. Back, back, to the beginning, to the old edifice of learning, and march through its dark halls with the new light, or at least with the new aspiration. There thou wilt lie senseless at first, quite helpless, amid its buzzing insect shapes, which have no power to wake thy soul to its true life, or to respond to thy intense longings; still, even there, a light will be born, the little light of the Little Man, which will illuminate thy night, and stir thee to a second consciousness of thy high destiny.

This Act, in general, lies between the two Helens, the lost and the found, or the phantom and the reality; it indicates the course whereby she may be truly regained when she has vanished; it outlines the training of the individual who is to cull the final bloom of classic culture. It is, therefore, pedagogical, a school starting with the German

University, under German school-masters, Mephisto inclusive, and continuing in Greece, under strange mythical instruction; it has throughout a certain scholastic, even educational tinge, being very erudite itself, and about erudition. We may call it the school for attaining Helen, with its schoolboys going through its course, and with its long, possibly a little tedious preparatory discipline. Still a poem, I think, very wonderful, casting into a line of symbols that training of the race to culture and civilization, which the modern must always derive from the ancient world.

In the structure of the Act we notice two essential divisions, marked by a change of locality, from Germany to Greece.

I. The German University, home of erudition, in which Faust lies unconscious, with soul lost there. Two scenes will be given to this place, showing two classes of its products.

1. The Gothic Room, in which will be shown learning when it has no other purpose than that of being learned, study without the rational content of study, the world of details without spiritual bond. Three shapes are brought before us: Insects, Famulus, and the Baccalaureus.

2. The Laboratory, in which will be shown the products of learning when it seeks some external combination of its details, by Induction, which makes a Man, but a Little Man, and produces a light, but a confined light. Two shapes: Wagner and Homunculus.

II. The Hellenic World, in which Faust wakes

at once, and is lighted by the little light of Homunculus. The three air travelers, Faust, Mephisto and Homunculus, pass through the Classic Walpurgis Night, in which we witness Development or the movement of the Imperfect toward the Perfect.

1. Development of the Orient (Asiatic and Egyptian), to the Greek.

2. Development of Faust toward Helen, the Beautiful.

3. Development of Mephisto to Phorkyas, the Ugly.

4. Development of the Homunculus to Galathea, in whom he gets rid of his limit.

GOTHIC ROOM.

We notice that Mephisto is again in possession, and is the ruling spirit, inasmuch as Faust is lying unconscious in this realm, being "paralyzed by Helen." The nature of this paralysis is that the strong aspiration for the Beautiful, after having been exalted into a momentary vision of the ideal, has been smitten, and for the time rendered helpless; it is another of those rises and falls which we noticed so often in the First Part. Mephisto, accordingly, is awake and active in this world of external erudition, in which all spiritual purport is lost; Faust, on the contrary, is asleep, or senseless.

This Gothic room is verily the Past from which the soul has escaped, filled with cobwebs, having very dusty window-panes that obstruct the light, even the ink in the bottle is dried up, no flow in it; the pen lies here, with which Faust signed himself over to the Devil, having the drop of blood on it, but without any life in its corpuscles now. Still three living shapes he finds here in this dead world, the insect life generated in that which is lifeless. Truly the realm of Mephisto, who has already once proclaimed himself "the lord of rats, mice, flies, bugs," and of the entire kingdom of vermin; now he comes to stir up his vassals, the Devil always raises the Devil among his own.

1. Mephisto will again play the schoolmaster, as he once did in the First Part; there he laid the eggs which have now hatched out to a wonderful brood. He takes down the old pedagogical coat (of learning), hung up in that Gothic room for so many years, and shakes it; behold! out fly a multitude of insects of various kinds, all singing a hymn "to their old patron." What can these be but the insects of erudition, the whims, conjectures, probabilities, emendations, refutations, refutations of refutations, the vast entomological world gendered in the University hall, buzzing and hiding, now among the book-shelves, or there amid the browned parchment, or finally "in the hollow eye of a skull, in in which crotchets (maggots of the brain), are eternally hatched." Mephisto has certainly roused the insects, who are full of homage to their "patron," but he wants another kind of recognition, that of human beings: "where are the people that acknowledge me" he asks, and pulls the bell.

2. At the sound of it the old building shakes to the foundation, and the doors, sealed tight, are thrown open as if by magic. Behold the Famulus again, not Wagner now, but his Famulus, Famulus of the Famulus, in mortal terror at this new earthquake and seeing a giant in the old coat. Yes, he is small in comparison, really the human insect of learning, "old and still student," a moss grown soul, "a learned man studies on because he cannot do anything else." Verily now the insect has risen to the shape of a man. So Mephisto satirizes him, yet it must always be recollected that this Famulus

is himself a Mephistophelean specimen of erudition —its negative product.

We learn that Wagner, our former Famulus, whom we once thought so soulless and dessicated, has become the greatest man at the University in the absence of Faust, though for the latter's return he still has a strong aspiration, which will yet bring something better out of him even if it be but a Homunculus. Wagner is occupied with a great work, "his face looks like a charcoal burner's, blackened from the ears to the point of the nose;" still his task will not somehow get itself done till Mephisto have access to it, who "will hasten his good fortune." So the Devil, having shaken up the ancient University in a lively way, sits down "with gravity," for a little repose, when lo! another shape appears, "one of the very newest."

3. This is the Baccalaureus, a type of University products, quite opposite to the Famulus, yet having the same general outcome, both indeed being of the brood of Mephisto. This Baccalaureus, or green graduate, does indeed see the futile side in formal learning, and fully recognizes the crop of vermin produced thereby, the smart fellow! But he proposes to destroy all the past to get rid of its insects; the source of all culture he will sweep away, to have done with the cobwebs. He, therefore, maintains that the old has no spiritual principle, herein he becomes one with the formalist, the Famulus, who also will have nothing to do with soul of the past, but merely with its dead body. Thus the extremes have met, indeed have met in a com-

mon Mephistophelean character; both are the Devil's, both are insects too, for the Baccalaureus is an insect, though he be an insect-destroyer, preying upon his own kind. Nay, he would destroy all old men, those who have any past in themselves: "people over thirty years it were best to strike dead." No experience for him, he does not believe in that philosophy; he is the young man who spins his world out of himself every day, makes it all as he goes along, and if it does not harmonize with the actual one, ruin take the latter.

It is well known that this satire is directed against the subjective idealism of Fichte, and manifests the negative outcome thereof. Hardly a fair representation of Fichte's doctrine, though possibly of some of its extravagances; Fichte educed the creation from the absolute Ego, not from the individual, which fact makes all the difference in the world from this picture. Here, however, individuality is driven to a point at which it destroys the whole realm of reality, not only past, but present; there is left only the Ego, but without any world. What is then to become of the Ego? It is purely destructive, it is already the Devil's, and Mephisto may well declare: "Here the Devil has nothing further to say." Thus our Baccalaureus will be reformer, and throw out the window the baby with the bath, as the Germans say in a proverb; then he has got rid of the dirty bath water, but where is the baby?

Such is the vivid picture of the youth who seeks to be original at the expense of the past, who im-

agines that "the world was not before I created it" —the deification of Egotism. Product always of the College and University, the verdant product, which has to come out and ripen in the world, in the rays of that sun which exists primordially, and which it did not "cause to rise out of the sea." Foolish greenhorn of culture, not to take truth which has been found before him, lest it may injure his originality! Listen to a passage (cited by Oettingen), from Goethe's "Wanderjahre," one of the wisest of books: "True Genius, the inborn gift, comprehends, before everything else, the necessity of decisive laws, and renders to them the most willing obedience. Only the half-talent seeks to put its limited self in place of the unlimited whole, and to varnish over its false endeavors with the pretext of an incontrollable originality and independence."

It is manifest that none of these forms of learning will call forth Helen, and Faust may still lie unconscious. Yet these stages belong to the history and to the development of culture. The best book will furnish food for the bookworm; Homer has reared numberless insects throughout all time; indeed, we have to get at him, fighting our way through a swarm of them. Burn up the book, then we have slain the worm, cries Baccalaureus, the valiant insect-slayer; throw it into the fire, the entire book of the past. No, there is another way; the whole man will neither produce insects, nor spend his time in chasing them down and slaughtering them; he is in pursuit of Helen, though in this spot he be dumb.

But it must not be thought that these three shapes exhibit the whole truth of University training. They are its negative phases, which accompany all light, the shadows which the sun in heaven casts upon the earth while illuminating it. They are Mephistophelean characteristics of University culture; hence Mephisto is sole lord now, the lord of insects in the spiritual as well as in the physical world. Upon the line of this thought we can see the gradation of the three appearances of the present scene; they are first the insects of learning in the natural form; second, the insect of learning in the human form; third, the insect-destroyer, still an insect of the university, also in human form. Herewith we may close our little study in poetic entomology.

LABORATORY.

We pass from the Gothic Room, a place of mere study, with its disconnected heaps of erudition, to the Laboratory, a place of activity, which activity seeks to combine what is disconnected, though in an external fashion. The attempt of the University now results, not in an insect, but in a man, though it be a small man. Two new shapes we notice here, the producer and the produced, Wagner and Homunculus.

1. Wagner is no longer the mere book-worm, as he seemed formerly, but has turned chemist, and is engaged in producing a human being by a chemical process; he is to "gather life's elements according to the prescribed way, and join them with care, one to the other." Clearly a work in advance of the insect-maker and insect-destroyer of the preceding scene; it is a product of experiment and induction, of the methods of Natural Science, gathering its particulars and binding them into a conclusion. As we have just had a Baccalaureus who deduced the world from his brain, so now we have a Wagner inducing a brain from the world, or from certain elements thereof. "A brain which can think splendidly, which the thinker will make in the future" by a chemical recipe.

2. This brain is Homunculus, apparently bodi-

less, shining and even speaking in a bottle; what does the figure mean? It is manifestly one of those strange symbols in which Goethe took special delight, and which have been shooting their forms across the path of our study from the beginning. In a general way it must be seized as the brain product of Wagner's scientific activity. We must not be too definite and say that it has just this meaning and none other; thus the poet would himself have said, if such were the best and clearest way of saying what he has in mind. We must think that his expression is the best, he uses this symbol because it alone is adequate for his conception. Still we must work up to it, if we would grasp it; we must climb to the nest, if we would gather the egg.

Let us first note the process. Homunculus is the product of Wagner's laboratory; an external mixture of many hundred things gathered and put into a retort, and there made one compound; then the whole is crystallized in a closed glass. Such is both the physical and the mental process; Wagner says he tests the secrets of Nature by the Understanding, not by the Reason—a distinction very important to Goethe, and often made by him in this "Faust" and elsewhere. Homunculus, then, is the product of the Understanding, which both directs the mixture and is in turn developed by such an activity; he has, accordingly, this Understanding, which is his light; "such a thinking brain will the thinker make in the future."

It must be noticed that with all Wagner's ef-

forts, Homunculus never got his form till Mephisto appeared, in order to "hasten luck." Then the Little Man began to stir in his glass, to assume shape, and at last to speak. He addresses Mephisto as cousin, they are indeed related, he finds Mephisto here "at the right moment." They have a common element; what is it? Goethe himself has told us that both are demonic beings, and so have relationship. Moreover, the one has limitation, existing in "a closed space," the other has negation, both qualities are the same fundamentally, as Goethe knew from his much-read Spinoza, one of whose greatest sayings is: "Omnis determinatio est negatio." Their activity, too, is connected, and springs from the same source; we recollect that in the "Prologue in Heaven," the Devil was said to have been sent to make man an active being, eternally overcoming sin, evil, limitation of every kind, and thus subjecting Satan. Well may Mephisto cry out in the final verse; "At last we become dependent on the creatures we have made;" yes, if the creature really puts down the Devil and makes him an instrument. Thus Homunculus is related to Mephisto by his limit.

Yet, Homunculus is very different from Mephisto, this difference they unfold in a dialogue between one another. Homunculus has light and aspiration; nay, aspiration for the classic world, with its beautiful forms, so that the North, the abode of Mephisto, with its dark Gothic shapes, with its "waste of knighthood and priestcraft," he can "scarce endure." Upon this side he has a

deep kinship with Faust, who will draw him away even from father Wagner, out of whose hand the little fellow slips with his vial, and hovers over the unawakened Faust, navigating his own little ship through the air, henceforth forever free of Wagner. Homunculus has then a triple relationship here, to Wagner, Mephisto and Faust, and has in him elements from all three, making truly a compound manikin, compounded of Man, Devil and University training. From Wagner comes his little light, lighting up this Walpurgis Night; from Mephisto his limitation, his confinement in a bottle; from Faust his aspiration, which seeks to get rid of the limit and put down the Devil, which is truly Faust's deepest trait.

Homunculus participates so profoundly in Faust's nature, that he can tell what the latter is dreaming of even in the hidden activity of sleep. The vision of Leda and the swan-prince, or the origin of Helen; such is the deep unconscious working of Faust's soul, the very germ of his existence now. Perhaps we may note a progress in him; this dream we may call the "Rape of Leda," mother of Helen; at present Faust permits her to be stolen; in his unconscious condition already he seems to have corrected his great mistake which led, in the previous Act, to the explosion of Helen. This dark dream is yet to work out to reality and life, from night into sunlight.

In this genesis of Homunculus, then, there are three co-workers. Wagner gathers the materials together, "in a retort;" Mephisto gives, with his

negation, activity and life, for Homunculus does not stir, till Mephisto be present; Faust gives him aspiration, freedom from the narrow world of Wagner, for he slips out of Wagner's hand forever the moment he sees Faust, with a cry of admiration at the classic vision. Thus, our Little Man has in him a triple relationship, in fact, he is generated by the poet from the active presence of these three characters.

Of all Goethe's fantastic conceptions, this Homunculus is the most humorous. The investigator of the dark sources of learning or science with his little light; driven by his longing, "to become," to complete himself, yet showing no sadness, or ill nature, or despair; with a true end before him, how active, and eager, and industrious, yet always in a jolly good humor; who does not like Homunculus? Koestlin complains that Homunculus is comic, yet ought not to be comic, that he should be more serious somehow, and not turn that to fun which cannot be funny. Surely Koestlin's complaint is comic, he acts as if he were secretly hit by the representation, being himself a University Professor.

The legend of Homunculus is reported by Loeper to be still alive in the belief of the people, and it can be traced back to the great spiritual revolution of the Renascence, when men began to investigate antiquity in its primitive sources. Bayle, in his Dictionary, speaks of an Homunculus, a learned man called Licetus, of about the size of a human hand. The great scholar, Scaliger, knew Homunculus; of course he did, he was one himself.

To the other great scholars of the Revival of Letters, this Little Man, product of learning, was well known; how could they help being acquainted with him? But the writer who knew him best apparently, and tells all about the way to make him, is Theophrastus Paracelsus (1493-1541), a famous alchymist, whose writings were read by Goethe in his youth. A mad, merry legend, in which erudition casts a comic image of itself, in its little dwarfish activity, yet ever bearing its little light into dark places. Indeed, who is not acquainted with Homunculus, slightly or intimately, in these days? Reader, there is no need of going back to the Renascence for him; look into many a commentator on this "Faust," nay, on this very Homunculus, and thou wilt see him; possibly thou hast him even nearer at hand.

Historically, then, Homunculus springs up with learning, during its great revival in Europe, at the time of the Reformation. He is thus allied in origin to Faust, whose legend specially belongs to that period; hence he is put by birth-right, into this Faust poem, though he does not seem to have appeared in the old Faust Mythus. You cannot call him a good Christian, for he turns with his light back to the classic heathen world and leads others thither to explore. Yet he is not a devil, not Mephisto, in spite of their relationship. In his way he is a Reformer, belonging to the new life, by his very zeal in exploring the old, and bringing its discipline into his own time.

Such is the part he is now to play in this poem:

he is to lead Faust to Greece, going ahead with his little light, and giving out a small musical sound. A very necessary function, we must think, that of guide to classical culture and beauty. Still to-day the traveler will be compelled to have such a guide, will find him at Venice, Rome, Naples; all Italy, galleries, excavations, ancient ruins, antiquities he explores chiefly by the light of a Teutonic Homunculus who may be there in person or in the shape of a guide-book. Still further, let the traveler, in his ardent pursuit of Helen, go to Greece; at Athens he will find Homunculus shining before him, dancing in a night of erudition round the Attic olive groves, up and down the Acropolis, and all over the city, at any spot where is the faintest sign of some antique monument. And our traveler, not yet satisfied, but striving still, with the Teutonic blood beating louder in his veins, though he may have come, not from Fatherland but from the other side of the world, must penetrate still further, and will start afresh out of Athens, for he has heard of buried classic treasures lifted from the earth at Olympia, has heard of the very house of Zeus, appearing again in Greek sunlight after centuries of burial. Thither he turns with joy, and finds upon the spot Homunculus, shining, dancing, flickering, still a Teuton from the University, a trained archeologist with his lamp exploring this Olympian fragment of Walpurgis Night, and generously offering light and hospitality to the benighted traveler. Who will not be grateful to Homunculus and call him friend?

It is Homunculus who commands Faust to be taken to the Classical Walpurgis Night for an awakening. He knows that the Greek world is now Faust's element, as well as his own. He is seeking to break his limitation, to put the dot on the "i"; Faust is seeking Helen; the two courses are parallel. It is Classical Walpurgis Night, a time of mere Greek erudition, a veritable night as far as the Greek spirit of beauty or Helen is concerned. The common point with the Northern Walpurgis Night seems to be mainly that the general is lost in the particular; the learned world lays stress upon individual crotchet, conjecture, fribble, or at best upon the soulless details, while it leaves out of view the great universal end of Greek learning, which is the soul of Helen. Still through this night was the only road unto dawn for our travelers.

To pass through this night of erudition they have merely the little confined light of Homunculus, of the Understanding. More strictly we may think it as the Inductive Process, which with its small torch leads the way through the chaos of accumulated learning, and brings a sort of order out of the vast piles of fragments and rubbish. It is very limited, it can move in one direction only, going from particulars to a whole of some external sort; an inner creative movement it has not. It is also very frail; do not press it too closely to your bosom in your attachment, else it will shiver. But do not despise it, I pray; it is a light, the only light now in this realm; it shows dimly what is going on, Faust must walk by it, and in its glimmerings make

his first acquaintance with the classic world, its art and development, till he descend to the Hades of plastic shapes, where there will be another kind of light. Mephisto also must go by its sheen to the Greek Brocken, when he is eager to see the Thessalian witches and attain his ideal, that of pure ugliness. He has, however, little sympathy with the bright Greek world; "The Greek people never amounted to much," the devil's reason is that it was too devilish, "enticing man's breast to cheerful sins." Then the locality "where the Peneios flows free" does not please him, it suggests the battle of Pharsalia, called a struggle "for the rights of freedom," but looked at more closely, "it is the strife of slave with slave," and the whole turmoil is the secret work of Asmodeus, the fiend. Again Satan reproves sin, truly just the devil's role, though Mr. Taylor thinks he falls out of his role at this point, and voices not his own character but Goethe himself. But it is just the Mephistophelean view of the world's history, which sees only the negative side thereof, as it always plays into human events, wars, revolutions. What other view but this could be expressed by Mephisto?

We are beginning to see the New Mythology in this poem, a Mythology derived from the old one, yet very different. Homunculus is an unreality, yea, an impossibility in nature, but it is a most striking vital entity in spirit, a figure showing the tendency of a person, of an institution, of an age. It is not the portraiture of character, not a mythical story, but something beyond, in a new and higher

realm, which is filled with strange typical beings, rising and moving through the poem. Yet it has its suggestion in one of the oldest books, the Odyssey, which brings up a Polyphemus, a Circe, for quite a similar purpose. Chiefly Teutonic shapes have appeared hitherto in this Second Part, though cunningly transformed; but now we are to see the shapes of Greek Mythology pass before us, in a new transformation also.

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.

This part of the poem we propose unfolding fully, since it, in our judgment, has a double interest. Not only is it an integral part of this Faust drama, upon which our present vocation is to write a comment, but it is a poetic hand-book of Mythology, not the prosaic one written by Homunculus, which is usually put into our hands. A poet, a modern Mythologist, re-writes the old Greek Mythology, and assigns it a new poetic place in human culture; surely it is worth while to watch him closely and see how he does it. He seems to share little in that sickly fear of to-day, lest we "go beyond the consciousness" of the first myth-maker; he knows that the naive mythical spirit has departed, no modern man can be that again, or if he were, he would be a child. Still the Mythus belongs to our age too, and must be saved for us, ancient yet modern, both in one. No mere imitation or reproduction of the antique will this be, but a renewal, a rebuilding of it; not a rhymed Classical Dictionary, but the old mythical world born into fresh life, yet too the life of the present.

This was one of the last portions of "Faust" completed by Goethe. Eckermann writes from Geneva, under the date of Sept. 14th, 1830, congratulating the aged poet on having filled up the gaps

and reached the conclusion of the "Classical Walpurgis Night." Probably, then, during the first six months of the year 1830, the work was finished; it gives a marvelous picture of the poet's old age, still fresh in youthful visions, fertile in invention, full of keen humor and caprice, bursting out often into bitter sarcasm, yet overspread with a sunny serene temper. He was now eighty-one years old.

Yet the plan had been made long before. In 1827 occurred that striking conversation, which Eckermann has reported, concerning this portion of the Second Part. Says Goethe: "The plan exists * * the 'What,' but not the 'How.'" The metrical form, too, was decided upon: "It must be written in rhymes," and not in classic measures. Doubtless, the contents of some of the speeches were thought out and even written down; but the "chief difficulty was still to be overcome," the invention of the proper meters, the composition and arrangement of the dialogue. For an old man a mighty task; but he has resolved to do it, selecting his best moments out of his aged days; behold, at last it is complete.

The original conception probably goes back to the time of the "Walpurgis Night" of the First Part; these two strange Nights are by nature a twin-birth of the same thought. Sometime about the year 1800, if not before, the double offspring must have been born to the poet; moreover, he was engaged on the first draught of the "Helena" at that time, a work which would suggest its classic prelude.

Clearly, this second Walpurgis Night is related,

by its name and its purpose, to the first Walpurgis Night. Both are Nights, times of inadequate vision, of intellectual confusion, blind periods to a degree, yet manifesting a genuine stage of social and individual development. Both, too, are mythologies, an invocation of ancient shapes belonging to dead faiths, which, though dead, have still a ghostly life on earth, the one in the deep current of Teutonic superstition still flowing through the common people, the other in the Hellenic culture of the educated world. The underground of the two great heathen religions, Greek and Teutonic, is brought to the surface, and they are made to take their place once more in the modern life of men. Both these Nights show a connection, also, in the common characters, Faust and Mephisto, who are the links holding them together, and who pass through a gallery composed of their mythical shapes. Both, again, have, as their grand outcome and end, two representative women, Margaret and Helen, the one being the embodied soul of the Teutonic, the other, of the Greek world.

Goethe himself has drawn attention to a political distinction between the two Nights, which is significant: the first is monarchical, the Devil is everywhere respected as ruler; the second is republican, all are placed side by side, quite on an equality. Thus the governmental distinction between the Greek and German worlds, the monarchy and republic, is made to shine faintly through the darkness of these Walpurgis Nights. Each, however, is based essentially upon the pursuit of individual

ends; the first unfolds a world in which the individual end is pleasure, the second unfolds a world in which the individual end is culture. Of the two representative women, towards whom each moves as to its goal, Margaret is the actual woman, the bearer of the Family; Helen is the ideal woman, the bearer of Art and Civilization.

We shall furthermore see that the dark passage through these nights is a mighty discipline, the final result of which is the conquest of the Devil, the subjection of Mephisto, both in his Classic and his Romantic forms. This discipline is what brings Faust to a rise out of his selfish ends, that of mere individual pleasure on the one hand, and that of mere individual culture on the other. These two Walpurgis Nights, indeed, are firmly held together by an underlying bond of a parallel conception and execution; verily they are two adamantine links of the whole chain which binds in unity the First and Second Parts of "Faust."

The Mythus of the Classic Walpurgis Night is doubtless Goethe's own, transferred from the Blocksberg to Hellas, yet with possible hints from ancient Greek and Roman writers, who record assemblages of satyrs, witches, and other supernatural shapes. The plan is in the main simple: three Northern figures, Teutons we may call them, pass through the Classic World in a nocturnal journey, and behold its forms; these forms are endowed with speech, and tell what they are, especially in their relation to the three Northern visitors, who, in turn, are also gifted with utterance and tell what

they are, especially in their relation to these Greek shapes. An interplay between the two sides, and mutual revelation to one another and to the reader, take place in a series of dramatic pictures; such is the simple method of the poet.

Yet not all of the shapes of the Greek mythical world can be witnessed; a selection has to be made. Chiefly, it seems, the Olympian Gods, the Great Deities of the Pantheon must be excluded. For this is a night of Hellas, and they are the shining day of the Greek world; Apollo, with his sun in Heaven sits among them on Olympus. Only the subordinate forms of the Greek Mythus, shapes incomplete, which rise on an upward plane to Helen, the divine realization in beauty, can be taken, in order to show the process of development. Sunlight is not here, but moonlight, from the face of the lesser luminary, which, too, remains above in the zenith. And even among these lower shapes there must be a choice, as Goethe himself remarked; the mythical material was too great.

And the three Teutonic air-travelers, what drives them to such a land in such a night? In them all we catch a sly moving principle, none other than Eros, the grand world-compeller. Love they show, yet in different ways: Faust has a most decided love for Helen; Mephisto is enticed by "a dance of the senses," shown by those questionable maiden shapes whom he comes upon in his adventures; Homunculus ends his career by shattering his glass for the love of Galathea; and the Walpurgis Night ends in a grand triumphal shout for Eros,

the victor. Such is the impelling force which at last drives the three shapes from abroad to a selection of three native Greek shapes—three males take three females. "So let Eros rule, who began everything," and ended it too.

The outcome is, therefore, the union of these Teutonic suitors with classic women; a marriage, we may proclaim it, between those true Northern spirits—Man, Little Man, Devil, and congenial Greek forms; the boundless striver, Faust, finds his goal and bound in the beautiful Helen; the limited Little Man, Homunculus has his limit and his littleness taken away in the beautiful Galathea; beauty works indeed both ways, it imposes and removes human limitation. Even Mephisto finds his dubious female counterpart in Hellas, so that they all go off the stage, each with his own, as in the old comedy, where every Jack has his Jill at the end of the play. A comic, pranksome spirit runs through the whole scene, in true accord with this marvelous story of love, ending in still more marvelous marriages. The final harmony between Classic and Romantic Art, as is usually said, is imaged in this union; yes, it is this, and much beside; it draws the outline of all individual culture, it throws the shadow of Universal History.

And yet the Three form One, they are a total of Teutonic spirit and life, seen in three different phases, yet springing from one soul, as it seeks to lay hold of Classic culture. Homunculus is Faust, as is often said, or is Goethe, as Mr. Taylor thinks, and yet Homunculus is himself; in the same sense

we may say that Mephisto is Faust, or that he is Goethe too, a fact which the poet acknowledges; still Mephisto is none the less himself. The three air-travelers, just in their separate characters, we may, and indeed must, combine into one complete Teutonic world-character, which goes to Greece in deep aspiration, goes through it, and takes into itself the Hellenic world.

These figures, both Greek and Teutonic, are mythical; even the two or three historic personages, as Thales and Anaxagoras, are employed mythically. The whole is, then, a modern Mythus embracing the ancient Mythus; from this insight into the poetical scheme, we catch a glimpse of the purpose hovering before the mind of the poet. This purpose was nothing less than a modern re-construction of ancient Greek Mythology, which would preserve its antique form, yet would make it mythical to us of to-day.

The spur to such an undertaking lay in Goethe's own time, which was full of attempts at construing and philosophizing Greek Mythology.

The most ambitious work in this direction was probably Creuzer's "Symbolik," whose title suggests its manner of handling ancient fable. Creuzer thought he had traced the origin of Greek Mythology to the Cabiri, primities deities of old mysteries in the island of Samothrace. Other scholars, the most distinguished of the period, Lobeck, Voss, Welcker, Mueller, took part in the discussion, with prodigious display of erudition. Even the philosophers could not keep out of a foreign domain, so inviting to un-

restrained speculation; Schelling wrote his famous book, "the Gods of Samothrace," and discussed Mythology at great length in his lectures. It was indeed a stirring movement, which sought to construe afresh the Mythus, and if possible, to recover it for these late ages from hoary antiquity. But no! gone is that beautiful mythical world, fled at the very sound of such discussion; those fair shapes of fable have all taken to flight; the learned professors, trying to fasten them down into dry propositions of the Understanding, have only succeeded in driving them further away into Night, where we now have to seek them; indeed, this re-construction of them, seems to have ended in their annihilation.

But let us not despair, for at this moment we may see Goethe stepping forth from the darkness, himself one of the grandest myth-makers, and a singer whose view of the world is at bottom mythical. He felt strongly this movement, as a deep and genuine aspiration of the time, felt it the more strongly, since he was a poet. The philosopher and the philologist had used their various methods, analytic or inductive, constructive or destructive, yet always by way of prose; now the poet is to appear, and is to employ his way, the way altogether sympathetic with the nature of the Mythus. Not as a matter of dry erudition or of keen investigation will he seize it, but as a theme for the creative imagination, which was its first parent; the Mythus is to unfold its origin and meaning, and still remain Mythus in that unfolding; it must account

for itself, yet this must be done mythically, that is, in harmony with its own nature; it must become a mythical development of the Mythus. Thus it answers the question of erudition, and in its answer it remains itself. This answer is the Mythus of the "Classical Walpurgis Night," which, with its continuation, the "Helena," we may call a poetic re-construction and adaptation of Greek Mythology to the modern world and modern culture. We cannot be old Greeks and employ their Mythus as they did, still it belongs to our spiritual treasures and we have deeply the need of it. As we go forward, so we must go backward, in time; that old mythical world must be re-conquered and made to fit into our modern life, and to take its place in our modern discipline, yet without losing its mythical form; it must remain ancient and still be modern. Such a function Goethe has performed for us, above all other men, in his classical endeavors generally, and specially in this Classical Walpurgis Night.

These Greek myths, then, as we see them in this scene, are not what they were in Greece; if they were, little value would they have for us, being mere dead repetitions or imitations of what was once a living faith. That light, happy, instantaneous flash into sunlight, characteristic of the old Greek legends, we shall not see again; now they are thought-laden, bearing up a great new world, moving with weight yet with freedom; their gay joyous youth has developed into maturity, still serene, even sportive, yet showing the burden of a

new age. No more that innocence, that unconsciousness which prattles, child-like, its deepest mysteries; they now speak consciously their secret through the voice of the poet. No more the myth, but the paramyth, which grows out of the myth, as the youth grows into manhood, remaining still the same person, having still the same features, but somehow transfigured from an unknown to a known wisdom.

Hence we shall find throughout this Walpurgis Night a new element in the Greek myths, not foreign, but self-unfolded—a great loss, but a yet greater gain. They are, in addition, all changed more or less, from the ancient account, as it is given in the books; a strict adherence to the literal record is not and cannot be maintained: whereat loud complaint from the learned professors. The poet employs his mythic material freely, with the full right of the poet, nay, with the privilege of the modern poet, guided by his form-seizing thought, in his excursion through an ancient world.

The stand-point, then, is modern; for this reason classic meters cannot be employed, except at the very beginning, in the speech of Erichtho, who speaks a prelude, and then vanishes, before the Northerners arrive, who at once strike the fundamental key-note of rhyme. Therewith the music begins, and continues to the end; in that antique realm we are greeted with modern melodies, moving to a great variety of measures, which sweep the scale, from the smooth singing stanzas of the sirens to the rough, irregular, almost prosaic

doggerel of Mephisto. A romantic strain floats back through the Hellenic world, and sets its plastic shapes to a Gothic music; this is the fact which determines the musical accompaniment always heard in the Classical Walpurgis Night. Goethe declares that one of the chief difficulties was "to invent the proper form of verse," to find the true music for each speech and character, which has first to sing through his harmonious soul, ere it could be set down in measures. A great composition in a musical sense, by a master of the world's harmonies, we must feel the work to be, whose notes, gathered from many melodious hours, are his very heart-beats, yet rise up in a grand unison with the universal order.

Such, in general, is the plan and scope of the second Walpurgis Night; but we must also see its connection with the scene which has just preceded, showing the manufacture of Homunculus. We pass from the German University, which has become a kind of laboratory for making human souls in a mechanical or chemical fashion, being truly "in the sense of the Middle Ages," and having constructed "an extensive but cumbersome apparatus for fantastic purposes." Such a world we abandon, and we come to Hellas, where it is night still, a very erudite night, however, just this Walpurgis Night. But we have brought a small, confined light with us, that of Homunculus, and there is now hope; for did not the little flame-bottle dance out of the University, away from Father Wagner, and does it not, here in classic Hellas, put to flight

the dark, formless witch-world at the very start? Then these classic shapes have a certain light of their own, being indeed "flames;" also there is at times "the moon delaying in the zenith." The shades begin to assemble and to reveal themselves; through them, we may well hope, is the way out of darkness.

And now, O reader, whom we have with honest purpose, volunteered to guide through this nocturnal labyrinthine assemblage of ghostly shapes—how shall we help thee in this very difficult and intricate part of our self-imposed task? The best way is to seize resolutely the two threads which run through the whole scene—the two Ariadne threads of this modern poetic labyrinth—and never let go; if they happen to slip out of thy hand, grapple for them till they be found again. For the plan, though of itself very simple, is so overwrought and benetted with intricacies and subtleties of thought and fancy, that thou must follow it even out of sight, though it dive under the earth, or fly above the clouds; hold to the two threads, and they will unfailingly lead thee through.

The first of these two threads, both of which we may call organic, is the long line of classic shapes, here placed upon a sort of shadowy pedestal, a gallery, we might name it, of symbols, endowed with a voice. Each of them we must inspect closely, and listen well to its utterance, for it is uttering itself. Thus the Greek Mythus is made to unfold itself, in its own name, through a series of mythical shapes, a speaking gallery of statues.

This mythical self-unfolding of the Mythus, through the Greek world, from the Orient on one side, to Rome on the other, is the one thread of the Classical Walpurgis Night—now seize it.

The second thread is not a fixed row of shapes, but moves; it has the living set of characters, called the "air-travelers," from the North, who are passing through this antique gallery—Homunculus, Faust and Mephisto. They too are unfolding, but from within, a very different method from that of the first thread, which precipitated its various grades of development into fixed external forms, and thus created a sculpturesque world. These external forms, however, mark stages of the inner growth of the three visitors, who look at them, talk with them, often fraternize with or adopt them. The outer Greek shapes are kin to the inner spirit of the Teutonic travelers, who, however, cannot remain stationary, with souls petrified into statues. Theirs too, is a self-unfolding, whereof a sort of double image, internal and external, is cast: that seen in their own utterance, and that in the utterance of the gallery. Nor must it be forgotten that each of these characters has his own special end to be reached: Faust is striving to attain Helen, Homunculus is striving to become a man by breaking his limits, Mephisto is striving to amuse himself, each being impelled, as has been already noticed, by some form of Eros.

The reader is now to proceed in this double company, making himself a third, for whom, after all, the whole scene has been set in motion. He is

to watch the double reflection and the double development—a matter requiring him to have his eyes open, with all inner passages unobstructed and leading straight to the brain. For this is no pretty story which seems to read of itself, no drama of thrilling situations or blood-curdling horrors; nor is it merely a string of beautiful imagery, in which fancy can revel at pleasure; though the image be here, it provokingly refuses to move forth into distinct outline, unless filled with and supported by the thought. You may not like it, you may not call it poetry, still it is, and remains itself —something original which you ought to master. Now the danger signal has been duly flung out—beware. This Classical Walpurgis Night is a dark Serbonian bog, in which whole armies of readers have sunk, never destined to see the end of "Faust." But it can be passed in spite of the grisly admonitions of so many unfortunate wayfarers; come reader, give me thy hand.

I. FROM THE ORIENT TO HELLAS.

The scene is laid in the Pharsalian Fields, which may be taken to include the neighborhood of Olympus. Why was such a locality chosen by the poet? A suggestion rises from it, like an arch of time, spanning the beginning and end of the ancient world; the first and last of classic antiquity are brought together on one spot. Here was the home of the early Greek Gods, the place of some of their conflicts; Zeus, in particular, the divine starting-point of the Greek world was located in this region, was here firmly established upon his Olympian throne, after vindicating his imperial supremacy over Gods and Men, in a Pharsalian battle with the old Titans, his elder adversaries. Truly the home and center of Hellenic legend we must find just here, rising with Hellenic religion.

Still more distinctly does the scene recall the second great Pharsalian battle for imperial supremacy, not over deities, but over the world, fought and won by Julius Cæsar. This battle may be taken as the end of the ancient world, in its distinctively practical character; then it became, if not a legend, at least a history, and was turned over to the pale shades, along with the myths. The world-historical meaning of the battle of Pharsalia is strongly hinted in Erichtho's prelude: no man was

willing to grant authority to another, to the ruler, in those ancient states; the fair garland of freedom had to be torn into a thousand shreds; but this freedom was really the ancient spiritual disease: "each wishes to rule his neighbor's will, without knowing how to rule himself." Hence the grand discipline of servitude, now to be gone through; the proud individual of the antique time, grown too capricious and too great for the world's order, must be trained by submission for a thousand years and longer; Cæsar, the world's schoolmaster, opens the course of discipline with the grand flogging at Pharsalia, and is thus, more than any other character in history, the terminator of the old, and the founder of the new order. In such manner the scene suggests the beginning and the end; it calls up together, Zeus and Cæsar, the two imperialists, the supreme God and the supreme Man of antiquity.

On this Pharsalian ground, then, the mythical shades, "the legion of Hellenic fable," are to assemble, where their world came to an end, and where they would naturally be haunting their own graves. In spectral grandeur, they too are going to celebrate a Walpurgis Night, as their brother shades in the German North do yearly on Brocken. For these ghosts of ancient conflicts will not, somehow, lie quiet in the tomb, but will rise up afresh: witness that Hunnic battle, whose dead spring from their resting-places annually, and fight their wars over again.

A dark, chaotic background lies everywhere

behind antiquity; in this uncertain background, appears now a shadowy form, Erichtho, the Thessalian witch, who is speaking the prologue. She cannot be called a bright classic shape, but hovers in the obscure corners and by-ways of Greek Mythology, with Gorgons and Chimeras. Yet she is not without a Greek instinct; she too longs to be beautiful, and declares that she is not so horrible as the naughty poets (Lucan and Ovid), make her out. She gives a description of the Pharsalian plain, "with wave of grey tents far down the vale," and in general, shows to us the present spectral face of the old battle-ground, indicating at the same time the thought of the conflict. She points to the ghostly fires, around which move restlessly or sit quietly, the fabulous figures of ancient days—figures which are soon to grow more definite. Such is our background, characterized by locality, event, person.

But of a sudden the witch stops speaking and takes to flight, fleeing from a living person who has entered this shadowy realm, with a new light in himself; it is Homunculus with Mephisto, bearing the sleeping Faust, whose servant the Devil still is, yet with a very free range of his own. The three make up our Teutonic set, who constitute one thread of this Night's beings and actions. Erichtho now vanishes along with her classic trimeters, which she speaks here (as Helen does later), till the appearance of the Northern strangers, when the Romantic rhyme begins to jingle through this festival of Hellenic shades. As Goethe himself said

of this part of his work: "it must be written in rhyme, yet maintain its antique character," so we must mark the careful metrical scheme, and feel its effects. The witch's prelude being ended, we have passed the primeval darkness of the Greek world, and have entered the Classical Walpurgis Night, which, though still sunless, has single flames of its own, and a general dim moonlight.

I. We are now to follow the two threads already indicated—the Gallery and the Travelers—through the varied poetic texture, and see how they are woven into the rich, many-colored garment before us. Upon these two lines the poet's conception is always seen clearly moving, and the organism of the work, out of which alone flows the true meaning, is stamped in bold relief upon the mind. First we shall glance through the Gallery of this introductory scene, the collection of mythologic forms brought together by the poet, and arranged into three distinct groups or sets, which we may name the Oriental, the Egyptian, the early Hellenic. Such is our first thread.

1. Taking up the first group, we find in it three shapes: the Griffen, usually half bird and half lion, belonging chiefly to Persia and India, yet common in the Orient; the Ant of colossal size, the gold-collecting animal, also of the far East; the Arimaspians, a one-eyed people, more to the North, yet connected in legend with the two preceding shapes. The locality of them all is properly Asia, and they are in time, place and development, long before the Hellenic world.

Moreover, they are all taken from Herodotus, the Father of History, who has placed them on the fabulous confines of the known world, quite out of the region of historic limits, in the distant East. To Herodotus, Greece is the illuminated center of history; as he recedes from Greece in all directions, the world grows more obscure, and lapses more and more into a gigantesque fable; man himself becomes more uncertain, both in his humanity and in his shape. Hence the stories of monsters, which lie far out there on the rim, between light and darkness; the historic lamp goes out, and a mythical twilight sets in, revealing marvelous forms, no longer, after any norm of nature.

Goethe has, in general, seized this conception of Herodotus, and has thrown these figures far out upon the boundary of man's dawning consciousness; he has made them image the primitive stages of human development. Yet Herodotus doubtless derived them from the East, which created these mythical shapes, seeking to find therein a reflection of itself. To the ancient Historian, then, they were antecedent phases, which lead to the Greek world; to the modern poet they are the same, indeed, doubly the same, they are an Oriental symbol which has passed through Greece, into his, the modern, Mythus. Thus Goethe takes an Oriental mythology to express an Oriental stage, which Oriental mythology, however, has, in its development, to go through the Greek world, in order to come down to the present. Hence these Oriental shapes belong to the Classical Walpurgis Night, being fore-

runners and dim prophetic gleams of Hellenic forms.

But what is the special meaning of these strange shapes? The poet indicates it about as follows, in accord with their different animal natures: the Griffon, to seize; the Ant, to gather and store; the Arimaspi, to spend or squander. To seize, store, spend, what? Gold is mentioned; let it be anything. Three primitive acts of the animal are these: to seize, store, spend; also three traits of the natural man; charcteristics, too, of primitive society. In fact, they belong to the world's beginning in the Orient.

That Orient has made images of its own primitive traits, in these shapes; for man, even in his infancy, seeks to make some picture of himself. Thus we have the Mythus; here it is the animal Mythus, the primitive man beholding himself and imaging himself as an animal, with unconscious truth. Such an animal Mythus is seen in the story of Reynard the Fox, or man portrayed with his vulpine nature, in the form of an animal, a story which has descended into modern Literature, from primeval Teutonic, nay, Aryan forests, and which, also, has been transformed by Goethe. Such, is then, the descent: the Oriental man made these shapes to embody himself; the Greek seized them to embody his past stages of culture; Goethe seizes the Greek seizing them, to embody the complete unfolding of the race. We thus behold Mythology imaging its own development, along with man, in its own, that is, in a mythical form.

It will furthermore be noticed that these are not real animals; the Griffon is made up of bird and lion, the Ant is of colossal size, though still an Ant, the Arimaspian is a one-eyed man. They are all mythical animals, pieced together from Nature, yet not natural, formed by the imagination, fabulous shapes of the mind, made to indicate spiritual traits allied to physical traits. To seize, to store, to squander, that is the definition of man in the Orient; it is his History there, his Mythology, his Art, nay, his Institutions. We should, perhaps, notice a kind of gradation from the Griffon, a monster of an animal, to the Arimaspian, a monster of a man.

It will be seen that these shapes are not allegories, in any just sense of the word; that is, one form or event is not put simply for another form or event. The Griffons, for example, are not the etymologists, though in one of their speeches, and in one only of many, the poet ridicules an etymological craze, which seeks to group words by their first letters. This, however, is but one of his incidental "piques," of which he declares this Walpurgis Night to be full. These Oriental shapes are here for their own sake, in their own right, and with their own thought. When we take them as they are, and put them into their true place in this poetic whole, letting the great plan of the work shine through them and transfigure them, then we have explained them.

2. The second set, the Sphinxes, is a distinct advance upon the previous group in locality, form, character, history. We now pass out of Asia to

Egypt, to which the Sphinx belongs distinctively, being the central Mythus of its consciousness and the chief figure of its plastic art. The form is double, animal and human, a lion's body and a woman's bust, wherein we may trace a transformation of the Oriental Griffon, which had a lion's body and a bird's head and wings, into a higher form, which now shares in the human figure. The twofold image of the twofold in man and the world has appeared, the fixed stony dualism in the Egyptian soul, a spiritual and a bestial shape, a moral and a sensuous nature, joined together, like the Siamese twins, in indissoluble contradiction. It was a very important stage of human culture, when man felt and realized his double tendency, upward and downward; his problem was stated, if not solved, nay, it was presented to the eye in sculptured shapes, of which ancient Egypt must have contained millions—idols for worship to a riddle-reverencing people. One still looks on these shapes with a kind of awe, and they still maintain a place, not now a chief, but a subordinate place, in Art.

Like the Asiatic group just mentioned, the Sphinx passed to Greece, and out of Egypt was taken up into Greek Mythology, chiefly through the story of Oedipus, one of the many Greek heroes who conquer Oriental shapes, and master Oriental problems, but in their very triumph fall into some new problem or guilt, which makes them, with all their grandeur, tragic beings. Goethe, therefore, has brought the Sphinx to Hellas in this Walpurgis

Night, and herein has given to it justly its place in his universal Mythus of development.

The Sphinx states, then leaves the problem, which is its religion; it can utter but a riddle, and is itself but a riddle. What is this wonderful enigma about? The Sphinx, in true accord with its nature, proposes to Mephisto in this scene a riddle, which is the riddle of riddles, the riddle of evil; here we touch its deepest purport, the ground of its being. It declares to him, the Evil One: "Utter but thyself, and it will be a riddle;" that is: Mephisto is a riddle to the Sphinx. Then it gives its riddlesome view of evil, a mysterious plaything for saint and sinner, even for Zeus.

The Sphinx means much—much to the individual man, whose chief problem still is the harmony of his sensuous and spiritual nature; it means much to Art, whose two sides it reveals as yet unreconciled in beauty; it means much to History. It is indeed an image of the World's History, in its enduring problem; it shows the everlasting struggle between the sensible and supersensible elements; verily it is a shadow of the Eternal, clothing itself in temporal forms, yet remaining eternal, "accustomed to be throned by the thousand years," regulating Time itself, seated before the Pyramids, on the judgment seat of History, as the nations pass by—"and changes no feature." To the Sphinx, good and evil are but finite appearances, with which men occupy themselves, "to the amusement of Zeus"—finite appearances themselves of the infinite riddle.

Goethe employs the Sphinx as the symbol of what is abiding in Time, the persistent element of the world, outlasting all revolutions, "Inundation, War and Peace." Still, the Egyptian contradiction must be harmonized by the next higher people; accordingly the Greek Hero, Oedipus, in the Greek Mythus, answers the riddle of the Sphinx, the man-consuming monster of the Nile, whereupon she cast herself down from her eminence and perishes. The Greek world solves the problem of the Egyptian world, must solve it to be Greek; this solution, too, must be musical, a burst of harmony out of Egyptian discord. Hark! we hear a sudden swell of song, joyful, most melodious, yet with a note of warning in it, as it ascends from a new set of shapes; who are they, and what are they singing?

3. They are the Sirens, the songstresses, the third set of these mythical shapes, singing the entrance of the Greek world, not the complete, but the primitive Greek world. They are not yet wholly free from the animal element in their forms, "they have claws hid in the branches;" still they call the Travelers away from the "ugly wonders of the Orient," warbling out of the poplars of the stream "in well-attuned notes," and they sing "the clearest joys under heaven," with an exhortation to banish hate and envy, source of discord. It is a Greek melody waving in upon the rising world, heralding a new epoch; it the prelude of Hellenic Song, Art, Character, History.

The break from the East is clearly set forth in

their strain; for this reason they are shown in a a conflict with the Sphinxes. Hardly otherwise could it be; the Sphinx we noted as having two sides, sensuous and spiritual, or bestial and moral, but not in harmony. In old Egypt, too, we see often an ascetic purity alongside of beastly lust. The Sphinx, therefore, has a moral element, and, like the rigid moralist the world over, is averse to Art, to that happy compromise and union of the two sides, whose beginning shows itself in the Sirens, and whose fullness is seen in the best works and men of the Greek world. Still, the warning of the Sphinx has its truth, nay, its prophetic outlook; the Greek peril lay in the loss of the happy balance between senses and spirit, and in the fall of the moral element into the bestial. The claws of the Sirens were hid in the branches at first, yet they were not destined to stay there, but to be thrust forth, cleaving Greek body and soul, as will be unfolded later in this poem. Hence Faust is to be sent away from them, by the good advice of the Sphinx, to Cheiron, the Greek teacher, whose instruction and whose shape give the true lesson for the attainment of Helen.

Such is the introductory division of these mythologic shapes, the entrance hall of the gallery, as it were, representing in Art the rise of civilization, or man's historic attempts to create some image or visible symbol of his spiritual semblance in its transformation upwards. It shows Goethe, the great myth-maker, making not so much myths as paramyths, filling ancient mythical

shapes with a new idea, cognate to the old, yet most modern. To the Orient the Griffon was a genuine myth whose basis is faith; to Goethe it is a paramyth, whose basis is thought. So it is with all these shapes; a new mythology of the modern poet lies herein, which takes up the old mythology, and makes it live afresh, by a faith not in its outer reality but in its inner meaning; the ancient shape thus takes its place in the gallery of the World's History, transformed into its higher self, its old body transfigured with a new soul. We no longer have a belief in the literal reality of the Mythus in these days, but we can obtain a deeper belief in its spiritual significance. In this way the great poet rescues the Mythus, as one of the choicest boons of Time, from skepticism on one hand, and from superstition on the other; he elevates it once more to a grand spiritual treasure of the race, in which we acquire a new faith.

II. Such is our look at the Oriental Gallery; now we can pick our second thread, the three "air-travelers" from the North, and follow them for a while. For they have movement, so that their method is very different from that of the preceding shapes; they must be seen, not as a sudden crystallizing into sculpturesque forms, but as a perpetual self-unfolding; the process is not outside, but within. Each, too, must go his own way, unfold according to his own nature; hence they all separate at the very start, yet they all are in the same world, and have to digest it in some form—which world just now is the Classical Walpurgis Night.

1. Homunculus, the Little Man, eagerly sets out on his trip, "with glass sounding and shining powerfully," but still confined in his bottle. He is seeking to become, to transcend his limit, to break his form; hence he cannot at first fraternize with the Greek artistic or formative instinct, since it is form which he is to get rid of, before he can begin his true career. The means of his liberation is, not the image, which has itself the limit, but thought, the burster of all limits. Homunculus will, therefore, skip these Greek and Oriental shapes without a record, till we find him in the company of two philosophers, with whom his Greek development opens. He will enter the Greek world in his own way, not like Faust and Mephisto, through Art in its beautiful and ugly manifestation, but through philosophy which is also a Greek discipline.

2. Faust is, however, to receive his development through Art; having been to the Mothers, to the primal Ideas, he is now to get Forms; hence this is for him an important chapter, being a mythologic history of Art. No sooner does he touch the Greek soil, than he feels its rapture; he wakes up with a new life, and inquires for Helen; then he begins a search for her through the vast labyrinth of shapes. With them all he feels strong sympathy; even in "what is repulsive, he finds grand features, grand the forms, grand the memories." A veritable Greek ecstacy, which the traveler may still feel when he first stands upon Greek earth.

The first question of Faust in the classic land, must be: Tell me, has anyone of you seen Helen? The Sphinxes have not seen her, they were dead long before her time in Greece, "the very last of us were slain by Hercules," greatest of Greek Heroes, whose life-task was to put down the animal everywhere. The Sphinxes, good advisers, send Faust to Cheiron; not through them, the Egyptian image, not even through the Sirens, the early Hellenic shapes, can Helen be attained. Faust must go to the Teacher who taught the Greek Heroes, taught them just that heroic suppression of the bestial nature in themselves and in the world, before he can attain the beautiful Helen. For her life is just this experience, too, showing the fall and the triumph of her spiritual part—her captivity in the East and her restoration therefrom by the Greek world, of which she is the true image. She belongs to an age long after the Sphinxes, and after the Sirens, to an age of beauty, in which the senses, not destroyed, but transfigured, are ministers of the Gods, and become divine themselves.

3. We are now to follow Mephisto among these shapes; he, more than either of the other Travelers, finds in them a congenial element; that sensuous, animal part of his and their nature, is, indeed a common tie. Yet there will be discord, too; this early world ever is going the wrong way for him. He, also, like Faust, has the artistic instinct for Form, but it must be the ugly. In classic land he will enjoy the monsters; his first word is that of satisfaction at the "horrible spectres," quite such as

he possessed in the North; from the start he feels very comfortable: "I am at home here as much as there." His visit is destined to be a famous one, full of sarcastic humor and diabolic delight, as he goes forth "to seek his own adventure."

But he meets, at first, a slight drawback to his pleasure; these ancient shapes "are nearly all naked, only one here and there with his shirt on." The modern Devil is shocked at the nude in ancient Art, is almost ashamed to look at it, especially in this public gallery; "it ought to be coated over in some fashionable way," wherein good Christians have often followed his advice; their prime article of faith, seems, in such things, to be, that if the matter be only well covered up, then it does not exist any longer. Hear Mephisto's complaint: "As for me, the antique is too natural;" clearly it violates the Devil's modesty, if not his morality. Still he will be polite, for even old Clovenfoot "now has culture," and he will in flattering words address these shapes, who are really counterparts of himself, ugly forms of man's lower nature.

With the snarling Griffons he at once develops a quarrel, as the animal always fights the animal. He takes his seat between the two Sphinxes, as it were, between their double nature, and at once finds in them the sympathetic part: "I shall warm myself against thy lion's skin," for to that side he leans. Yet the other side is present, and the Devil sits between the two; he describes himself there as the evil principle, and becomes to the Sphinxes the insoluble riddle, which they now express in the form

of a riddle. Yet the ground of conflict is always present; Mephisto speaks a lustful word of their higher part; whereat the Sphinxes, who are moralists also, threaten him with their lion's paws.

Thus Mephisto cannot keep out of strife with these shapes, Griffons and Sphinxes; such is the true outcome of the whole diabolic brood. With Sirens he stands on no better footing; their burst of Greek melody is nothing to him, "a trilling which tickles his ear-drum without reaching the heart." Greek music lies out of his realm; in this land he can hear only the hoarse croak of the Stymphalian birds, the hiss of the Lernaean snake, the Mephistophelean element of Greek Mythology, monsters suppressed by Greek Heroes, "slain by the arrows of Hercules," by whom the Sphinx also proclaims herself to have been slain, against the tradition, but in accord with the thought, to which Goethe adjusts the legend. Thus, the Poet, by his divine right, works freely in his mythic material, making it flexible to his idea, without following strictly the transmitted record.

Finally, Mephisto is advised by the Sphinx, "not to restrain himself," which counsel he follows at once; she puts him on track of certain Lamiæ, "lustful maids, with simpering mouth and bold front," in whose company "a Clovenfoot dares venture all." Off he goes to his delectable Mountain where we shall hereafter, in virtue of our calling, be compelled to hunt him up, in not the best society. But we must notice, now, that both Faust and Mephisto follow the advice of the Sphinx, the one

to go to Cheiron, the Teacher, the other to go to the Lamiæ, the uncertain maids. A double, and contradictory advice, yet springing from the double and contradictory nature of the Sphinx, who now divides, as it were, into Faust and Mephisto, each of whom is henceforth to develop in his own direction, and find his congenial form in the Classic World, while the Sphinx remains the same, the enduring image of the enduring problem.

Herewith we have followed our second thread, that of the three "Air-Travelers," to a conclusion, and also brought to an end this introductory scene of the Classical Walpurgis Night, which we may now see to be a nocturnal shadow, cast by moonlight, of the rise of culture through three stages, Oriental, Egyptian, Primitive Hellenic, or, nature over spirit, nature in even balance with spirit, the first triumph of spirit over nature. In this rise we have noticed a geographical movement westward, we have beheld the development of the individual, the unfolding of Mythology and Art, and finally, the process of the World's History; all are mirrored in these images which have led us into the Greek world out of the Orient.

These images, let it be affirmed, are not allegories, which are the bane of sound interpretation. Take the Sirens, some say they are put for flatterers at court; others say they mean sing-song poets. Surely the purport is not this allegorical one, but it lies in the form itself, whose meaning must be expressed in a thought, not in some other thing, which probably needs itself an explanation. For

instance, say the Sirens are flatterers at court; what meaning have such flatterers here? But the Sirens of themselves have a decided meaning, which Thought grasps and harmonizes with the total plan; Thought indeed makes all these forms transparent, yet preserves and vindicates them in their own right.

The three "Air-Travelers" have been separated; each, following his own tendency, will be led into his own realm of Hellenic shapes. From this separation of the three, the rest of the Walpurgis Night organizes itself into three movements: First, the adventures and development of Faust in classic land, embraced in the second scene which is now to follow; Second, the adventures and development of Mephisto, given in the third scene, where is Mephisto's mountain; Third, the adventures and development of Homunculus, touched in the third scene, but specially made the subject of the fourth scene, which is the conclusion.

II. FAUST'S CAREER IN WALPURGIS NIGHT.

We are now to pass through a gallery of Greek shapes, of which we can again distinguish three sets ascending in regular order from lower watery forms toward the highest beauty in Helen. Faust alone is to go through this gallery, and to unfold with it and through it; in both there is development, and, at bottom, the same development, yet in different ways; the one is a world precipitating itself into fixed artistic shapes, the other is a soul, transforming itself through spiritual stages. Both will be carried along together.

The whole scene is still a mythologising in Goethe's manner, which is not the old immediate way of primitive peoples, but a new conscious method, in which we behold a second edition of the ancient shapes, which are made to utter their spiritual purport, and to take their place in a grand mythologic evolution, still remaining mythical. Here we see those shapes of Mythology which show the rise out of Nature, from the imperfect, toward the perfect form. Three stages can be distinguished, in three sets of shapes, as already indicated; first, the water deities, Peneios and the Nymphs, the early child-lisp of the Greek waters, lisping the Nymphs into life; secondly,

Cheiron, the teacher of wisdom, following this lisp and giving it a new and higher utterance; third, Manto, the prophetess of the coming world, who points the way from Cheiron to Helen, leads wisdom toward beauty, from which it is too often divorced.

I. Peneios, the river, primal object in Nature, and the flowing heart in this landscape, is first brought before us, with his stream running into verses, as it were, through which is heard a marvelous rustle of reeds and rushes in whispering waters. There is too a secret tremble in his depths, a premonition stirring his quiet flow; it breaks into a voice of song, the first thrill of Nature into a mythologic form, the first faint suggestion of deity; from the river has now risen the river-god. Faust, in his Greek journey must hear this sound, the babble of the waters, as it clears itself quite to human articulation, and becomes the first Mythus.

Therewith the hoary river-god, prostrate in his stream-bed flows out of sight; but the voices become more distinct, nay, are now filled with a meaning, an exhortation to rest, to a Greek repose for the wearied, much-striving man, to whom they chant their sweet lullaby:

"We'll ripple and rustle and whisper to thee."

The forms of the Nymphs, a second kind of water-deities, higher than Peneios, now rise up before Faust who has to exclaim, "the incomparable shapes!" Clearly he is smitten with Hellenic beauty, though "once before he had the same hap-

piness." Then he has a vision of them in the bath, "sound young limbs of women, seen double in the watery mirror," with much splash and sport; assuredly the Mythus is evolving itself with speed. Yet even these shapes do not satisfy him, the insatiable striver; his eye longs to pierce yonder cover of deep foliage, "which conceals the high Queen." Nothing short of Helen will bring him peace.

But Helen is probably not behind yonder foliage, but much further off; still, her conflict is here, behold! The bevy of beautiful Nymphs is put to flight by a sudden troop of swans—fair youths, we may conjecture, like Paris, and having the same design as Paris; one of them, indeed, is supereminent, and "penetrates to the holy spot." Thus the fair vision disperses like a cloud, and these early shapes of the Greek mythologic realm hint a struggle, of which the legend of Helen is but a chapter. The Nymphs have vanished in a conflict which loudly calls for the Teacher, who will teach wisdom and self-control, teach heroic conduct to men, for they sadly need such instruction. Here he is, first prophesied dimly by the fleeing Nymphs, who hear "the sound of his hoof," then plainly seen and addressed by Faust; it is none other than Cheiron, "Philyra's famous son."

II. Cheiron is the second shape in advance of the Nymphs, who were innocence still, without the conscious division of their two natures; but Cheiron is the Centaur, half-man and half-horse, with the head strongly predominating over the

animal body; he has the horse in him tamed, though he always has to take it along. Hence he is not an Oriental shape, though well acquainted with his Oriental cousin, the Sphinx, who has sent Faust to him, cognate shape in Greece. A transitional form, he never rests in his movement; he is the one who makes the bridge, but never crosses fully himself, being always employed at the bridge; or he is the intelligent pack-horse, who is ever "ready to carry thee through the river," and then shake thee off on dry land, to continue thy journey. With the poet we may call him "the noble pedagogue," who has taught the heroes, beyond himself; a kind of Moses, who leads the chosen children to the land of promise, but cannot enter in person.

The poet has drawn him with much humor and freshness: a genuine man, yet with a certain pedagogical narrowness; devoted to his work, honest, skillful, yet peevish and impatient, like the much-tried schoolmaster, ever ready to give the boys a trouncing all round. Imbittered, too, he is by disappointment: people will not stay as men in the path in which he has trained them as boys, "at last they carry on just as if they had not been educated." Alas! his pedogogical mould is propably too small for the human mind; then he is not appreciated, but what schoolmaster is? Still he has taught the heroes all—Achilles and the rest; they cannot do without him. To spirit-cure he has united body-cure, being also a physician. An indispensable man, a necessary link in the world's culture is the

pedagogical Centaur, though a somewhat duplicated, distorted, soured entity.

Cheiron appreciates men, he narrates the manly virtues of the Argonautic heroes with enthusiasm, he even grows rapturous over the glories of Hercules, the supreme Greek Hero. But how about the most beautiful woman, the climax of the Greek world, and now the chief goal of Faust's education?

Here "the noble pedagogue" cannot help much, he has no discipline for the striver after beauty, he can only deem such a man mad, needing the doctor more than the teacher. Still he has seen Helen with admiration; he once bore her on his back, and he thinks of the time when "she stroked his mane" and fondled him, thinks of it with a smack of his lips, in which that animal form of his remains not wholly unheard. Such seems Helen to him, with all her grace; yet even he, the schoolmaster, laughs at the other schoolmaster trying to fix the age of her "who never grows old," trying to bind the poet to Time. But he can only deem the pursuit of Helen a mad freak, and so he brings Faust to Manto, daughter of Aesculapius, to get cured. Learning, worldly-wisdom, virtue, Cheiron can teach; but as to beauty, he, "the noble pedagogue," knows it not, and is forever cut off from its attainment by his sneer—a man of the prosaic Understanding and not of poetic Inspiration, a mind beautifully gifted with hindsight, not with foresight. But he leads to a higher form, that is his merit; when we are done with the pedagogue,

our whole nature cries out for a breath of poesy and of prophecy. Accordingly Manto is now heard "dreaming within," whose very name means the Seeress, and whose form is freed from the equine or asinine element of "the noble pedagogue."

III. Manto is, then, the third shape here, in ancient legend the daughter of a Prophet, Tiresias, but fabled by Goethe to be a doctor's daughter, probably to render her accessible on this side to Cheiron, who is also a doctor. But she is primarily a soul-helper, rather than a body-helper; a dreamer, who sympathizes with Faust in his grand pursuit, and who will give him just the aid he needs. The kernel of her character is struck out in a word: "I wait, and Time around me wheels;" she is above Time, is that which abides, while Cheiron is always going, restlessly changing. She, therefore, can point to the Eternal as manifested in Beauty, she can show Faust the way to Helen. "Him she loves who longs for the Impossible;" the striver Faust will certainly be a favorite of her's. One of Goethe's maxims, cited here by commentators, is apposite: "To live in the Idea, means to treat the Impossible as if it were possible." (Sprueche in Prosa, 345). Faust, from Cheiron, the finite changeful teacher of the finite, comes to Manto, the infinite changeless vision of the infinite, which beholds Helen unembodied in Hades.

Thither now Faust must go, to realize this bodiless spirit, to make that possible which was before impossible; for the Impossible remains

impossible till it be done, then it becomes possible. A dark passage through the hollow foot of Olympus leads to that supersensible realm where Helen now abides; Manto once smuggled Orpheus, the poet, in there, to bring back a shade, but with no result; now she will send Faust the same way: "Use thy chance better, up! courage, man!" May he succeed! is the fervent, but doubting prayer of the sympathetic reader.

It will be noticed that both Manto and the Sphinx represent the abiding principle in their respective spheres, and point Faust to his future course. The Sphinx shows indeed, the abiding problem; Manto indicates the abiding solution. But wherein does this descent to Hades differ from the descent to the Mothers in the previous Act? The last is accomplished by abstraction, by philosophy; but the descent to Hades is accomplished after the transition through the shapes of the Greek World, which move, in genetic evolution, upward to the supreme shape in Helen. Helen cannot be immediately seized in the Idea, but she must be unfolded through Forms into Form.

Thus Faust disappears in the underworld of Hellenic shades, not to come forth again in this Walpurgis Night, not to be seen by us till we shall find Helen coming to him, and not him going to her. But what will he do down in Hades? The poet has thrown a veil over this part of Faust's career, though once, it seems, he had in mind to portray it. In one of his talks with Eckermann, he exclaims: "Faust's speech to Proserpine, to

move her to release Helen, what a speech must not that be, by which Proserpine herself is moved to tears!" But this plan was given up for good reasons; it was not necessary dramatically, it would be superfluous in thought; Walpurgis Night is already such a Hades of Greek forms—why another? Besides, Helen is to be found in the bright Upper World, in the realm of sunlight; there she and Faust will first come together.

Such are the three sets of shapes through which Faust passes in his inner development, which clearly has a correspondence with the outer forms of the gallery. Poetry is here, the first rhythmic flow of the waters into song, even their wavy movement into figure, till the river and fountain spring up into deities and become the Mythus, whose Greek birth is thus set to music. Then Cheiron comes, who sings not, but snarls in crisp, irregular doggerel, poetic still in its prose, with a bite in the lines often, yet not without a rough kiss too; a savage love beats in his shaggy breast. A merry conception is that, full of humor and truth, nay, full of sympathy, to make the Teacher a Centaur, half-man, half-horse, or at times half-jackass, yet with an honest laborious head on the beast in all his obstinacies. A striking contrast to those melodious water-shapes, the Nymphs, he is; also to Manto, who hath oracularity above all things, Pythian priestess that she is, manifesting a deep, far-reaching vision, but dark to the common eye, and wholly out of the reach of the pedagogical Understanding. And now having

lost the company of Faust in the dark passage, we have to turn to Mephisto who has found some fine amusement for himself, but possibly some hard work for us, in his classic adventures.

III. MEPHISTO'S CAREER IN WALPURGIS NIGHT.

We have just passed through the quiet Greek development of Faust; now we enter Mephisto's world, as revealed in Hellenic mythical forms. It will be a strifeful, convulsive, revolutionary excursion; the Devil is indeed let loose, and is at work, shaking and upheaving everything, physical and spiritual. The gallery of mythologic shapes is again brought before us; Mephisto is the main traveler; though he does not always appear in person, we shall find his spirit peeping forth under other masks; and his transformation into his true classic counterpart, the Phorkyad, is the grand outcome of the whole scene.

Again we behold the poet re-constructing the Greek Mythus, yet keeping it mythical; filling it with his thought without destroying its form. Veritably we see at work here the great modern myth-maker, now having before him a new problem which is nothing less than to construct a mythology of destruction, to set forth in mythical shapes those violent forces, both in matter and in spirit, which heave and rock and toss our little planet. That is, the negative element of the world now comes in for portrayal, unfolding itself through a series of shapes, which taken together we might

designate as the Mythus of the Negative. This is sin, evil, and still more; it embraces strife, destruction, revolution, in all phases, in Nature, Man, Society.

Nor is the necessary, even beneficial side of this destructive element omitted. Goethe was a universal man; he saw that evil and destruction belonged in the Universe; that this was the grand discipline of men, of states, of worlds, just their means of developing out of some lower into some higher stage. Amid volcanic turmoil and confusion the world-order is always emerging; the poet will point to the glimpse of day, rising out of chaos and night. The Devil will get his dues, and his dues from men are very large, since the time when he handed that apple to our first parents in the garden of Eden. Still, forget it not, he is the Devil, whose chief due is to be put down, particularly by that man whom he has misled.

In such a spirit we should study this scene, not to allegorize it—the Lord forbid! but to see in it the universal meaning, or, as Goethe himself says, to "call the particular thing to its universal consecration," whereas allegorizing is rather to call the particular thing to its particular desecration. The gallery is now open, the shapes reach down to the end of the scene, arranged into five distinct sets or groups, overlapping sometimes at the edges, but with the main parts in bold relief. These groups represent: First, the convulsive conflict in Nature, and its outcome; Second, the destructive elements in the formation of Society, and the

result; Third, the sensual part of the Individual, with its consequences; Fourth, the negative Thought and its opposite discussed by two philosophers; Fifth, this negative world revealed as the Ugly, in Greek form.

In all these groups it will be seen that Mephisto is present in spirit, if not in person; indeed, we can with a little latitude, string the whole five groups on his name, and thus indicate their unity and their relation: 1. Mephisto in Nature; 2. Mephisto in Society; 3. Mephisto in the Individual; 4. Mephisto in Philosophy; 5. Mephisto in Art; the first three show the actual Mephisto, in three phases of the world, while the last two show the reflected Mephisto, in two of the world's disciplines.

The character of Mephisto will again be revealed in its essence; that character is, at bottom, comic, must be so, to be true to the complete thought of the Devil. Such he has been portrayed throughout this poem, from the Prologue in Heaven, when he first appears before the Lord as a Fool, down to the present scene in which he is to be witnessed in his deeds. It is the very nature of evil to turn finally against itself, destruction destroys destruction, negation negates itself, and brings forth its own opposite; that is, it is self-annulling, absurd, comic. Now the ends of Mephisto are in this way absurd, they defeat themselves at last; though they take in the entire world, they come around to themselves in the end, he plays the Devil with the Devil.

Yet no funny little drama is this, no petty comedy of manners, with happy hits at small follies and smaller people, just sufficient to make somebody laugh; it is the world's comedy, the comic strand woven into the divine order everywhere, serious enough often to the pygmies, but making the Gods smile. Deviltry is seen putting itself into its own Hell; evil is always overcoming itself, in the sight of the Universe; Mephisto is the supreme comic character, in the grand drama of Providence.

I. The first group begins with the Sirens, whom we have already noted as primitive Hellenic shapes, the commencement of the Greek world. From this point, then, we are to start, from water-deities, like Peneios and the Nymphs of the preceding scene; these Sirens, too, are to "plunge into Peneios' flood;" and to sing the song of the stream: "without water is no cure" for soul or for body. Both scenes have thus the same starting-point essentially, the happy strain rising from the Greek waters. But hark! This joy is interrupted by an ugly intruder, the Earthquake; the Sirens run off to "the merry festivals of the sea," where we shall find them hereafter, and they leave this new monster in full possession of the land.

Therewith the reign of violence, convulsion, revolution, has entered this classic Greek development; the demiurge is present, heaving, jolting, nay, speaking; Seismos is his mythical name, the Earthquake, whom we may call the Mephisto of Nature. Behold, he has raised up a mountain,

Mephisto's mountain it will be, from its origin. But in quite as wonderful a way we see that the poet has raised up a Mythus out of the earthquake and the mountain, capping them with their spiritual counterpart, which is an image already reflecting much. In like manner the volcanic upheaval furnished to Hesiod and the old poets the Mythus of the battle between Zeus and the Titans; now the occurrence is used a second time by the last poet, mythologising doubly, employing the physical event along with the ancient Mythus, and weaving both into his new mythical texture. For Seismos here identifies himself with the primitive struggle of the mountains and the primitive Mythus of it; he shook and heaved the earth, he has seen "its remotest ancestors, Chaos and Night" and in the company of Titans, he has "played ball with Ossa and Pelion."

But even in this primitive world, there is a principle opposite to Seismos: it is the Sphinx of Egypt, who represents the fixed change-resisting conservative element in Nature, just as she did in History, "sitting before the Pyramids, at the judgment seat of Nations." Granit she is made of, in character and in body, the obstinate substrate of the world; "the matter shall go no further, the Sphinxes have taken their place," such is her word of authority amid the present convulsion--a word which is always spoken, both by Nature and by History in due time; it says: "enough of this revolution."

But Seismos has his subtle defense against the

dull monotony, the dead changelessness of the Sphinxes. "How would this world have been so beautiful, if I had not shaken it up?" Seismos heaved the mountains into the blue etherial dome, raised the double-peaked Parnassus, home of the Muses and of the Delphic Oracle, nay, he hoisted Olympus to Heaven, made it the seat of Zeus, the Supreme God. Back of Greek beauty, song, wisdom, religion lies this negative power, the condition and the outer setting of them all. Thus, Seismos, too, has his place in this Hellenic world, his noise, convulsion, discord is resolved at last into Greek harmony. So it is with all these negative forces, they are self-annulling in the end, and pass over into the positive order of the Universe. Some think that Goethe forgets his spite or falls out of his part in such passages; no, this is just the true outcome of his Mephistophelean characters, they are made to defeat themselves, and through their negation, violence, dissonance, to bring forth truth, faith, harmony. Through a special pessimism, the poet is always moving to a universal optimism. Such is really the law of his being; here in Mephisto's world particularly it must be noted.

But Seismos has left his result behind, a mountain fresh from the depths of Chaos, product of convulsion. The New Mountain then it is; yet something more than a natural mountain; it calls forth "joyous dwellers to a new life" on its bosom; it is to be the abode of a race of beings who will dwell on it and in it, and partake of its character. A heaving, struggling, violent population, if one

may cast its horoscope; busy too, oppressors and oppressed, those on top and those underneath; the mountain already casts a dim image of primitive society, and of primitive social forces.

II. This is the second group which now moves into our vision, the inhabitants of the New Mountain, whom we observe to be chiefly of two kinds. First there are the old shapes, the Griffons and the Ants, whom we met in the Orient at a primitive stage of man's history. Here they are quite the same as there, and in the same condition at first, with the primitive occupation of man in society, which is, to seize and to store, to gather and to preserve something—here gold, money—wherein we behold the grand social employment. "Only fetch in the gold, let the mountain go," is the cry still heard among men, very old, yet very modern. The squanderers, the one-eyed Arimaspians, who were with the Griffons and Ants in the Orient, are not here in this busy hive; but their place is more than filled by a new set, the Pygmies, the dwarfs of violence, who with the Dactyls, also a new company, constitute the second class of inhabitants of the New Mountain. Such is the appearance of the primitive social arrangement.

The Pygmies and the Dactyls mean literally the Fistlings and Fingerlings, an image taken from a still more primitive social order, namely, the human hand, doubled up for war, or stretched out for work, composed of Fist, the first Fighter, who made, too, the first law, called after him fist-right, (Faustrecht), and of Fingers, the first Toil

ers, who had to obey that law. A primordial state of society, based on violence and upheld by those little Mephistos, the Pygmies, we behold—a society composed of the Fighters and the Toilers, the Lords and the Slaves, both being the "products of Mother Earth in one night."

The pugnacious Fistlings, though "small," must rule "the smallest," who are the Fingerlings, sprung of the same soil, hence their little brothers. Nay, the foreigners too, are enslaved, the laborious Ants, who mine the metals under the earth; gold we saw before, but now we hear of iron, "for armor and weapons to equip a host." Nay, one will catch the sigh of the slaves: "Who will save us?" They provide the iron out of which their chains are forged; their own labor enthralls them; "therefore wait, it is not yet time, be submissive" till the hour strikes. Domestic servitude upholds this society, but perpetually fills it with the low cry of revenge.

Moreover, these Pygmies are seen in their political organism; they have Elders, who possess authority; they command their own people to build forges for implements of war "while it is peace;" they order the Ants to bring the metals, the Dactyls to fetch the wood for the fires of industrial cunning. Then, too, there is the military head, the General-in-chief, whose command is heard: "Fall into ranks with arrow and bow—march." The object of attack is the Herons, peaceful dwellers of the lake below, in order that "we may have their ornaments." The old story, surely, to be

followed with the old reward of the deed. For still stronger than from the lips of slaves comes the cry of revenge, now out of the skies, from the "Cranes of Ibycus," those fleet mysterious heralds who announce the guilty act, and summon the avenger. The Pygmies whose "misformed desire" for wealth and power led to this bloody work, are to be punished; thus violence begets violence, war is met by war, revolution follows revolution.

The hint of the story is taken from the ancient legend of the battle between the Pygmies and the Cranes, but is varied from the old account and filled with a new meaning. The humorous mock-heroic element still peers through, fitly applied to the little unhistorical wars of primitive peoples. Revenge is here sung by the Cranes, a suggestion derived from Schiller's famous ballad, "The Cranes of Ibycus," which has the same theme, but whose principle, revenge, is now made to take its place in the social unfolding of the world.

Such are the pugnacious Pygmies and the order they have founded, little Devils, imps of violence, basing their social system upon domestic slavery within and predatory war without; hence inside their state murmurs up from below the eternal sigh of revenge, and outside their state echoes from the Heavens the shout of that same revenge. Yet it is the natural history of society from the first upheaval of the New Mountain, which itself results from the primal struggle of Nature, and then this Nature is transfused and unfolded into its inhabitants. The New Moun-

tain and its people thus become a new Mythus, which gives in a series of forms the evolution of violence, the diabolic demiurge at work in Nature and Society. Yet the Pygmies are to have their own deed served up to them by a new power, their violence, as we shall see later, is met with violence, which is thereby over-ruled in a higher order.

Duentzer, (Goethe's Faust, Zweite Auflage, s 561 et seq.) has unfolded very fully his view of the struggle here depicted, and has made it an allegorical representation of the strife between the supporters of the theory of the earth's sudden upheavals, or Vulcanism, and the supporters of the theory of the earth's gradual formation through aqueous agency, or Neptunism, wherein most critics have followed him. Goethe certainly had a strong attachment to the latter doctrine as deeply accordant with his general view of Art and Life, and a strong repugnance to the former doctrine, as contrary to the whole bent of his nature. So much we freely accord to Duentzer, whose services to this part of the subject, namely, the Walpurgis Night, have been particularly important; but when he, followed by Mr. Taylor and others, gives to this mythical conflict, as its adequate content, the petty strife between Vulcanists and Neptunists, he throws a new prodigious difficulty into the poem, and his explanation needs explanation far more than the passage. What is the reason for dumping into the book all this foreign matter just at this point? It utterly destroys the unity of the work, and the patience of the reader, while the

critical objections, being based upon the truth of Duentzer's view, become unanswerable. Mr. Taylor, who proclaims that "Goethe has failed," rests his judgment upon this interpretation.

But Goethe, himself, has fortunately left a hint to guide us in this very matter. He does not deny a personal element, but he declares that he has elevated it into a universal purport. Speaking of this Walpurgis Night to Eckermann, he says: "My personal piques I have separated from their particular objects, and played them into the universal (ins Alegemeine gespielt,) so that nobody will detect them, though the reader may suspect them." Here, as elsewhere, personal experiences lay at the bottom of his poetic endeavor, for all his works are but "the reality idealized." His special function as poet is, he declares, "to call the particular thing to its universal consecration." Doubtless, here are certain geologic experiences and opinions, and it is well enough to point them out; but the poet turns away from them, calls them "to their universal consecration;" the science of geology even has its truths elevated into the structure of the grand Mythus, its facts are mythologized, that is, made the image of a universal order; not the petty particular strife between Vulcanists and Neptunists is what we must see, but the universal struggle in the development of Nature and Society. Thus, too, we get a hint how science may be transmuted into poetry, while still retaining its truth; how it may even be made the foundation of a new mythical world.

Hitherto we have not met Mephisto in person though we have seen a number of his relatives; "from Hartz to Hellas always cousins" he is finding, as he declares. Now he appears, not on the New Mountain, but in the plain from which it has just uprisen, complaining of uncertanity and revolution, the Devil finding fault with the Devil, as he is sure to do. But he is roused from his ill-humor by certain seductive shapes dancing before him, and beckoning him after themselves with many an enticing gesture.

III. This is the third group of shapes named the Lamiæ, identified in the classic world with female monsters who allure young people and suck their blood. Already they have been called by the Sphinx "lust-selling maids," their character is hinted in their gay malicious song, their pleasure is "to entice after us the old sinner," who is here, old hobbling Clovenfoot, yet they know the end is "a heavy penalty." Mephisto, after full experience, calls them "a dance of the senses." Such indeed they are, the temptresses.

Through the whole course of the poem, Mephisto has been the sensual being; he is still to keep up this part specially, hence he appears now in person, representing the negative nature of the sensual appetites. Gratification he is seeking in classic lands, "being accustomed to stealthy pleasure;" he is certain to find everywhere what he seeks. So the shapes appear; he knows them well, being "an old sinner;" they are worthless utterly, "laced body, painted face, giving nought healthy

in return, rotten in every limb," still when the hussies pipe he will dance, otherwise "who the Devil would be the Devil ?"

In this group there is one whom they call the ugly girl, "who frightens away everything beautiful," so that even among these degraded shapes the Greek test of beauty strangely holds still when all else of good regard is gone. This is Empusa, "of the ass's foot," related by her hoof to Mephisto, whom she greets as Sir Cousin, and, to tempt him still further with her ugliness, she assumes an ass's head. But Mephisto is no fool, whatever may be his taste; he denies at once his kinship with the long-eared animal.

So he proceeds to make a selection from the other shapes, "tender and slender," though they be "one and all suspicious." Many are present, they urge him "to try his luck and choose one;" Mephisto is not the man to hold back and to satisfy himself with looking merely at classic shapes; here he will lay hold, and wonderful is the transformation. He grasps for the fairest, she turns to a dry broom-stick; another glides out of his hands like a lizard, the tall one changes to a Bacchic thyrse, the fat one explodes like a puff-ball. Thus they "throw off their mask and show their true nature." Mephisto is completely disillusioned, though he knew it all before; but he "would like to be deluded, if the delusion would only last longer." We are ready to agree heartily with him in calling the whole affair, "a dance of the senses." It smells of the Witches' Kitchen, of

Lilith and her associates in the first Walpurgis Night, now found again in classic land by Mephisto, who has the gift of finding such people "from Hartz to Hellas."

Thus Mephisto has reached his penalty, his pursuit turns to nought in his hands; when he has seized his glittering object it changes into an ugly repulsive form at his touch. We behold the comedy of the senses, of which this sudden change is the solution; Mephisto is again the comic character whose end is absurd, self-annulling, and he is left in night, "surrounded by a black flight of bats." The gratification of sensual pleasures turns to the opposite, the dance of the senses ends in disgust. The innocence of the American commentator is to be highly commended, especially to young people: "what it is (the meaning of this transformation) I cannot guess, and I find nothing in any of the commentators which throws the least light on the passage."

It is no wonder that we now behold Mephisto lost, straying, clambering up and down among the rocks to no purpose. Clearly such is the outcome of that "dance of the senses;" these classic shapes are too strong for him—"they bring their Blocksberg along," for see the New Mountain, risen in one night, and shutting him off from his permanent land-mark, the Sphinxes; what can he do? An Oread helps him out, she belongs to the natural rock, not to the upheaved one, and is permanent too, like the Sphinx. Among the dark brushwood flickers a little light, behold, it is Homunculus,

seeking to become, to shatter his glass, yet "not daring to venture in there" among those treacherous, destructive shapes. He is on the track of two Philosophers, his way is through philosophy, whereat Mephisto takes occasion to give his opinion of that discipline, as he did long ago in the First Part; and when he has cursed it, he runs away from it. The Devil is clearly no friend of philosophy, with good reason; he cannot endure what he calls its spectres, the only sort of ghosts he seems unwilling to face. That Mephisto reflects Goethe's own opinion in this matter, cannot be proved or disproved by citation of passages, for these are on both sides; but we must take the complete incident as it here stands, and thus gather its meaning. This is, that it belongs to Mephisto, and if you please to the Mephisto element in Goethe, to hate philosophy.

There is no doubt that Mephisto always in a sense voices some element of Goethe, often too, Goethe's deepest conviction, when this conviction belongs to Mephisto's part. Goethe had Mephisto in him and says so; Mephisto is also in the world, a necessity of it. Just here he gives good advice to Homunculus: "If thou err not, thou wilt never attain to knowledge, go forth and become on thine own account." This is Mephisto's, yet Goethe's; it states the discipline of error, the necessity of the negative principle for man's unfolding, hence it belongs to the role of Mephisto, though it be Goethe's own conviction. Some say Goethe falls out of his role in such passages; but it is his complete

insight into evil which causes him to put such words into Mephisto's mouth.

IV. The fourth group is made up of two philosophers engaged in disputation, with Homunculus as eager listener. Philosophy also is a Greek discipline, and must appear with the appearance of rational man; it is a very necessary step in his culture, particularly for the limited, bottled Homunculus who wishes to attain freedom. No other means, probably, is there for just such a person; let him not be deterred by sarcasms against philosophy, but consider their source, for they belong to Mephisto. Above all, let him not follow the course of Mephisto, the scoffer at philosophy, else he will turn out a Phorkyad, after a delusive "dance of the senses."

Philosophy, then, has arisen, and has asked the grand question of origin, cause; just now it is seeking the origin of Nature and Society, each being suggested by the rise of the wonderful New Mountain and its inhabitants. The Pygmy said he knew not whence he came, and apparently he did not care; Homunculus cares all for such knowledge, his aspiration is to break his limit of ignorance; but he does not yet know. The Philosopher, however, knows, that is, he has his view or theorem or first principle in regard to the origin of things. Philosophy, then, forms a new stage of this development, in which man begins to turn back upon himself and upon what he has done, and tries to formulate some rational conception of himself and of the world.

But even in the peaceful groves of Philosophy there is no peace; loud argumentation is heard, difference, dissonance. Philosophy herself partakes of the nature of the mountain in thinking of it, and grows violent discussing violence. The dualism has taken bodily form in the two philosophers, old Greeks; Anaxagoras holds to fire, upheaval, revolution as the first principle, veritably Mephisto's philosopher; Thales is the advocate of water, gradual development, ultimate harmony. Such is the wrangle; calm Philosophy becomes a boisterous tempest of words in this realm of Mephisto, her sweet temper turns all acrid; clearly she must soon leave it or perish.

The fire-philosopher, seeking to retain Homunculus in this realm, offers to make him King of the Pygmies, with his little light, quite enough for them. But Thales advises nay, "with small men, small deeds;" still this is not the chief objection. Behold the vengeance already prophesied; violence has begotten violence, the Pygmies guilty of wanton slaughter of the Herons are themselves slaughtered; revolution is followed by revolution, the principle of upheaval is seen in its outcome, which is destruction. No development lies in that for any man; keep out of that mill of the Gods, Homunculus, else thou wilt be ground to death with the Pygmies, though thou be their King.

But the philosopher of convulsion, in desperation, prays for a new convulsion; this time it must come from above, the moon is to chip off a fragment of a mountain and send it down to the earth.

This all takes place—in theory, what marvels do not? Anaxagoras drops on his face in purest worship of his own delusion. Such is the comic outcome of Mephisto again, for neither Thales nor anybody can see or hear anything of the kind; though there be some mystery in the mountain, and "the hours be mad," still Luna is just as she was before. The Mephisto of Philosophy has turned out pretty much as the Mephisto of the senses did, a comic character who pursues a delusion similar to the seductive Lamiæ, the one being a delusion of the mind, the other of the senses.

But Homunculus, imperfect, with his little light is in danger, he sees marvelous changes, he is caught by the convulsive theory, which Thales dismisses with a nudge: "Be quiet, it was only a thought," it has no reality. Therewith Thales is suddenly master, and moves forth with his new pupil, whose life he has already saved by his advice not to accept the proffered kingship of the Pygmies, to the festivals of the sea and to a new joyous world. Both quit this realm of Mephisto where the philosophy of violence does such violence to itself, and, in advocating fire, throws itself into the flame and burns itself up. But philosophy has not perished, it still lives and has the chief work yet to do in this Walpurgis Night; Thales, the Philosopher, is to conduct Homunculus through the higher stages, to the very last; thus the Little Man is rescued from the philosophy of negation by philosophy, which is really the only way of rescue.

In the case of Anaxagoras, it should be noticed

that Goethe is guilty, by mistake doubtless, of an historical injustice against a great name in the history of Thought. Anaxagoras was the old Greek philosopher who first proclaimed "Nous" or mind to be the principle of the Universe, and thus marks one of the chief steps in the progress of philosophy; Aristotle declares, in a striking passage of his "Metaphysics," that Anaxagoras, in comparison to the other early Greek philosophers, who assumed a merely physical substrate as the world-principle, seemed like a sober man in a drunken company. Yet he was a great investigator of the moon, according to Pliny and Plutarch; so Goethe uses him here, but quite out of his true character. Heraclitus was the ancient fire-philosopher.

The theories of Plutonism and Neptunism can be much better applied to the discussion in this group, than in the former groups. For this is an actual discussion of two theories of accounting for the earth and its origin. But even here the matter seeks to rise far above the petty disputes of the Neptunists and Plutonists, and become a symbol; it has a provoking tendency to expand itself till it include the conflicts of all thought, of the two fundamental ways of thinking everything. No Particular will fill out the symbol; it is not this or that merely; it will be satisfied only with the Universal.

V. The fifth and last group of this part of our Hellenic gallery is made up solely of the Phorkyads, in legend called the daughters of

Phorkys, and Keto, monsters of the deep, and begetters of monsters. The Phorkyads are the very embodiment of ugliness, three shapes with one eye and one tooth between them, not formed by any Greek artist, not celebrated by poets, not even by that school of poets who love the horrible, lying far back in night, "to ourselves almost, to others wholly unknown," truly an image of the chaotic, a form of the formless, "uglier than original sin."

If in the discussion between Thales and Anaxagoras we had the expression, in philosophy, of the violent struggle of the world, the convulsion of philosophy in trying to account for convulsion, here we have chaos itself fixed in the Mythus, in the forms of classic Greece, or formlessless hinted, as far as may be, in her Art. Here again Mephisto will appear in person, since Art takes the individual as the bearer of its thought or purpose. He is clambering up the opposite side of the new mountain, opposite to the philosophers, with good reason. He meets a Dryad, from whose "holy oaks" he turns away, and runs to the Phorkyads, the Greek ideal of ugliness. He adopts their shape, becomes himself the Greek ideal of ugliness; such is the outcome of Mephisto in the realm of classic forms; that plastic world has given him his shape, in fact, he selects it himself out of the whole gallery, he is now a figure in Greek Art.

Therewith we have come to the end of the gallery, or of Mephisto's part of it. From the love of the Lamiæ, the dance of the senses, he has

passed to the Phorkyad, and has given himself a classic form, which we may also consider as the outcome of the New Mountain in Art. Here again we note the comic phase; just this beautiful world, in realizing Mephisto, has turned out the opposite of itself, has become the ugly, and has thus annulled itself. Mephisto's transformation is the comic solution of the reign of violence, uproar, destruction; such a world is self-destructive, and in the land of forms it takes the form of chaos. The whole is a comedy from the beginning—Seismos rumbling and heaving, the violent Pygmies, Mephisto running after the Lamiæ, Anaxagoras on his face invoking the Moon, Mephisto turning Phorkyad, are comic figures in comic situations, giving the true outcome of this negative world. Still amid these vanishing shapes, the permanent element always peers forth, and finally remains; Homunculus passes through this world, is saved by his aspiration to become truly a man, and by his philosopher; he is the positive outcome, leaving violence and ugliness behind. Still it is a necessary, yes a beneficial stage, possibly; at least it is, and is to be transcended.

A strange drama indeed, yet it is dramatic in a new sense, not so much on the outer boards as in the inner soul. These shapes are types, rather than characters, thoughts rather than deeds; each speech is a little poem, often complete by itself, yet fitting as a perfect stone into the temple, a series of monologues, rather than dialogue, yet the latter too; a drama of ideas, symbols, rather than

of persons. It requires almost a new reading aculty, certainly a new training of the old one, to catch full its living throb, being an original, quite unaccountable thing in Literature, a veritable monstrosity till its law be found, which has to be gotten not from some book on Poetics, but from itself. Then the strange commingled Mythus is a puzzle; at one moment it is transformed from nature direct, witness the rise of that mythical New Mountain with its new race of beings; but the next moment old mythologies, Hellenic, with hints of the Teutonic, step forth with fresh life, into the latest creation. But under this apparent disorder rules the veritable world-order, but thou must train thine eye, to see with the Gods from Olympus.

Thus we have passed through the darkest part, the very midnight of this Walpurgis Night, being the Mephistophelean epoch thereof. But in spite of its darkness, we may see clearly in it the shadow, not of a petty temporal strife between two scientific factions, but of the negative element in Nature, Society and Man; and furthermore, the reflection of this negative element in Philosophy and Art. A universal sweep down Time, not a small side whiff at some momentary spectre in Time, it shows itself well-ordered, carefully jointed together, and in its way exhaustive.

Mephisto is now gone, having reached his completion, not to appear again in this Walpurgis Night. But in the Third Act we shall see him once more, as Phorkyad in the bright upper world

alongside of Helen at Sparta, the Ugly with the Beautiful, both Greek shapes, but the two extremes of the Greek plastic world, whereby the dualism is driven to its last expression. Thus both Faust and Mephisto have dropped out of this Night; but there remains the Little Man, Homunculus, who is the hero of the next scene which is the last.

IV. CAREER OF HOMUNCULUS IN WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Already much has been said about Development in this Walpurgis Night; the first scene of it is a development of Art and Civilization in the Orient; the second is the development of Faust; the third is the development of Mephisto. Development is, indeed, the countersign, which admits the outsider into this carefully guarded, mysteriously fortified citadel, into its very heart. Particularly is this true of the fourth scene, now to be considered: Development is stated directly in abstract form; it is thrown into mythologic shapes, especially is Proteus a wonderful image of transmution; but chiefly it is unfolded in the career of Homunculus, the Little Man, who has to break his limits and become truly a man.

Thales, the Philosopher, is to guide him, and to remain with him to the last, conducting him to the aqueous element, "to the coves of the Ægean Sea," where prevails that primal philosophical principle—"water is the source of all wholeness." Thus we pass from the tumultuous land of the last scene to the formative Ocean, from a natural setting of disorderly to orderly unfolding. Through a line of watery shapes Homunculus is now to attain development, and these shapes, too, are

given in a gallery which shows their order of development. One of Goethe's utterances concerning Nature may here be cited: "Nature in order to arrive at man, goes through a long prelude of beings and forms, which fall far short of man." Through such a prelude of forms Homunculus is to pass before reaching manhood.

Thus we have another chapter, revealing in a new way that fundamental idea of Goethe's, variously called Transformation, Evolution, Development. The metamorphosis of plants and animals was his scientific creed, which he transferred to Poetry, particularly to "Faust." The genetic method of unfolding we have already noticed in the First Part, as it proceeded through phases of character; now it is thrown into forms which are scattered along the path of development, these forms are furnished by Greek Mythology, which thus becomes the Mythus of man in his rise to the highest form. Thus, too, Mythology itself is transformed in revealing Transformation; these Greek shapes, hitherto shown without order over a vast ancient field, now march before us, filled with a new meaning, which was, however, their primitive nature not yet budded out to the sun. But here we see the Mythus unfolded to its own completeness and to its place in man's unfolding; truly the Mythus develops with man.

Two threads again we observe running through the whole, and forming one closely twisted strand. The first thread is the gallery of shapes, the world of forms which develops upward; analogous to the

process of Nature, who, to use a figure of Goethe's own, ascends a ladder to the highest form. Says he in a letter cited by Schroeer: (note to Faust, Part II. p. 201,) "Nature makes no leaps; she could, for example, produce no horse, had not all the other animals gone in advance, upon which she climbs, as it were, on a ladder to the structure of the horse." The second thread is Homunculus, who moves through this world of shapes, developing psychologically from within; stages of progress he shows corresponding to those external forms of development. With him, however, move two classic companions, Thales, the Philosopher, and Proteus, who is just the image of the changeable, the possibility of all forms.

The two threads run parallel throughout the scene, and fall naturally into four parallel groups, in each of which are two sets of shapes belonging to the two threads respectively. Structure is thus carefully shown in the poem which treats of structure; it would be an absurdity to have a disorganized book reveal organism. Transformation is the main theme and outcome, whereof the four groups showing the four phases are these: 1st. The Unformed or preparatory stage; 2nd, The Formable, the stage of change, the unsettled form; 3rd. The Formed, in which the form gets fixed, chiefly by Plastic Art; 4th. The Transformed, which is the final attainment of form. These groups are not separated by rigid outlines, but flow freely into one another, hinting the secret relation of all the parts as well as the general bearing of the whole.

A play of shapes toward the highest we may conceive it, arranged in a scenic order, showing altogether eight pictures which move before us in panoramic fashion, two pictures being assigned to each group. Upon these organic lines we shall try to develop this little drama of development.

I. The first group we have named the Unformed, those beings which are about to start in development and move toward the higher shape. They are imperfect, but they have in them the secret spur to perfection, which will not let them rest. We shall note the two sets of this group in order.

1. The first set, belonging to the gallery, is composed of the Sirens on the one hand, and the Nereids and Tritons on the other. We have already seen the Sirens at the begining of the Greek world, songstresses, incomplete forms "with claws in the branches." They belong to quiet development, they fled from the violence of Seismos in the last scene, they now strike the counter-note to convulsion, by praying the moon to remain with her calm light in heaven and not to be jerked down by magic of Thessalian witch, or by theory of fire-philosopher. They open here as before with a Greek song, a burst of melody upon a new world.

The Tritons and Nereids, male and female shapes, are attracted out of the depths of the ocean by that song; they are decorated too with all sorts of jewels swallowed by the sea, which the Sirens have sung into their possession. Here also comes

golden advice from the same source: "To-day we would learn that ye are more than fishes." It is the urgent exhortation for them to develop out of fish-hood. The Tritons, sons of Poseidon and Amphitrite, were half man, half fish, covered with scales, having green sea-hair and blue sea-eyes. The Nereids, strictly the daughters of Nereus, were of the same general sort, the mermaids to the mermen. Certainly a chance for improvement is in both; up, show to-day that ye are more than fishes.

At once they obey the hint of the Sirens, and start off for Samothace, home of the Cabiri, who were imperfect old Gods of the Orient, transferred from Phenicia, or Egypt, to Greece, and supposed by Creuzer to be the starting-point of Greek Mythology. Their character is hit off in a sentence: "They are continuously begetting themselves, yet do not know what they are." They show genesis, assume new shapes, yet never come to any knowledge of self. Surely not a very adorable set of Gods, still they are in advance of fishes. Thus the song of the Sirens, this inbreaking beautiful Greek world has decked the monsters of the sea with pearls and gold truly poetic, and has started them on a career of development.

2. Such things are taking place on and under the sea; now we are to move to the firm shore, where we shall still find the Little Man, unformed also, imperfect, yet seeking to be more than a manikin, as the Tritons and Nereids seek to be more than fishes. He will be brought by his water-

philosopher, Thales, to the profoundest sage of the Sea, Nereus, who dwells in deep grots along and under the ocean. Though the kinship is not mentioned by Goethe, Nereus is the father of those Nereids, whose tendency to quit the fishy stage has been noted with approval.

The hoary sage of the sea has the gift of foreknowledge, has had benevolence too, seeking "to do good to the Best Men" of various epochs. But his advice has been of no use, his prophecies have not been followed; the result is, he is soured with mankind, and has turned a bitter misanthrope, like many another prophet, especially in his own country. The human race he scorns as "shapes eager to attain Godhood, but damned to stay like themselves forever." Advice, no! he will give none; he advised Paris, Ulysses, and they did "just as if he had not advised them".

Thus the teacher repels the pupil, but just therein renders him the best service. Man is to be formed out of himself, out of his own inner germ, not by any advice, however good. Nereus foreknows, but man is to experience; it is experience which brings wisdom, not foreknowledge. He cannot pluck the fruit before it is ripe, or rather, before he is ripe to pluck it. We hear another note, now rather rough, of that doctrine which Goethe never tires of preaching: You must go your own way, taste of your own error, work out your own salvation. Says he, (cited by Duentzer): "That each should follow his own path is always best, for this has the happy result of leading him

from error back to himself again." Therein we feel afresh the soul of the author of "Wilhelm Meister." The process of experience, then, is necessary, is indeed the chief wisdom; which will not let itself be grasped at once in a handful; hence old Nereus, after his sulky complaints, can do nought but send Homunculus to Proteus, who is verily the process in himself. "Ask that man of marvels how you may become by transforming yourself." Yet the philosopher Thales thinks "we have gained nothing by this move;" he cannot catch Proteus or Transmutation: "seize him and at once he runs down to nothing," confusion only remains. The philosopher, too, is to find out somewhat, is to develop in this development.

In such fashion Nereus, the ancient sage of the sea, gives in his very refusal the best advice; nay, in the irony of sulkiness, he tells a second fact of supreme importance to Homunculus. This is the grand festival of the sea, at which his daughters, the Dorides, "the Graces of the Ocean" are to appear, of fairest form and harmonious movement, in a play "with water dragons and Neptune's horses." But chiefly Galathea, most beautiful of all, will come "borne in the chariot of Venus;" she is indeed the very goal and outcome of the striving of Homunculus, at whose feet he is to shatter his glass. Thus the wise Nereus, though fearfully sulky, cannot help being himself, he shows his wisdom in spite of himself, the unformed man he points to Proteus, the means, and to Galathea, the end of his discipline. Nereus reminds us of Chei-

ron, also a teacher, unappreciated and surly; he speaks too, in terse doggerel, a strong contrast to the previous singing measures of the Sirens, and of the Nereids and Tritons. Yet he delights to gaze upon beauty, which was quite lost on the pedagogical Centaur.

II. The second group we have called the Formable ones, as the stress seems to be laid upon that which can be transmuted; both threads have changeable shapes for their divinities, the Cabiri in the one, Proteus in the other; the followers of each likewise participate in the nature of each. As in the previous group we had the Unformed, the beginning of Form, now we see the Formable, or the process of Form.

1. The Sirens, the singing heralds, announce the approach of the Nereids and Tritons, no longer merely fishes, it seems, but "transfigured" in a certain degree, having with them the Cabiri, whose image they bear on a gigantic tortoise shell. There follows an alternate song between the Sirens and the sea-monsters, in honor of these oldest gods, the imperfect celebrating the imperfect. Still we may consider the Cabiri a phase of Greek form, though the crudest, earliest and most uncertain: "Strange Gods who are always begetting themselves and never know what they are."

This historic uncertainty is just the field for erudition to play in, for it has no solid fact to fence it around, but can revel in infinite conjecture, with full freedom. This field was seized by the learned professors of Goethe's time, they fought over the

"Gods of Samothrace," whom they largely created themselves, almost with the frenzy of a religious war, the two grand protagonists being Creuzer and Schelling. Nothing was settled, nothing could be settled about these old deities, for they were just the unsettled. Their number was unsettled; three or four, seven or eight, according to the disputant. Their meaning was unsettled; was it "hunger for the unattainable" (Schelling), or "a symbol of world-harmony," (Creuzer)? But, what is our chief concern now, their form was unsettled; the Cabiri were supposed to be at first earthen pots, and then to have developed into Pot-Gods; upon which evolution we may listen to just one passage from Creuzer, (Symbolik, II. 341, cited by Duentzer), a passage reading thus in fairly literal English: "Soon a pot or a Pot-God became a rude idol; then the bellied pot was softened down into a human belly, and out of the pot-god came forth a pygmaean belly-god." Such is Creuzer's view of the divine genesis of the Cabiri, altogether overtopping in unconcious satire Goethe's intended satirical attempt.

Indeed, were we asked to lay our finger upon the weakest spot in "Faust," it would be this passage about the "Gods of Samothrace," those divine earth-pots. Only one defense can be made for the poet; it is, that he, wishing to show the imperfect, became imperfect himself, and so harmonized his poetry with his theme. From this point of view, his success must be pronounced brilliant. We have often declared that Goethe must not be

judged by our critical standard, but by his own. Here it is his own criterion which condemns him; personal matters he has not "played into the universal," they still remain personal; the particular thing he has not "called to its universal consecration," but it here remains particular, totally unintelligible without a special historic investigation. We have to hunt up the details of a petty archæological controversy, long since passed into deserved oblivion, to understand this satire; it is thus a failure, while the geological dispute of the previous scene was "played into the universal," and was a success. The object of the satire is legitimate; it strikes at the undue weight which the narrow investigator is apt to attach to some incomplete form or fact, which has at most but a passing historic interest; thus the imperfect adores the imperfect, bringing in triumphal song its own crudities as Gods to be worshipped. But enough; let us accept the outcome; the sea-monsters have shown that they are more than fishes, by reverencing even the oldest Gods who have in them, too, some hint of development, "always begetting themselves."

2. Let us now pick up the thread of Homunculus, who comes upon the sea-monsters celebrating themselves as more famous than "the heroes of antiquity who won the Golden Fleece," since they had won the pot-gods, the Cabiri. But Homunculus dismisses the grand discovery with a sneer: "These formless Gods I regard as ill-shaped earth-pots, for learned men to break their

hard heads against." Yet listen! the voice of a ventriloquist is heard, speaking from far and near, the voice indeed of these very changes, it is Proteus. Thales, the philosopher, recognizes him, makes him assume form from a voice, the form of an animal, the giant tortoise, on which the Cabiri were imaged; then the philosopher, now master of appearances, compels him into the noble shape of a man, in the presence of the Little Man, who is as yet "but half born, with plenty of ideal qualities, but lacking too much in palpable reality." In this highest shape Proteus bids him go to the broad ocean, there begin small and gradually grow up to the perfect form. Such is the doctrine of development, now announced by Proteus, the formable deity, in person, a doctrine called by Loeper a "Darwinism before Darwin."

Thus Proteus joins the company and will remain to the end, the ever-present symbol of transmutation. He is a figure coming down from old Homer, one of the subtlest and deepest-reaching creations to be found in poetry; a person, a deity, yet a thought essentially, which penetrates far beyond the image; he is the idea of change, yet also the One under all change, the permanent; he is the fleeting appearance, but the essence too; the form which takes all forms, the Formable, here advising by word as well as by example, just this ascent from form to form, in the realm of fluid formation, the ocean, a realm which has its counter-part in the human soul.

Homunculus feels at once the fresh breath of a

new existence; he has now seen, in fact has moved with an advancing line of Greek forms, from the pot-gods, the Cabiri, to the noble shape, Proteus. But he must not remain here, "upon this narrow foggy tongue of land," where the imperfect worships the imperfect; yonder far out on the sea sweeps a festal train; up, behold, with "a triple marvelous spirit stride" we have landed at Rhodes, the isle of new forms, where a new experience begins.

III. We now come to the third group, which has a tendency out of the preceding group, the tendency of the Formable to become the Formed; change vanishes into fixity; yet this lasts but for a moment, or for an epoch, if you please; the rigid shapes are smitten by the blow of destiny and are melted at once into the fluid stream of Time; thus stability itself is but a part, or a phase of the eternal process.

1. The shapes now introduced are the Telchines, the first Formers, workers in metal, but above all, the first makers of the statues of the Gods. They belong to Rhodes, an island fixed in the sea, yet sprung from its depths; also a place most famous in the history of sculpture, home of the Rhodian School, loving Plastic Art, seemingly as no other locality in Greece loved it, so that Pliny in a passage known to Goethe, declares it has hundreds of statutes, "anyone of which would make another city famous." Particularly the Rhodians were formers and worshippers of Apollo, the Sungod, who blessed their island with

unfailing sunshine and a happy climate. Most famous of these images was the Rhodian Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world. Moreover, the Telchines have fashioned the trident of Neptune, with which to-day they are ruling the waves; they ride, too, upon sea-horses and sea-dragons, as mastering now the monsters of the deep, with their infinite changes; the Ocean seems to have a ruler in them, instead of Neptune. Their festal song moves in sunny triumphant verse; truly from the Cabiri, the pot-gods and their worshippers to Phoebus Apollo, "the young, the mighty, the mild, the beautiful" is a long stride in advance. Thus Rhodes, the fixed island in the sea, and the home of the fixed forms of statuary seems, both in Nature and in Art, to point to the triumph over the ever-fluctuating forms of the Ocean. Such is the gallery at this point, turned to veritable sculpture, or to the sculptors and artists fixing their shapes of Gods; they appear to have caught old Proteus and held him fast in marble or in bronze.

2. No, Proteus is not caught, for here he is again, speaking to Homunculus, and casting a deep glance into the nature of these fixed shapes of the Gods, which constituted ancient Art, and made a most important epoch in Hellenic civilisation. Behold, "they are dead works," compared to the living rays of the real Sungod, "who melts and forms, and forms and melts" in everlasting process. But behold again! "they are overthrown by an earthquake," the whole mighty Colossus of Art, "and melted up again;" they, too, the fixed shapes, are

in the process; if not a moment, then an age, a thousand years will make them fluid; physical, political, religious convulsions combine to throw them down and cast them into the fire, out of which some new shape will issue. Proteus then, is victor after all; those fair Greek forms, the most beautiful the sun ever shown upon, he has subjected to his inexorable law; in a jubilee of triumph he transforms himself to a dolphin, swiftest of all animals, and we hear the command: "Come, Homunculus, let us with all speed quit Rhodes, the fixed abode of the fixed; get on my back, I shall marry thee to the Ocean."

This new movement meets the approval of Thales, the philosopher, who states the law of it in quite abstract phrase: "Thou wilt rise by eternal norms, through thousands and thousands of shapes; and thou hast time to become a man." A touch of evolution again; manifestly old Thales was another "Darwinist before Darwin." Yet Proteus does not accept man as the fixed end of the process, ironically scoffing a little at the philosopher's speech; man, too, is in the process and dies: "witness thyself, oh Thales! now a ghost among ghosts these many hundred years." But we are on the back of the Dolphin, bound for the ocean to behold the nuptials.

IV. We have now reached our fourth group, distinctly marked by a new change of place, which, not fixed, but playing over the breast of the ocean, mother of forms, is the outer setting of a grand transformation scene, whose theme is just Trans-

formation. It is not merely an external play of shapes now, but also the inner moving principle is given; this is Eros, Love, the first of the Gods, according to Plato, (Symposium 178, 6), who came out of Chaos, hence the primitive form and maker of forms. Love is, then, really the ultimate shape, the little demiurge at work in Nature and in Man, transforming them both, breaking the hard limits of all that is fixed and throwing them into his flame for a new creation. We are now to see what our bottled Little Man, who still keeps his glass in spite of all previous changes and experiences, will do when Eros gets hold of him, whether he will keep his indurated crystalline limit, or lose it at last. For he is now to celebrate his marriage, as Proteus declares, with the Ocean, a pretty big spouse for a Little Man; Love must be present, for without Love there can be no marriage, which breaks the hard individuality, and elevates it into a new existence, that of the Family. Thus we shall witness the Transformed, both in the world and in man, sung in this bright-hued, ever-changing strain, an iridescent epithalamium of Ocean's waters. But Eros himself has many forms, yet reducible ultimately to two, the transitory and the eternal; of both a rainbow image will be cast on the sea.

1. The gallery of sculpture now changes, it moves, transmutes itself, one shape seems always passing into another, with shifting appearances of sky and wave, the whole making a grand metamorphosis of nature and of mythical forms. Little

groups follow one another rapidly, giving a sense of movement, and their short speeches reveal their character. First the Sirens, always the heralds of the new Greek world, announce the approach of the doves of Paphos, "forming a ring of clouds around the moon, fired with Love," which is the key-note of the whole scene, struck here at the beginning, and sounding all through it to the end. This is what makes "our festival complete." We hear also the two wise men, Nereus and Proteus, giving their opinion of that ring around the moon; it might be explained away as a mere natural occurrence, but both agree that there is something divine in it. Nereus has appeared again, we observe, not sulky now, but in an exalted mood, at the view of so many fair wonders. He seems the poet as the great appreciator of beauty, while Thales still remains the philosopher, also as the great appreciator of beauty in his way.

Secondly, the chariot of Galathea in charge of the Psylli and Marsi appears, the indestructible vehicle of beauty, "never shaken to pieces by Seismos," unaffected by physical, political or religious revolution, "by the Roman Eagle, or the Venetian Lion, by the Crescent or the Cross." Something more enduring than the statues of the Telchines, is this "chariot of mussel shell," containing the pearl of the Ocean; but why put these Psylli and Marsi to guard such a precious treasure —they, the old snake-charmers? No explanation yet given is satisfactory. Some historic mistake of Goethe's lies here, is our guess, like that

of making Anaxagorus the fire-philosopher.

Thirdly, we pass from the vehicle to the living company around the vehicle, rude Nereids, but chiefly tender, loving Dorides, daughters of Doris and Nereus, who are bringing "Galathea, the image of the mother;" immortal like the Gods, yet with the alluring grace of mortal women. Here, then, Love must enter and play his brief comedy in a little masque. The Dorides have found some shipwrecked sailor lads, sailing on this dubious sea filled with Love from Paphos, and now bring them to Papa Nereus, asking for them as husbands, with the gift of immortality. Such is the first hot glow of passion; but Nereus, cool-blooded old sage, says Zeus alone can furnish the immortality, not he, "the wave, restlessly shaking you does not allow steadiness to love;" inclination is transitory, "when it has toyed itself out, set the youths quietly on land." The submissive daughters, "though we desired eternal fidelity," obey the Gods and dismiss the lovers. The sailor lads are indeed loth to leave, as may well be imagined; "we have never had so good a time and we do not want it better." It is plain that their love too is of the terrestrial kind, and depends on having a good time; let them go, they do not deserve immortality, wherewith ends this little comedy of love.

Fourthly, out of all the preceding appearances, out of the cloud of love-inflamed doves, out of the chariot of Venus, out of the group of tender Dorides with their play of transitory love, rises Galathea, "the image of the mother," hinting remotely

the look of Madonna the divine mother, as in Raphael's painting, picture of eternal love. With deep affection she cries out to Nereus in her only utterance: "Oh father! the happiness!" Beauty has in her gotten its eternal element, or the shadow thereof; thus it has become truly beauty. Accordingly we hear two grand hymns, sung by two very different persons. Nereus is the Poet, the Father, Creator of these beautiful shapes, sunk into a vision of them now, and appreciating their sensuous effects. But Thales is the Philosopher, he does not mention Galathea or the fair shapes, he sees and speaks of "the Beautiful and the True," abstract ideas; he celebrates, not the form, but the principle of form, water, the Ocean, as the source of life and development. Nereus beholds always "Galathea's shelly throne gleaming like a star," the ideal is the center of his glance; he also sees love "shining through the crowd, bright and clear, ever true and near," which is the second kind of love. Such are the two ways of looking at beauty, the prosaic and the poetic; such also the two persons, the one a tangible historic character, the other an ideal mythical being.

2. We are now to behold Homunculus, whose transformation is the last and highest. He too is filled with love; the result is, "whatever I shine on is beautiful." To him the world is transfigured; but this is not all, he is transfigured also, his glass "is now first sending forth a noble music," giving out all its notes, "powerful, gentle, sweet, around the feet of Galathea." The Philoso-

pher Thales, having brought him thus far, now beholds and describes the final act; the bottle is shattered, the limit is broken, and the confined flame is poured out all over the Ocean, which is lit up in the new light, far eclipsing the moon. Thus the Walpurgis Night ends, its darkness is ablaze; the Sirens, our heralds, the beginning and end of this Hellenic song, chant rapturously the gorgeous spectacle of a world illuminated, touching again the key-note: "So let Eros now rule who began all."

Such is the marriage of Homunculus with the sea, with the world; he has burst out of his bottle, and is now a reality, he has become objective. On the other hand the world with all its elements is transformed, too, is illuminated in his light. Both have broken their hard limits against each other, and have flowed together in love; both now reveal their unity, which is beauty, the perfect harmony of Spirit and Nature. Love, thee motion, breaks the glass, not Philosophy, which indeed leads thereto; Love frees the man, drives him out of himself, out of his own prison, which is the worst prison. Thus Eros is the ruler; he impels the man, through feeling, to freedom; he impels Nature to bring forth her thousandfold shapes, especially he fills the sea with a colossal desire of procreation, that it rapidly takes all forms, begets every sort of life. Eros is the formative energy both in man and the world, the first of the Gods after Chaos, or pure formlessness.

A touch of mysticism we find in this treatment of Love, as we find it in other portions of the poem.

At the end of the First Part, Margaret's love here below transforms Faust, prepares him for a new terrestrial career; and at the end of the Second Part Margaret's love from on high transfigures him, elevates him in the celestial life. The rise of sexual into universal love may be a mystical process, but it is a mighty fact in the World's History; it has founded the Church, and given the life-pulse to the Christian Religion. Here the love of Galathea elevates Homunculus to manhood, the truly human outcome of the classic world—to make a complete man. In this description one cannot help thinking of Raphael's picture in the Farnesina Palace at Rome, that connecting point between the old and the new faiths; Goethe too mentions it as one of his studies; in it the heathen Goddess has the face of the Raphaelitic Madonna, a glance that links the ancient and modern worlds in love.

Homunculus is seized and portrayed throughout as a comic figure; indeed he is the visible image of all comic character, which has some weakness, whim, absurd end, that is, some limit which bottles it up. The solution is that this whim, foible, end be destroyed in some collision, that the limit be broken, and the character be restored to freedom. Homunculus is not tragic, as has been said; his limit is tragic, but he is preserved in losing it, which is just the process of comedy. Yet under this sportive humor is the most serious purpose of life, shown in a free, joyous earnestness which is the culmination of Art.

In Natural Science, Goethe was always studying Forms; everywhere he looked for them and sought their law; he, perhaps more than any other man, unfolded the Science of Forms, and gave it a name, Morphology. Between his science and his poetry there is a bond of the closest brotherhood, Nature and Art are for him sprung of one parent. In this scene his scientific creed and his poetic imagery are not only interwoven but intergrown; it, too, gives a history of Formation, the development from form to form, thrown into mythical images; hence it may be called a poetic Morphology, corresponding to his scientific Morphology, upon which he dwelt so much in Botany, Anatomy, and Natural History. Metamorphosis, too, was one of his mighty words in science; there he saw it as well as in poetry.

Already, doubtless, the reader has often queried, What is Goethe's relation to Darwin's Theory? The question has been much discussed; Darwin himself mentions Goethe as one of his precursors; Haeckel claims him as a Darwinist; even Loeper, as we have already seen, speaks of his "Darwinism before Darwin." Yes, so was Homer, in a sense, a Darwinist before Darwin; the old Greek Poet has created in Proteus the ever-living Mythus of Darwinism, though the scientific proof had to wait some thousands of years. Oscar Schmidt has, maugre the anachronism, stated the question in a treatise: "Was Goethe a Darwinist," and discussed it with uncertain result. More positive is Dr. Kalischer in his excellent work, "Goethe's

Verhaeltniss zur Naturwissenschaft," that the Poet was not so much a precursor as a follower of Darwin. The outcome of the discussion shows that Goethe held many views which were in consonance with Darwinism, and many which are the reverse. A Darwinistic thread is in him, and a non-Darwinistic thread; clearly he cannot be subsumed under Darwin, he is as distinctly an original independent investigator of Nature as Darwin is, in other words, he is himself. Darwinism as a rigid scientific dogma is too small a category for subsuming Goethe the Naturalist; his view, his law, his creed are to be gotten from himself and not from Darwin. Here the scientific gentlemen make the same mistake which the aesthetic gentlemen, philosophic gentlemen and other gentlemen make in regard to "Faust" generally; they bring a foreign criterion to measure an original work, whereas the criterion is first to be obtained from the work itself. The standard to measure Goethe's scientific spirit cannot, then, be obtained from Darwin; each of these great Naturalists is himself and must be truly learned from himself. Parallelisms may well be drawn between the two, but let there be no subsumption of one under the other, or of either under any pre-established dogma or criterion of any kind.

Still, we must not fall into the opposite mistake, and think that Goethe has no law or system in science and poetry, because our measure does not guage him. He has both law and system, but they are his own, and not another's; they must not

be brought to his works and applied on the outside, but must be sought in his works, which are their own law and system. Lawlessness is not found in Goethe, chaos is his last horror; we are to find his order and formulate it, yet not from without, but always from within. He has just been imaging to us Development, the self-unfolding of Nature and Spirit; his work is the very instance of his own principle, and, for this reason, is original, not being made after any pattern. It creates its own standard, being otherwise incommensurable; criticism has no ready-made canon by which to measure it; yet woe be to criticism, if it dares reject the work of the master, drawn from his own deep self-communings. Rather, criticism must re-construct itself, and write a new chapter in its own book, which takes up the new poem.

Such, too, is the poetic transformation of Greek Mythology, ancient yet modern, self-unfolded also, and taking its place still in the grand Hierarchy of Culture. These mythical shapes are hardly introduced for their individual sake, but for the sake of their total cycle; they hardly shine of their own light, but get their illumination from the whole system; the Mythus has unfolded its own origin and growth, still remaining Mythus in that unfolding. Thus we begin to catch the outlines of a universal Mythology, not disrobed in the abstract speech of philosophy, but still retaining its own mythical garb, truly a mythical development of the Mythus, not going outside of itself, but staying within itself in its highest attainment.

But what has become of Homunculus? He disappears henceforth from the poem in his own form, must disappear. He has broken his limit, which made him, broken it into love, and that too, into the love of beauty, whereof there is a grand discipline in the Greek world. This discipline of the love of beauty is told in the story of Helen, who now appears, not before but after her great experience with Trojan Paris. Homunculus, then, has been led up into the realm of Helen.

Accordingly, the question springs up, the chief question here: What is the difference between Galathea and Helen, both in some way representing beauty? A pivotal point, we must think, in the comprehension of this classical portion of "Faust," yet not easy to grasp; witness the trouble it has given to the honest commentator. It is clear that a bridge must be built in thought between the Second and Third Acts, as a visible poetic passage does not exist; but bridges are dangerous in such places; we have tried several and they have all broken down, and let us into the stream, to swim out as best we could. Only upon one winged thought have we been able to fly over, with some feeling of security, which we shall here present to the reader, ready-harnessed for flight, with the hope that it may perform like service for him: Galathea is beauty without the experience, Helen is beauty with the experience of evil, of the great estrangement. Galathea is divine, or, in modern conception, angelic; Helen is human, with Paradise lying back of her, yet with another Paradise lying

before her, which she is to attain out of alienation. Galathea is the pure eternal gleam of beauty, an ideal abstraction; Helen is the fall and the rise, has the negative process of humanity in her, but she shows it overcome, the last lesson of Art.

Thus the Second Act, our classical institute, has come to a close, with the grand appearance of fair Galathea, surrounded by oceanic waves of young Nymphs, fluttering, whispering, loving "the sailor boys." A couple of old gray-headed sages are present too, in a laudatory frame of mind; we may, for the nonce, look at the conclusion as the brilliant gathering on graduation day of our Greco-German school. Hard work was in its course, with many a recoil and rebound against the whole thing; surely the matter has not been easy. But now it is done, and we are glad; still, one may prophesy, that hereafter, when we look back at it, we shall have pleasant memories of it, as of old school-days.

ACT THIRD.

This Act was completed and published in 1827, several years before the completion and publication of the entire Second Part. The title was "Helena, a classic-romantic phantasmagory, interlude to Faust." A gathering of phantoms, of ghosts, moving through one another, in classic and romantic garb and scenery—such is the hint of that long word in the title. Then it was also an interlude, playing in between somewhere; certain commentators still think it a disconnected insertion. But the poet considered it organically united with the rest of his work. He says, (in a letter Zelter, 24 Jan. 1828, cited in Oettingen's "Faust") that this Third Act "joins on without being forced," and in the completed Second Part is "no longer phantasmagoric and interpolated, but follows in artistic and rational sequence." So in general, we must consider it, though certain connecting links must be brought out from their latent condition into daylight.

The old Faust book furnished to the poet the germ of his conception; it tells how Faust once conjured up the shade of fair Helen that some students might see her; those students, indeed, show the time's aspiration. Then a year before his death he gets the fair Helen for his mate, and of

their intercourse is born a son, Justus Faust, a miraculous child, who died young, manifestly the hint of Goethe's Euphorion. This union with Helen was, however, the prelude to Faust's destruction; she was to him not a wife, but a "succuba;" and the later puppet-play adds the feature that she is the special product of Mephisto, who calls her up for diverting Faust's thoughts from repentance. A she-devil, "Teufelinn" is the title sometimes applied to her in the old legend.

Such was indeed the way in which the narrow religious spirit of the Renascence viewed the inbreaking culture of heathen antiquity. It felt that this culture was antagonistic to the old medieval church, inspite of the fact that many high ecclesiastics were its promoters; even Protestantism, allied in its very birth with the new spirit of classical study, feels that this heathen pursuit may generate the devil. Well, it may, and did, inasmuch as it turned men back from the Christian to the beautiful Greek world, full of bright heroic shapes of Men and Gods. So the fair Helen, in the legend of the period, is bodied forth not as Faust's wife, but as his harlot, and an evil spirit to lure her lover to perdition.

Now Goethe will retain, but transform this entire legend, and thus will show himself the true mythologist again, who takes the Mythus and unfolds it into the image of his own age. Classic culture is not to corrupt, but to purify and rejuvenate mankind; Helen must be shown as the instrument of the salvation, and not of the destruction of

Faust. Here the poet comes in with that boundless, heaven-scaling optimism of his, which not only whips the devil in a fair fight, but makes him the very bearer of the good. As Goethe saves his Faust from hell, into which the latter is put by the old Faust-books and puppet-plays, so he will save Helen, save her from her state of concubinage, into which the monkish spirit of the legend has put her, and will make her Faust's wedded wife, just as the poet's elder brother, ancient Homer rescued this same Helen from her Trojan condition, and restored her to her Greek home and husband. Not a negative, but a positive outcome is the true solution, and earnest of man's hope; restoration is the divine last word of the poet, ancient or modern.

There is no doubt that Goethe portrays the effect of classic antiquity upon his own life and culture in the present poem. But in his case the individual rises to a universal significance; he is the world-man whose process is the process of his race, whose life is, to a degree, the life of the world. Classic antiquity, revivified and restored in spirit, brings the new birth, the Renascence, after a time of hollow formalism and spiritual death; not merely the one Renascence so-called, but all Renascences have, and will have just here their root. The life-giving, youth-restoring principle it is, whereof this Act shows the fairest and truest visage.

Goethe saw the importance of Helen in the Faust fable from the beginning, and worked to embody his conception till old age. It never came

to fullness in his earlier years, never could; not in the Titanic epoch of his youth, which ran quite counter to all that Helen meant, not in his classic period, when he was too much absorbed in Helen to see her. No, he must go to Italy, write his "Iphigenia," his Greco-Roman Elegies, and Epigrams, and be done with them; nay, he must go to the Orient in spirit, beyond Hellas, compose his Arabo-Persian "Divan;" still further, he must penetrate to China, and sing a song there, taking a glance at the Ocean beyond, into the very sources of the rising sun, ere he can have that sovereign look which takes in the world's movement, with the glance of Apollo. Then and not till then, can he give to Helen her place in an all-embracing culture, and bring to an end her poem. As Loeper says in a beautiful passage, he must go round Greece, and see it as a constituent element of universal life, "a link in the chain of Time," before he can have the free outlook to assign Helen her position. Hence Goethe could not finish his "Helena" in 1775–8, when he seems to have worked at it, could not finish it in 1800, when he was working at it again.

In this union of Faust and Helen, Goethe himself has left us not a few hints of his meaning. Says he in a letter to Wilhelm von Humboldt: "It is time that the passionate dispute between the Classicists and Romanticists should find reconciliation. The main requisite is that we develop ourselves; from what source our development comes, would be indifferent, were it not that we must fear

to develop ourselves in a wrong way by bad models." A reconciliation between the Classic and Romantic tendencies is what we have here, then; thus it has a direct reference to Goethe's own time, and to the literary struggle thereof; but this temporal element is raised by the poet into a higher sphere, where it reveals a feature belonging to all ages.

What is the meaning of these terms, Classic and Romantic? Their use is not very definite, but, in the main, the one points to the Hellenic world as the source of artistic form, the other to the Medieval world, as the source of artistic form. Two other words are used by Goethe himself to designate their meaning; the Romantic is subjective, the Classic is objective. In a conversation with Eckermann, Goethe declares the origin and purport of the terms, as follows: "The conception of Classic and Romantic poetry, which has now extended over the whole world, and causes so much dispute and division, originated with me and Schiller. I had the maxims of the objective procedure in poetry, and gave validity to this alone. But Schiller, whose method was wholly subjective, considered his way the right one, and, to defend himself against me, wrote his essay, "On naive and sentimental Poetry." He showed me that I was romantic even against my will, for example in my "Iphigenia," through the prevalence of emotion, and that I was not so classic as one might think." In a different mood Goethe once called the Romantic the sickly, and the Classic the healthy.

Again he says: "The new literature is romantic, not because it is new, but because it is weak, sickly and sick; the old is Classic, not because it is old, but because it is strong, fresh, joyous and healthy." These are, however, but splenetic outbursts of the old heathen Goethe, he was also a Christian and a Romanticist in his way; listen to him again in another mood: "Both are alike good, Classic and Romantic; the main thing is that these forms be used with judgment, and that one be able to excel in them. But people can be absurd in both, and then the one is worth just as little as the other." He even claims both forms for his "Faust" before this Third Act, "in which both forms of poetry, Classic and Romantic, find a sort of reconciliation." This is the true view, and shows us the complete Goethe, who was no partisan by nature, but who brought together the conflicting elements of the world, and harmonized them, being the grand mediator of strife through song.

The Schlegels caught up these terms from Schiller and Goethe, and founded upon them a party, the modern Romantic School; thence they seem to have passed into France and kindled a fresh controversy, which swept back and involved the old classic French poetry of the time of Louis the Fourteenth in a ghostly quarrel with that terrific romantic ghost-seer, Victor Hugo. This "Helena" is intended to give to each of these two forms its due place in a poetic treatment; Hegel has assigned to each its due place in a philosophic treatment. In his "Aesthetik" he has shown the

Classic and Romantic as distinct, yet valid art-forms, and thus reconciled them as two phases of one great philosophy of Art. In such manner the poet and philosopher, here and often elsewhere, have worked together, unconsciously in the main, and have brought about the same result by their very different methods.

A false and sickly Romanticism appears when affectation sets in; when, for instance, a medieval garment is drawn over a poetic creation from the outside, as it were, and the free product of the imagination is forced to leap into ready-made knightly armor, or to assume the monastic habit, without any inner call of its own. Equally untrue is the Classicism, which seems to have taken a strong hold of the present time; it tries to put on the fair Hellenic garb, without having the Hellenic soul, even to dress modern filth in the drapery of the Gods. No, without the Greek ethical spirit there can be no true Classicism, it becomes an affectation, and worse, it turns to a cesspool into which the unwary are trapped by a false show of antique forms danced before the eyes. Goethe in the end of this Act has hinted how "demons tug at the garment of Helen, and seek to drag it down to Hell." Reader, if thou wilt glance about thee, thou canst name the very demons engaged in this business; they lived in Goethe's time, and are living to-day, still at their nefarious work.

At the time of the first appearance of this act, diverse opinions were heard regarding its merits. Wilhelm von Humboldt is full of admiration:

"The whole and the details are wonderful, something peculiarly new, of which people have yet no idea, for which scarce a law or rule is known, yet it moves in the highest poetic life." Niebuhr, the historian, otherwise an admirer of "Faust," expresses his view in a contemptuous fling: "How could Goethe hack out such a work?" To readers of English, the essay of Thomas Carlyle, (Foreign Review 1828,) is well-known, a subtle and appreciative criticism, but defective in certain portions, as Carlyle had not before him the whole of the Second Part, which had not then been published. Emerson in his essay on Goethe in "Representative Men," makes a short allusion to this work, in a passage not very strong, evidently a faint echo of his friend Carlyle's essay. To this day the same diversity of opinion seems to exist in Germany. Goethe expresses to Knebel a good hint for its study (cited by Duentzer): "The main intention is plain, and the Whole is clear; also the details will become so, if they are not considered and explained by themselves, but in relation to the Whole." In this passage, we have indeed the true method of interpretation laid down by the author himself; it holds not merely for this Act, but for all of "Faust." The parts must get their illumination from the Whole, taking their place in the entire organism, in which they, being seen, become transparent. The central sun must light up the entire solar system, else the single planets will have to plunge on in the dark.

In Helen and Faust, then, the Classic and

Romantic are embodied and reconciled. But this statement by no means exhausts the significance of this Act. There is a political element in it; Faust is here a leader of peoples, ruler and commander. On this side the poem reaches aloft to a hint of the World's History, the irruption of the Barbarians, with the destruction of antiquity, and rise of the modern age. The two peoples of the World's civilisation, Greek and Teutonic, are here brought together. Thus the song rises into the realm of the race's development, and shows the two grand lines on which its culture has moved, and worked itself into unity. Faust, then, seems here more the active man, the hero of the deed, yet he still is artist, poet; he sings his ode to Helen, and helps her build the lofty rhyme. Nor should the domestic setting be neglected, Greek and Teutonic, represented in the man and the woman, who form the Family, the World-Family of Culture, to which the child is added:

> Love in human wise to bless us,
> In a noble pair must be,
> But divinely to possess us,
> It must form a precious Three.

A marvelous fabric, indeed, we must think it; the poet himself was conscious of the new poetic species, which he has here created, for he calls it by a new strange name, Phantasmagory, which hints of ghostly dream-pictures, of dissolving views, similar to the spectacular effects of the magic lantern. An evanishment of shadowy forms into one another and out of one another, a play of

outer phantasms yet of inner deepest truths, a drama in which unreal spectral shapes tease us and allure us to seize the greatest realities of Time, is here attempted, giving not merely a new poem after some old pattern, but a new art-form, that is, the pattern itself is new. For this reason it causes so much trouble to the literary critic, as he has no criterion by which to judge it; still he is almost certain to condemn it, for has not he in his capacious brain the criteria of all possible kinds of writing? Such new art-forms we have seen rising up at many other points in "Faust;" in fact, the whole poem is a collection of them, and is, therefore, an original work, one which has its standard in itself, and is not to be tested by some external rule or canon. Not some new verses, then, are here, but the whole reveals a new form, which broadens out the look of the reader who comes to it unbiassed by foregone literary dogmas, into vast new poetic horizons.

The Act in its entirety unfolds the new career of Helen, that part of her which belongs to the modern rather than to the ancient world. For we must possess her too; so this new poem of "Faust" joins on to old Homer, and brings his work down to the present; the last Literary Bible strikes hands with the first. A connection we find in these World-Books, that connection now is Helen, whose statuesque figure stands upon the arch of Time uniting the World's Literature. The heroine of the ancient poet is picked up where he left her, in her Spartan home, and is wedded to a new

husband, we may say, to a new age. A grand sweep down Time on the sun-chariot, with her as the central figure, and with the youngest son of the Muse as Charioteer; whither are we going? Three stages we may mark out in this journey:

I. The Transformation of Helen, in her outer and inner life, from an antique to a medieval or modern figure, from the Greek to the Teutonic world, from being the spouse of Menelaus to being that of Faust, from beauty with its Fall and Fate to an inner repentance and reconciliation, which overcome the Fall and Fate.

II. The Marriage of Helen with Faust, also in a scene of Transformation, casting fleet shadows of the domestic, artistic, political, world-historical union, embracing indeed quite the whole realm of activity and culture.

III. Euphorion—the new Fall and Fate, sweeping forwards and backwards, involving son and mother, new and old, but not Faust.

I.

The first person who is brought before us is Helen, not now an empty shadow, but a living shape, speaking in her own name, and telling her own history. The first sentence strikes the key-note: "I, much admired and much reviled Helena," hinting the eternal struggle in beauty. Very different she is from that former appearance of Helen, who vanished at the end of the First

Act; now the fall lies back of her, and the great Trojan experience. But she has returned home to Sparta with Menelaus; her wish is to "leave all behind me, what stormed around me hitherto full of doom." An inner shame and self-reproach we mark in her words, her fame in fable gives her no delight, and as she surveys the home of her youth, she recalls her past life with a tender pensiveness, which is the soul's prelude of a deeper struggle.

The question which we soon find uppermost in her mind is: "Do I return hither as wife and queen?" Is this a restoration to my old rank in Family and State? "or do I come as a sacrifice" for my husband's pain and the Greeks' misfortune? Well may she doubt the lot of the beautiful one, "upon whom the Gods fix an ambiguous fame and fate." Her strong presentiment is, that she will not be restored; she recalls her lord's "gloomy threatening presence" during the voyage from Troy, she marks the ominous preparations for sacrifice, for which she has been sent ahead from the sea-coast to her own palace, built by her father, Tyndareos at Sparta, home of her innocence.

At this point the legend of Goethe begins to depart from that of Homer, who, in the Fourth Book of the Odyssey, shows us Helen fully restored to husband, and to what we may call society. Most beautiful is this touch of the old bard, the very prophet of humanity, who will not let the fallen woman remain in alienation, but brings her back and reconciles her with family and

country. Does he not herein reach beyond us of to-day, into some future world? Mark this ethical content in the first and greatest Greek poet, for it is sometimes denied to him, yet without it Homer is not Homer. Goethe, however, for his own artistic purpose is not going to allow this restoration.

In Helen, then, we behold the throes of a two-fold struggle. First, there is the remorse for her past conduct, a strong inner conflict which will yet become stronger; secondly, there is the uncertainty in regard to her restoration. Both phases of this conflict, go back, however, to the same source, the great violation, committed in her flight to Troy, for which she cannot wholly blame "the Phrygian robber." What is the nature of this violation? What caused it? This, too, must appear in outward shape; it is embodied in the Trojan female captives, wraiths of that burnt Troy, who accompany Helen still in her return, and sing a Trojan song of the beautiful woman.

While she is inwardly rent with shame on the one hand, and with foreboding on the other, they are celebrating her beauty of face and form, rapt in an eye-worship of sensuous delight. Why a chorus of Trojan captives to sing the praises of Helen? Examples of ancient poets, Sophocles, Euripides, who employ captive women in some choruses, may be cited; but a truer ground is that these Trojans represent an element in Helen, once dominant, but now suppressed, captive. Note their chant, they are still Orientals, and have the

soul of Paris in them; they also show that side of Helen's character which led to the aberration to Troy. Sensuous beauty they celebrate, the source of her former triumph, yet the source of her present wretchedness, truly her double destiny. They seem satisfied with captivity, provided that they can indulge the eye-sight, and possibly other senses; but Helen is changed, repentant; she pays little attention to their praise of what she feels has been her curse; no vanity now in the depth of her shame.

Such is Helen, not a shape of mere physical beauty for the senses' fascination; she would not be Greek, if she were that alone, but rather Oriental or Trojan. No, we must not consider Helen as an incarnation of voluptuousness and passion, which it is just the function of the Homeric Greek to put down by a ten years' war. Helen must have, indeed, corporeal beauty; but in that fair face and form she must show the struggle and the mastery; in her body she must reveal supremacy over the body, not a Trojan indulgence or Oriental resignation to sensuous enjoyment.

Helen hesitates to enter her home, the Royal House, which is now before her; but with a strong resolution, she passes "the high steps, over which she sprang as a child." There by the hearth, that center of family life which she has violated, she finds a cowering monster, "not like a sleeper, but thinking," who, by a gesture, waves her off. Then she will ascend to the Thalamos, the bridal chamber; but the monster, springing up, stops the way.

Clearly, Helen cannot enter any part of the domestic sanctuary here; a form of horror, a child of night rises up before her, is installed in her place in her own old home, and bars her return. Who is it? Phorkyas is the name of the monster, now the stewardess of the household, put in authority by the husband, Menelaus, instead of the wife, who had left him. Such is now the spirit, the demon in that household, placed there by Menelaus, it is said, yet also called up by Helen, by her deed. In Phorkyas we shall not fail to see the image of Helen's ethical condition; she sees it herself, when she approaches her own domestic hearth.

We recollect that some time since, Mephisto was transformed into Phorkyas, the Greek picture of all ugliness, during the Classical Walpurgis Night. Behold that picture again, still on Greek soil, and placed alongside of the picture of all beauty. Do the two belong together, those extremes of the Hellenic world, twinned in human nature like good and evil? Wait, the poet is going to unfold just their story. Phorkyas, it seems, was picked up by Menelaus in Crete, mother of monsters, and brought hither a captive, then made stewardess in the absence of the true mistress, who had fled. Such have been the adventures of Mephisto since that wild night of his transformation; then he separated from Faust, and as far as we are informed, has not in the meantime met him, though knowing much about him in a strange problematical way.

Two elements have now unfolded into shape before us, the Trojan women and Phorkyas, the joy and the pang of sensuous life, representing both its beautiful and its ugly phase. Both are in Helen, and conflicting in her very soul; this conflict now breaks out into the bitterest speech between the two sides, the chorus and Phorkyas. Hear the latter's description of those Trojan women, in which we must recognize actual features:

> Young brood in war begotten and in battle bred!
> Lustful of man, alike seducing and seduced.

They are indeed beautiful, but without shame, true Trojan companions of Helen. To these compliments the chorus replies with the charge of ugliness against Phorkyas, which is the chief sin to its eyes. Each hurls at the other every image of terror taken from the old Greek Mythology; the reproaches of both seem true. But we catch in Helen a deeper trait, as she tries to stem the storm of words and assuage the fierce dispute, which is chiefly concerning her, the one side praising her outer beauty, the other bringing up her inner deformity. Yes, there is something in Helen above these two contending parties, she will yet control them both by her innate nobleness, and be truly Helen.

Look! these reproaches of Phorkyas are not without effect upon her now, she feels herself whirled away to Orcus by "those images of terror," indeed, she becomes them herself: "Was I all that? Am I such? Shall I be so in the future, a terrible dream-picture of those destroyers?" She

is beginning to behold her own ugly deeds in startling phantom faces, and Phorkyas continues to call them up in merciless vigor. Her entire career of love beginning with her tenth year, when Theseus carried her off to "Aphidna's tower in Attica," is unfolded to her stricken soul; the history goes beyond life into the realm of the shades, whence Achilles is brought and joined with her, the hero with the heroine of the Greek world. Helen, already tenderly contrite, droops at the mention of each of her actions, and at the last story of her union with Achilles, she swoons away into a shade herself.

I vanish hence and to myself become a shade.

Such is the culmination of her heart's sorrow, she loses consciousness, loses herself, and passes for a time into the Beyond, there to be washed of her past and its bitterness. There she no longer can hear those Trojan women, with their appeal to her vanity, with their adulation of her beauty; Phorkyas with her reproaches will also be silent in that new life.

This swoon of Helen marks a most important transition. It indicates contriteness so overwhelming that the individual vanishes in it for a time. It is that self-punishment for guilt, which smites the soul, yet leads the way to restoration. The past is darkened, nay, the future is darkened, by the furious Phorkyad of self-reproach, and Helen, in her transformation, becomes momentarily a dream, and passes through Hades. The Trojan chorus, speaking during the swoon, does not understand

the process at all, and blames the accusing Phorkyad, who is really, though not intentionally, the means of the regeneration of Helen.

We shall not comprehend this movement unless we see the Trojan women and the Phorkyad in a double sense; they are both in Helen and at the same time outside of her, they are two opposite forces in the individual and also in the world. Hence they show an internal conflict, but just as well an external conflict; the two do not exclude but supplement each other, and form the supreme artistic unity. It requires, however, the double vision, not the inward alone, nor the outward alone, but the two in one, the vision of all poetry and prophecy; what is seen in the man must be seen in the world. We have three characters here, yet they are also in unity; we behold the dual conflict in the Choretid and Phorkyad, yet both are one in Helen. Such is the miraculous cunning of the poet; he has portrayed the internal struggle in his heroine, and at the same time he projects the struggle outside of her into external shapes; yet both ways set forth the one ultimate fact. Indeed we see already here the beginning of the union of the Classic and Romantic, of the outer plastic shape, and of the inner feeling, the two time-children of the one eternal mother. Thus, to use Goethe's words, "the objective and the subjective" are subtly interwoven.

But mark! the Queen's soul has endured the conflict, has made the dark passage, and rises "out of fleeting clouds the high sun of this day." We

knew that she would, it lay in her from the start, indeed was heralded in that first contrite note of hers, the first line of the Act. And behold another change, probably not so much expected! Phorkyas is the first to salute her: "Well I know the Beautiful." The storm of reproach is transformed into the music of recognition, and that too, from the Ugly. What does it mean? Phorkyas too, has changed, listen to the new strain of the monster: "Now thou standest in thy grandeur, in thy beauty before us." And still further: "What is thy command?" Phorkyas, then, has become the servant of Helen, and offers at once to do her bidding. From the enemy, to the admirer, nay, the slave—truly, a sudden turn in the character, is it justified?

Helen has freed herself of her guilty life by her sorrow, has purged away her stain, and has risen from her swoon a new soul. This is what Phorkyas sees, and must yield to; the latter has now to obey, not to command. Phorkyas held sway only while guilt and inner reproach rent the spirit, and called up dire phantasms of past deeds; but reproach is swept away in repentance, the moral ugliness is gone, and the devil is now a faithful domestic. Shall we not say that Helen, in this transformation within, is already getting beyond the Greek world, and is prepared for being Faust's wife? But as long as guilt lurked in her unrepentant soul, Phorkyas had power over her, and used it to her dismay and sorrow. We now begin to catch the sweep of the poet's plan: Helen, no longer the "she-devil" of medieval legend, has to put down the devil; as

Faust subjected Mephisto, so Helen subjects Phorkyas; thus they grow into each other, become spiritually one, the prelude of their marriage.

The question doubtless arises with the careful reader: Why should Phorkyas, the devil, destroy the devil, and lose all authority? Rejoice, reader; that is just what the devil is always doing, as this poem, in its supreme mission, seeks to point out everywhere. Evil is self-destructive, such has been the character of Mephisto from the beginning, "willing the Bad, but working the Good;" his own malice comes around to himself. Remorse is a demon which eats away guilt; when guilt is consumed, remorse has nothing to feed upon, and the soul is free. Satan is always imaged in the double character of tempter and punisher, those who follow him he chastises specially, he is most severe to his best friends. He is forever destroying himself in punishing the evil, which is his own work. So Phorkyas here, in calling up remorse in Helen is assailing herself, nay, she is making herself an instrument of the Good; hence she becomes the servant of the restored Helen. Phorkyas is thus mastered; this psychological process is deeply true, and is the solid foundation of the human soul, its germ of eternal life. Helen rises from her swoon when sorrow had bitten to death her sin, and the wicked one drops down in admiration and service of the new beauty.

Thus we feel in this classic form a modern meaning, almost a Christian mediation. These stately Greek trimeters are not a mere frigid imita-

tion of Greek tragic poetry, as is often said; they have in that plastic form, marble-like and calm, an inner vital throb, a subjective intensity which will soon burst the antique shell, and pour forth with a romantic fullness and passion. None but a modern man could have written this strain, which like Helen herself, now is ill at ease in that classic world, and longs to burst into a new freedom of utterance. The self-cleansing process of the beauful woman who has wandered; we may call it Helen's Purgatory.

The career of Helen has now run parallel to that of Faust, she has become his female counterpart. Like him, she has met, and after a valiant struggle put down Mephisto, for this Phorkyas is none other than Mephisto in classic female form; now she too is going to make the devil her instrument of rescue, as Faust has done, notably in the case of Margaret. Helen, queen of the classic world has to subject the devil of the classic world, and thus she makes herself the spiritual peer of Faust in his realm. Her way is not his way, hers is the womanly way of penitential sorrow, she is moved by her feelings more than by her intellect. She becomes the image of the restoration from the fall, truly an ideal, worshipful image. From this point of view Helen may be considered a completer Margaret, who could not rise from her alienation and live. Yet from the final judgment-seat, Margaret is the higher, as we shall see.

Phorkyas, then, is to be made into an instrument of Helen's salvation. Already the demon, as

remorse, has been a means of freeing her from her past life of error, which is thus but a phase or step in the process of restoration. An internal rescue we may call this; but now the external rescue is to take place, through Porkyas still, who saves her from the hands of Menelaus, her husband, who intends to sacrifice her. That is, he gives no validity to his wife's transformation, he does not recognize that she is a new being, and that if he slay her now for guilt, he really murders her innocent.

The poet's design clearly is to indicate that Menelaus, the husband, is the one who cannot be restored to family. His conduct is first shown by having made the ugly Cretan monster the steward-ess of his Greek household, placing her over all, even Helen. He is the freebooter who neglects home and realm, and has lost his love for beauty. He is not the old Greek husband who sought so long and so hard to restore his spouse to domestic life, but the wild marauder who will slay her. A new kind of Greek man, Byzantine or modern, he shows to what old Greece has fallen when he is ready to kill Helen. Very different was that ancient Menelaus whom Telemachus beheld at Sparta, passing an harmonious existence with his restored wife.

Helen having overcome her alienation, and conquered herself, is a new Helen; she has no counterpart in Menelaus, especially in this degenerate Menelaus, who is about to slay her. Phorkyas knows Faust, for has he not once subjected

her in the form of Mephisto? To him Helen is brought. Still we must not forget that it is Helen's own development which conducts her to Faust. She is not seized from the outside by Faust, as she was in the previous case; the twain have unfolded into each other. The ethical and the aesthetic worlds here move together, or rather they are one.

The complete harmony of all these parts cannot be dwelt on too much; through these strange external incidents flows the purest stream of poetry, into which we have to fling ourselves with some effort at first. Note that Helen overcomes Phorkyas, who has to be in the form of a woman, in a woman's way, through the heart, and for a woman's purpose; she conquers the ugly and makes it the instrument of the beautiful. On the other hand Faust overcomes Mephisto, who has to be in the form of a man, in a man's way, through thought, whereby he conquers denial. Thus the two are mated as the spiritual man and woman, both in the sphere of art and of morals.

There seems to be a difference of opinion about Phorkyas in the present Act. Some think she has been sent by Faust from his seat behind Taygetus, directly to Sparta, in order to lure Helen away from Menelaus, by the devil's cunning. In that case her reproaches of Helen, and her sudden change from abuse to an offer of service are but artifices to entice Helen from her husband. But such a view destroys all the motives of the scene, which are so carefully prepared; moreover I can

find no passage of the poem which tells or hints of any such embassy from Faust. On the contrary, Phorkyas comes to Sparta out of the Walpurgis Night by way of Crete, through the act of Menelaus, as far as the poem informs us. Still Phorkyas is Mephisto and Mephisto is the instrument of Faust, as Phorkyas is the instrument of Helen. In a general way, he is the servant to Faust and Helen and brings them together; just in this they are one, namely, in the subjection of Mephisto, and can now be brought together.

II.

All the motives have been unfolded for the union of Faust and Helen, and the instruments for bringing it about have been prepared. Now we are to witness the consummation. Helen is to flee from the death threatened by her husband; we may call this her second flight, not backward this time to the Orient and to Paris, but forward to the Occident and to Faust. A great change in the movement of her destiny, already hinting in shadowy image the course of the World's History; truly now we must stretch our thought to the full reach of our souls. This second flight of Helen is the addition of the modern poet, and gives the Mythus of Helen's descent into the modern world through the ages. Upon the glowing coals of the tripod a magic drug is thrown which turns to clouds of incense rolling up into the gigantesque shadows of

fleeting centuries; but the reader must not get involved in those clouds, else he will see nothing. A little stand to one side the interpreter may make for him; here let him look forth.

Under the direction of Phorkyas, now Helen's faithful servant, the flight is made; the two elements of Helen, the Chorus and Phorkyas, go along with her. A new race has settled "behind Taygetus," whom the Greeks call Barbarians; the chieftain dwells in a steep-walled fortress from which "the very thought glides off." Here occurs a grand transformation scene; Antiquity vanishes into shifting clouds, out of which the Middle Ages gradually appear. We have Gothic architecture with its pointed arches "striving heavenward up;" the knightly coats of arms, which have their Greek counterpart; golden-haired youths as dancers, after whom the Trojan Chorus eagerly ask; even northern fog which rises out of the valley of the Eurotas, and wraps the castle in dim grey folds. Romantic scenery intrudes into the transparent Greek horizon; outlines are lost for the time, all begins to be uncertain. Helen herself is uncertain in many ways, uncertain now about her reception. The swans, that floated so gracefully on the clear Hellenic stream, have vanished into the mist, out of which is heard their ominous croak. Such is the outer appearance of this new world greeting the strangers.

Herewith the inner appearance, the inside court of the castle, suddenly dawns before them; without announcement they are there, though Phorkyas

has disappeared in her native element of Teutonic fog. The Chorus, previously in despair during the transition, now break into raptures over the "golden-haired boys," having found indeed their corresponding sensuous element in the Gothic world. Finally, Faust steps forth, in the act of punishing his warder for not announcing the approach of the strangers, which is a violation of knightly hospitality. Thus the transition is made to the new world.

Here, then, he is again, our hero, whom we have not seen in a long time, ever since he descended to Hades in the Classical Walpurgis Night. What has he been doing all this while, and how did he come hither? Questions not easy to be answered, nay, that must remain substantially without an answer. Had Goethe written out that scene showing Faust in Hades, which he seems to have once projected, there would have been an explicit answer. Now we can only put the two ends together and say: he descended into the Greek realm of shades in ardent pursuit of Helen, and rose in Greece, a German baron or king during the Middle Ages. Well, after all, is not this just what the subtle World-Spirit has done, arraying itself once in the antique, and then in the medieval time-garment? Faust, we may suppose, travels through the ancient forms in Hades, and comes down to the more modern Gothic; still his locality is Greece, which he has conquered externally; now its spirit, Helen, conquers him. True is this of the barbarians; they subjected physically the ancient world,

and were subjected in turn by its culture. Indeed, only the Barbarian can now get Helen, not the Greek or Trojan, she comes through his nation and his world.

Moreover she comes to him, he does not hunt her down and seize her; that method he once followed, and she exploded, knocking him senseless. All must be ready, the age, the nation, the individual; then Faust and Helen will come together, of their own accord. We have seen the probation of both, each has developed into the other, and form already a spiritual unity. So they now find each other, in the most, unexpected way externally, but internally by the strongest necessity. Never again is Helen to be stolen, not even by Zeus.

Thus we have made our passage out of the Hellenic world into the Teutonic. Mark that it is not merely the coming together of two arts, Classic and Romantic, though this is included; it is the transfusion and union of two worlds with all their spiritual contents, practical as well as theoretical. But now we are to witness the details of this universal match. First is the courtship in which Faust has a competitor at home, Lynceus; secondly. the marriage, in which Faust has a foreign competitor, Menelaus, whom he has to put down. These parts are closely interwoven, but we may follow them separately in an exposition.

1. Lynceus is the first one who has perceived Helen; here he is Gothic though his name be Hellenic. He is the man of sharpest outer vision, and hence is employed as warder of the castle.

But that keen eye seems to have neglected its duty; what is the matter? It beheld Helen, it forgot its cunning and was lost in the contemplation of beauty. That sharp outer vision has been transformed to an inner vision, is indeed blinded, and turns to the vision of a dream. Lynceus is changed thereby to the poet, and begins to sing, sings in rhyme in this classic land, and tells of just this transformation from the sight of sensible things to the sight of the ideal. Such is his first ode to Helen, who intercedes for him with Faust; the latter must grant the pardon, for he is affected in the same way as his warder, by her presence.

But Lynceus does not give up the grand prize even in the rivalry of his master's suit, but sings for her favor a second ode, in which he recounts the vast migration of the Teutonic race to the lands of classic civilization. His special object therein was to spy out treasures of every kind; now he brings them in a chest, and pours them out at her feet, they are hers; they are but "withered grass" unless accompanied with her "beauteous glance." Here is again that line of thought which we noticed in the Masquerade: the transfiguration of wealth into poetry. Lynceus with a chest of treasure recalls the Boy Charioteer with a chest of gold. First the barbarians sought wealth, plunder; but it was nought unless it was transmuted into beauty. Thus Lynceus sings the double transformation, first of his eye, and secondly, of the treasures it spied out; all is done through the view of Helen.

But Faust outbids his vassal, for the latter's

treasurers are his, and many more; "all is hers what the castle hides." Poor Lynceus has to depart with a final lingering praise of beauty. Faust and Helen are now alone; she has noticed the "kissing speech," the rhymes; she wishes to learn that language. It is needless to say that Faust gives her instruction and that she proves an apt pupil, ending by giving her "hand" in rhyme with Faust's word, and heart too. In this exquisite dialogue is the betrothal of Classic poetry to Romantic, not merely in the words, but in the spirit of love and internality, which belongs to modern art. While in the Chorus we get the sensuous echo of this courtship and engagement, we note that Faust has turned poet, and Helen has learned to rhyme without the prompting word.

2. But here comes Phorkyas rudely breaking into this idyllic scene, and ridiculing the jingle of rhymes; she announces that the second and more serious conflict is at hand, that with the husband, Menelaus. But with a few explosions from the towers, very much like gunpowder, and the march of a mighty host, this danger vanishes. Now we have two odes of Faust, parallel to the two of Lynceus. Both men sing the praise of Helen, yet Lynceus looks at her rather as the type of ideal beauty, which is to transfigure the whole material world. Faust regards her rather as the type of all culture, which it is the function of the State to protect. Hence his first stanza speaks of the duty of heroes: Whoever deserves the favor of women, must protect them. Lynceus gives to Helen all

wealth for her decoration, Faust hands over to her the political and intellectual worlds.

In his first ode he partitions Greece among the Teutonic tribes, which are to protect it—the guardianship of Greek culture. Yet they are to seek from Helen their "confirmation, right, and light" —which seems to include all, both the institutional and intellectual realms. In his second ode, he touches the spiritual possession of Greece, as in the first he dwelt on the physical possession. He portrays the Greek landscape and indicates how easily it rises into the Divine; Nature is transfigured to the God, and "all worlds mutually embrace." The great spiritual patrimony handed down from Greece is fortified by the modern world, the loving pair take happy poetic Arcadia as the central home, yet near to warlike Sparta.

Faust is here not merely the singer, but also the doer; his song is of the deed, and he is ruler; in his Arcadian idyl, he does not forget Spartan valor. These odes of his are war-songs, the Tyrtaean strain of the warrior and the poet; we may call them the war-songs of civilisation, as it marches out to protect Hellas, source of its culture. A hint, too, of the Greek Revolution lies in them, whose begining and end Goethe beheld. Greece was saved and restored territorially by the nations of Western Europe, as they had saved in preceding ages her spiritual patrimony; and the aged poet, whose life was so deeply imbued with the Hellenic spirit, breaks into a youthful enthusiasm in celebrating this last restoration of Helen to her native

land, which now, "having returned to thee, unfolds its highest bloom." A prophecy of the new Hellas, not yet fulfilled, but which may be, in some way; a return thither of Science, Art, and Poetry is heralded, and Helen is fervently besought:

"Though the whole world be thine,
O choose thy Fatherland."

Such is this union of Faust and Helen, suggesting things afar on every side, illuminating ages, past and present, for a moment, in a series of sudden sheets of sheen, then leaving the picture to the reader, who must hold it fast and look at it by his own inward light. The union of the Classic and Romantic, of the new and old civilisation, imaged in a moving many-hued time-picture; even the sexual hint must not be left out, for it is the union of man and woman, taken for the modern and ancient worlds, Thought and Art as characteristic of two grand epochs, and brought together into one family—the spiritual family of human culture.

Thus the figures move, never resting, transfusing themselves into new forms and scenery, dancing before us the dance of the ages. A new gift at reading is required by the scene; to our old sight these shapes are improbable, meaningless, absurd; our very vision must, to a degree, be transformed with these transformations. They are not marked individuals with rigid features, but they vanish into one another and into something else that hints the world-power which fuses all fixed forms, figures, individualities, into its own move-

ment; a mighty witchery of writ, demanding of the reader that he be something of a conjuror too. Happy man, if he can but appreciate the poet's compliment. Behold the outlines of shapes thrown on many-folded clouds of steam, shifting, whirling, rolling, giant-like, dwarf-like; but thou, O reader, must furnish the steam. Stir up the fires, then, till the spectral procession begins to march, marching through time with all its colored lights, torches and lanterns flung out upon the darkness.

These great changes are reflected not merely in the images, but in the meter also. As a work of versification this Act stands quite without a parallel; the two worlds, ancient and modern, Classic and Romantic, move into harmony to their respective metrical characters. We start with the measures of Greek Tragedy; Iambic Trimeter and Chorus meet us in old poetic garb, but speaking German as if it were their mother tongue. Then Faust talks in the modern blank-verse of Shakespearian Tragedy, which Helen soon learns. The rhyme jingles out of the mouth of Lynceus, singing love, wherein he is at once followed by Faust, from whom Helen herself learns the words that kiss. Intention we see in this application of metrical schemes, but there is also spontaneity; the two are not inconsistent, the conscious purpose is the form that is filled with an overflow of poetry from the depths unseen, as the mossy stone-wall holds the bubbling spring, and keeps it from sinking away in sand and weeds.

III.

We are now to see passing before us a series of dissolving views which show the career of Euphorion, the son of Faust and Helen. The scene at once "changes completely" from the medieval environment which we have just witnessed; a grove, closed bowers before rocky caverns, rugged mountain views give a wild setting of nature's own. The Classic Chorus lie around in sleep, as if transferred to another world, but Phorkyas, still in antique costume, is up and busy in this modern realm, and now wakes the slumbering Chorus, whose words are rather sleepily drawn out into long trochaic tetrameters.

Phorkyas recounts the fable of the genesis of Euphorion, or modern poetry, if you please, in a true romantic legend with romantic surroundings. Phorkyas is still the servant of Faust and Helen, and is present in their bower of bliss at the moment of sweetest intimacy, but turned the head aside and "looked at something else." Not to be behind the devil in modesty, we shall do the same, but listen! Laughter suddenly echoes through the hollow caverns, "a boy is springing from father to mother," and Euphorion is before us, "a genius without wings, a fawn without beasthood." Strange compound, with a truly celestial and a very terrestrial element in him; the extremes of earth and heaven he will show, shows already; having wings, he cannot fly, but will leap, touching the ground then rebounding, then dropping back again, yet climbing and skipping over the highest rocks. Suddenly he

disappears, but soon comes forth in a new garment, "with flowery stripes," a golden lyre he holds in his hand, "the everlasting melodies move through his limbs." Says Goethe to Eckermann: "Euphorion, is no human, but an allegoric being. In him Poesy is personified, which is bound to no time, place, or person." He also says that the Boy Charioteer is Euphorion, that wonderful Boy of the Masquerade who called himself the spendthrift Poesy. Thus Goethe has, to a degree, interpreted himself.

Such is the romantic fable, spun by Phorkyas, of modern poetry, to which a counterpart is given by the Chorus, telling the classic fable of ancient poetry, in the story of the birth and deeds of Hermes, who, as a baby, draws himself forth from swaddling clothes, in spite of his nurses, and flies up into the sunny etherial region of freedom and poetry. Then, too, he steals all the attributes of the Gods, and decks himself with them; especially Eros and Venus he plunders, the deities of Love. Euphorion and Hermes, both of them infants, accomplished these wonders, being remarkable babies, not merely to the maternal eye, but to the whole world.

This antique fable being at an end, we hear music, the pure melodious vibration of strings, from the cavern, which sweet sounds "move the company inwardly," and attune it to their strain. Even Phorkyas must break into rhyme and song, she dismisses the classic world with its "old mess of Gods" and demands "a higher meed" for poetry, the realm

of the heart and emotions. The Chorus too, follow, dropping their old choral strain, and singing in the new measure; they confess themselves "softened to tears," inasmuch as now "day breaks in the soul." Thus has the Classic vanished into the Romantic, not simply in the case of Helen, but in the case of her attendants; her entire outer environment transforms itself; from a world of plastic shapes we pass into the realm of internal feelings; the bright, sunny, form-revealing clime of Hellas changes to an enveloping atmosphere of music, the modern Art. All of these transformations are subtly hinted in the scenery, meter and words; eye, ear, imagination and thought are kept busy; all the Arts are brought together into a common Art, which seems strange and fantastic, but is true.

Upon this many-hued shifting scene, Euphorion comes leaping and singing, in short restless snatches of romantic melody. Father and mother are present also; Love, human and divine, "forms the precious three" of the Family, which may be called the World-Family of Culture, uniting the ancient and modern spirit, with the new-born child of both. But this child at once disturbs the domestic quiet, it skips, hops, soars; "I will no longer stagnate on the ground, let me go." The mother tries to quiet him with her classic repose, the father with his calm thought, both with their affection. For a moment he obeys, and dances on the earth with members of the Chorus, yet not in moderation. See, he is playing the hunter, pursu-

ing "the lightfooted roe;" he has caught a maiden, dragging her "to forced enjoyment." As previously he chafed against the limits of Nature, so now he defies moral limits, and the laws of social order; no wonder that maiden turns to flame and scorches him. Still upward toward the boundless realm:

"Ever higher must I climb, ever further must I see."

Suddenly he finds himself "in the midst of Pelops' land;" what is he going to do there? The Chorus bid him "dwell peacefully by grove and hill," gathering grapes and figs and golden apples; in vain is this exhortation to a quiet idyllic life amid the classic memories of the past. "War is the countersign—Victory"—thus he takes a new turn incited by the great examples of old Greece. Not its Art, not its Poetry inspires him, but its Deed; he will not be a poet, but a warrior and deliverer: "the way to fame hath opened." But hear the other command following his action: Death. If he mingles with the deed, he becomes tragic; the poet must stay above the deed, look upon it, portray it. Euphorion is conscious of his outcome; he, the breaker of limits, will break the final limit of life, and pass beyond.

Such is to be the end of Euphorion, the wonderful Boy, for he is a boy to the last. He flings himself into the air, as if to storm heaven directly; no, not that way can it be done. A beautiful youth falls at the feet of his parents; "we think we see in the body a well-known form, but the corporeal part vanishes at once," is transfigured to something beyond the individual, "the Aureole flies like a

comet to heaven." Yet earth still has a keepsake of him, "garment, cloak and lyre remain on the ground." The tragedy of the youth who collides with all limits, physical, ethical, natural; who seeks to make others free without controlling himself; the tragedy of the boy for whom the Universe is too small. He cannot storm heaven in that way; still heaven can be attained with all its harmonies. In what way? Listen, for the poet himself is going to tell, he who has done it; Goethe, through the Chorus, now chants a dirge over the fateful career of the youth.

This youth so fair, so fascinating, showed no self-command, but "ran into the net of impulse;" he saw not the reason of the world, but "broke with custom and law," with the whole realm of established order, hence "it was not given thee" to do the splendid deed. "To whom is it given?" asks the poet pathetically. He does not answer, but we may answer. It was given to thee. Thou, too didst have thy time of world-pain, of moral disorder; thou didst fight like a Titan against the transmitted ethical and social world, breaking "with custom and with law," but thou hast passed through the fire without being burnt up, thou hast conquered thy negations, and this Faust book of thine is the witness and the record. Though Euphorion perish sadly, still there is hope, hope indeed for this very reason. Up, then! new songs will freshen us, even thine own; "for the Earth will still produce them, as it has always done." Thus the dirge ends not in sorrow, but in new aspiration.

This career of Euphorion indicates much, as we see; a spiritual history of genius is outlined, its grand conflict with its two possible outcomes—death, or reconciliation, the tragic and the happy solutions. Byron is manifestly intended as the type of the one outcome; many facts of his life, together with his death, in fighting for Greek freedom, are here hinted. Byron made a mighty impression upon Goethe, as we see in many places of the conversations with Eckermann. "The greatest talent of the century," he calls the British poet. "I could take none other as the representative of recent times but him." Moreover, Byron was not able to "impose upon himself moral restraints;" he had "a dissatisfied temperament" and "the world was too small for him;" first "he was driven from England, then would have been driven out of Europe." Thus Goethe sees and declares the tragedy of Byron, through conflict with the established order of society.

But this sudden introduction of a dirge upon a man who died in the year of our Lord 1824, a dirge chanted by those ancient Trojan women of the Chorus—what shall we say to it? Improbable to the last degree; yes, but probability is the very shortest measuring rod for poetry. Goethe himself says that he falls out of the role here, and queries: "I wonder what the German critics will say to it." Then he makes the remark: "The Understanding will be in the way of the French critics." Furthermore, here a word of his about this same Understanding, in the work of criticism: "If the Imag-

ination did not produce things, which remain an eternal problem to the Understanding, Imagination would not be worth much. Their distinction is just the distinction between prose and poetry." Out of reach of the rules of the Understanding is this whole phantasmogoric spectacle, which has its own law and its own world.

Still we must think that the essential poetical problem is solved; that particular man, Byron, is raised "to his universal consecration," and becomes a type, an image of an epoch; "the well-known bodily form vanishes." It is said by Loeper that just this part of the Act produces a great impression when given upon the stage; but in the inner theatre of the mind upon which the present piece especially must play, there is no halt or jar, when we have once caught the guiding thread. Like Shakespeare's "Tempest," it demands a new stage, and prophesies the same by its very form, which through all its demands, still remains dramatic.

But enough of Byron, who appeared greater to Goethe's age than he will ever appear again. Helen now separates from Faust and follows her son to Proserpine's realm: "Fortune and Beauty cannot be permanently united." No, they cannot; there is something beyond Beauty, beyond Art, these are clearly but stages of a mightier process. She falls back into her ancient meter; then passes to ancient Hades, leaving her garment and veil behind, though demons try to carry them down too. But Phorkyas, like a valiant servant, but a devil overcoming devils, helps Faust keep these "divine robes."

She being a knowing one from the begining, knows, too, their value: "They will bear thee above everything mean and low," and at once they enwrap him, and, raising him into the air, carry him away. Faust sailing off in the clouds of Helen's drapery to some other sphere—that is the last we see of him in this Act; the grand pursuit of Helen has come to an end, and a transition to another realm has taken place.

But Euphorion's garments and lyre, which are also left behind, meet with a different fate from what we saw in Helen's case. Phorkyas can handle and even use them; "here remains enough for initiating poets;" the devil will distribute Byron's poetic dress among thousands of imitators, giving to all, we suppose, a little rag thereof: "Though I cannot confer talent, I can lend at least the garment." So she sits down near a pillar waiting for a call from the poets, we may conjecture. Such is the use of the two sorts of garments, Helen's and Euphorion's.

There remains still the Chorus of Trojan captive women; what is to become of them? The disposal of them gives the poet a chance to state a view of his concerning immortality. Panthalis says: "Whoever has won no name for himself and wills nothing high and noble, belongs to the elements." Immortal life, then, is the prize of this life, and of its strong characters. Panthalis wishes to "follow the Queen," and so in person descends to Hades; but the rest of the Chorus, having no such desire for the Queen or for future

existence, are transformed into Nature, and lose their individuality, out of which they move to the music of long trochaic tetrameters. One part of them become wood-nymphs (Dryads), another part become mountain-nymphs (Oreads), a third part water-nymphs (Naids), and a fourth part nymphs of the vineyard. We have noticed that this Chorus loved sensuous beauty, were sunk in its worship, characteristic of the Trojan more than of the Greek world. The spiritual side of beauty was lacking in them; when the senses vanish, they vanish, flow back into that physical world whence they came; they have nothing to preserve.

Moreover, we see the outcome of the ancient world, when it has lost its spirit. The worship of Nature degenerates into a Bacchic license, an outcome which we can see still in the Art of Rome, as it has come down to our time. Fauns, Satyrs, Silenus, drunken orgies are the festivals of the Gods, and the subjects for sculpture: "Cloven-feet of animals tread down all morality." Truly Helen has vanished from the antique world, its soul has fled, and it dies in a debauch. Goethe, doubtless felt this at Rome, as every observer will feel it still to-day in the Roman galleries.

No wonder now that Phorkyas "rises to a giant height" in this old decaying civilisation; it has become just the destructive, diabolic world, fit to be destroyed. No wonder that "she removes her mask and reveals herself as Mephisto," for out of that old struggle with the rising Christian idea, he was really born, and entered upon his Teutonic

heritage. Furthermore he is going to comment upon the piece before us by way of epilogue. Good, Mephisto as commentator on "Faust"—we would gladly hear him, and shake hands with him, in professional courtesy at least. But the rest is wanting, and we loes the Devil's valuable interpretation, though his mantle has fallen on others.

Still this epilogue has been in part discovered recently, in the form of a rude sketch upon a random piece of paper, doubtless caught up from Goethe's study by some curiosity seeker and preserved as a precious relic. It is now to be seen in the Goethe room of the Berlin Panoptikum. It first appeared in print in 1878 (in Paul Lindau's "Gegenwart"), and is to be found in Loeper's "Faust," and in other recent annotated editions. It gives a peep into Goethe's workshop, showing how he planned and sketched before hand, ere he sought to dress his conceptions in verse. Mephisto takes both sides in his comment: first he ridicules Euphorion, recounting the improbabilities of that infant, as has often been done; wherein we hear the poet laughing at his own critics. Then Mephisto makes a satirical dash at the commentators, who may find "mystifications, something Indian or Egyptian" in the book. And he declares himself "a true pupil of the recent Symbolism," apparently another hit at Creuzer. Thus Mephisto as commentator gives a slap at all commentators, quite as they do to one-another, poor devils now cut up by the devil himself.

Suggestions dart out from this Act in every

direction; it were as vain to attempt to gather them, as it would be to bind sunbeams into a sheaf; we can only see by them, and let them shine on. Still reflection may not be fruitless in concentrating a little additional light upon important points. It has been asked, why should Faust marry Helen? Why have him, the philosopher, marry at all, since philosophers' wives, from Xantippe down, appear to be a rather superflous appendage? Has he not obtained the spiritual insight which he sought, at the "Mothers?" No, he must have Helen, to be complete; she is truly his counterpart, making him a whole man. He may know "the negation of the negative," and, philosopher that he is, he may, "in Nothing find All;" such knowledge is but an abstraction, and he remains a Homunculus still. He must acquire reality; what is abstract in himself, he must make concrete. The other half of himself he has to get in order to be an entire individual; that other half is Helen.

Faust, however, cannot omit the discipline of philosophy; he has to struggle up to the well-head of Truth and there cleanse himself in its pellucid waters. He belongs to the new priesthood who have to reach the pure Idea, in order to free themselves of their finite, inadequate thought, and this is the true fruit of philosophy. But he must not stay at the eternal sources, at the "Mothers;" it is no good priest who does nothing but wash himself in heaven-reflecting fountains. He must return below, and be of the world, and speak to it; he must transmute it into the image of Truth; "in the

colored reflection we have life," not in pure sunlight. The rainbow once before was Faust's symbol, but Helen is the rainbow of rainbows.

Let us devote to Euphorion a glance, or rather several glances, since he is like a kaleidoscope, you shake him, and straightway you behold a new combination of hues. First, we must see him as a true son of his father, whose boundless aspiration he has, an aspiration to which all reality seemed an oppressive, unrighteous limit. Faust's boy, or Faust as boy he is; both father and son collide, in the course of their careers, with the existent world, with the established order. But Euphorion we must also see as the son of his mother, of Helen, hence the poet, with the gift of form, of beautiful expression; he is not the Thinker or Philosopher, as Faust was at the start. Hence the song of Euphorion always leaps, and strives and struggles, showing in its metrical build aspiration unsatisfied and unsatisfiable; his short measures are an incessant attempt to fly, even to fly out of his measures, for they too put a restraint upon him, with which he wrestles. How different from the stately self-satisfied classic meters which have just preceded! Now the versification even is trying to leap out of its skin.

Still Euphorion is different from Faust; he is not higher, though the son, and he cannot be his father's successor. Faust is the universal man, and unfolds out of himself; he is continuous, must be so, to the end of this poem at least; rather he is the son of himself, and Euphorion expresses one of

his transitory phases. But as individual and as poet Euphorion is tragic; as poet he writes in a state of outlawry against society and institutions; as individual, he lives in violation of the moral world, and is ground to death by it. He acts from impulse, or from a heaven-defying insolence, and is struck by the thunderbolt of the Gods; but Faust acts from deep study, from sincere conviction, and as a man of conviction, though astray, he is not tragic, in this poem at any rate. Thus the father remains, and the son perishes.

But why should Helen return to Hades? She too, is transitory in the development of Faust; he must leave this pursuit of her, though she be a great and necessary phase in the unfolding of the man and of the race. She goes back to Hades with her wild son, but Faust must move forward to a new realm. A Renascence blooms and decays in the individual and in the age; Art, Culture, Civilisation she brings; but is there anything beyond, some still higher realm that is craved by the unsatisfied soul? Yes; though the individual become in himself the image of all that is beautiful, cultured and refined, this is not enough; having transformed himself, he must go forth and transform the world; man, his brother, must participate in his gifts; society, institutions, even the dull earth he treads on, the very soil, he must make over in the spirit of Helen. Having taken her into himself, he must now put her out of himself; he can only possess her by giving her away.

But therewith Faust has made a grand, new transition, for which a new Act must now be written. The Greek world, too, has vanished, and Greek Helen passes back to Hades. Two results are connected with her departure: antiquity is lost, and Faust is saved; the one sinks away into a sensuous debauch, being deprived of the presence of Helen; the other mounts to a new and higher realm, in which Helen is but a constituent. Goethe had his Euphorion period (Werther), had his Helen period (Iphigenia); now he passes into his truly universal period, and is going to image it before our eyes, still employing the mythical form, and still finding his material in the Faust legend.

And thus the "classic-romantic phantasmagory" is now left to the reader, to whom a word of friendly suggestion, may, with honest purpose, be spoken. In this exposition, intended wholly for thee, take only what is thine; but what remains mine, in spite of my giving, leave behind. Everybody at once detects thee with other people's property, particularly if it be intellectual property. But if thou canst make it thine own, by act of full spiritual seizure, then it is thine; some person may have known or said the word before thee, still it is thine as much as his. Truly priority in spiritual matters is a most miserable claim, indeed it has no existence in any just sense. Take thine own always, but what is mine, and not thine, leave to me, as useless luggage, with which I would not encumber thee. Turn back now, and behold the grand spec-

tacle from thine own vantage-ground, always the best for thee; work it over anew, for I have only helped thee to help thyself.

CHAPTER THIRD—FOURTH ACT.

With the Fourth Act begins one of those decisive turning-points which always mark the epochs of the poem, and which reveal the essential joints in its structure. The entire story of Helen and the Greek world is at an end, and we now return to the German Emperor, whom we left in the First Act; the State is again the institutional environment, which Faust quitted for his Hellenic ideal; thus the State is the before and the after in his grand career, over-arching, indeed, his long Greek discipline.

It may be said that Faust now enters upon his practical life; hitherto he has been essentially theoretical, Truth and Beauty have been his aims, the great objects of aspiration; though he appeared as a German baron and commander in Greece, his activity was not political, but sought to attain Helen. But from this point forwards, the deed in its widest universality lies before him; that colossal aspiration, still unsatisfied with knowledge and with beauty, is turning itself into a new channel. Faust now works first to secure, then to transform institutions, especially the State, he works also to bring both material and spiritual blessings to the people. Quite the complete circle of human activity is this, embracing the highest and the lowest

in one grand sweep of endeavor. In bitter toil, he pursued Truth to the very door of Death; then he struggled long and hard for Art; but neither the one or the other has brought him to the haven of peace, cannot bring him thither.

What is the ground of this great transition? The whole purpose and end of the pursuit of Helen may be summed up as the Culture of the Individual. It is the eternal merit of the Greek world that it lays such stress upon the development of individuality; for this reason it is and must continue to be the chief educator of the race. But when its grand discipline is attained, is that all? Nay, something beckons from beyond it, nobler, higher than even it is. Culture, we all know, can be as selfish as sensuality, indeed is apt to sink into a refined sensuality unless redeemed by something more exalted than itself. The person who sits day after day and year after year, reading the best works, enjoying the highest art, cannot satisfy us, cannot satisfy himself, because he is a sensualist though in the city of the intellect. He must, indeed, strive to reach this appreciation of the excellent, but he is not to stop there; he must then strive to do it. Culture needs a more universal end than itself to save itself from damnation, just as man in that ancient world of aesthetic refinement had to have a savior or perish utterly. Art, Poetry, Literature, as we may see on every side of us, have a demon in them, who is none other than this very Mephisto, the devil of Culture, who may debase them into the vilest ministers of the flesh.

We see, then, that in the last view, Helen is but means, and as end she perishes; the Greek discipline is but a glorious school, the world's pedagogical institute; still the world cannot stay school-boy forever. Poetry herself, high and holy, is finally to become handmaid and not mistress of the complete household; her supreme function is to show her true ministry, which is her sacrifice of herself to what is higher than herself. In this poem she does it, and the poet reaches the culmination of his Art, its divine stage and veritable apotheosis, in showing it in its own self-immolation.

The Culture of the Individual, accordingly, is now to turn from inward to outward, to take the world as the scene of its activity and to transform the world into its own image. Faust hitherto has sought and appropriated Helen, we may say; but in this individual sense, she has now vanished outwardly, with her very attainment. Still, as he has made Helen his own, so now he must make her the world's own in the broadest significance; he cannot merely keep and enjoy his culture for himself, he must impart it to all, else he has it not. Time has given him its greatest riches, its highest discipline; now he must give them back to Time, in order to eternally possess them. "The Deed is all, Fame is nothing," he cries; now he "creating can enjoy the life of the Gods." Truly he becomes the image of deity, who makes man in his own image.

Such is the grand transition of this Act: the

cultured Individual is to make his culture universal in his deed. He can keep it only by giving it away; yet, on the other hand, we must not forget that he can give it away only by first getting it. Hence the necessity of that long previous chapter which unfolds the Hellenic training of Faust into an harmonious self-contained man, in all Greek symmetry of soul, we may well think; this he must possess ere he can impart it, he must be before he can do. As Oettingen finely says: "The True and the Beautiful must now be employed in the service of the Good."

The two mighty counterparts of man's spiritual wholeness, his true destiny in this life, are here set forth: first, the duty to unfold himself into the complete individual, realizing the soul's possibilities, giving to every faculty its full right to be—which we may fairly call the Greek discipline; secondly, the duty to transfer all this completeness to the world, to sacrifice this glorious individuality, so beautiful, so perfect, that is, to make it universal by activity, and thus save it even from death—which we may fairly call the Christian discipline. Self-appropriation and self-alienation are the two complementary duties, making one great world-duty at bottom, the sum of all mortal attainment and fulfilment.

Goethe's own life divides pretty distinctly upon these two lines of destiny. He unquestionably made this same great transition in his own experience, and his writings show the contrast of the two principles in many ways. In "Pandora" we see the

active Prometheus, and the reflective, even aesthetic Epimetheus, held alongside of each other. In the second part of "Meister" the deed is celebrated in education, in the building of the complete character. This is, in fact, one of the chief differences between the two parts of "Meister;" the "Apprenticeship" turns inwardly more, having its center of culture in self, while the book of the "Travels" turns outwardly more, looking to action.

But not merely the history of the Individual moves on these lines, so moves the world's history. That Greek culture, in its one-sided energy of making body, mind, life of the one man beautiful, found therein its limit, its death, the death of Helen and of all antiquity, such as we have witnessed in the preceding Act. The civilized world must make its evangel universal, imparting it to the uncivilized; hence it must send forth the missionaries, and not keep its good things to itself. "Go ye into all the world and preach the glad tidings," is the death-song of the old and the birth-song of the new era, and it is to be applied, not merely to a certain set of religious doctrines, but just as much to all the secular blessings of civilization. Thus, the individual Faust, in his career, is raised to his "universal consecration," revealing the features of the World-Man.

This grand transition casts a light, not only backwards through the history of the past, but forwards through the history of the future. We can now see that it was prophetic, the poet has in him his own people, and their development; he felt

beforehand and foreshadowed the impending new birth of the German nation. Brooding Fausts, philosophic, aesthetic, scientific, were the poet's countrymen in his time; but they have turned to the deed, and this poem of "Faust" is seen to be a mighty Teutonic war-song, which up to date has been sung in Sadowa, Sedan and Paris. The fantastic dreamer, the pure thinker has shown practicality, in war at least, and, it seems, has been decidedly able to pass from the idea to the reality, truly the German's way, as revealed in his Art and Philosophy.

But the poet's picture goes beyond the German nation, and embraces in some traits the whole Teutonic family. The second and greater phase of Faust's career is the industrial, the military being but a transient manifestation of power; his true conquest is that of the earth and sea, "of the untamed elements," with vast beneficial schemes of settlement and even colonisation. Here the Anglo-Saxon branch of Teutonia may see something of its visage; perhaps we may say more truly, the Anglo-American, in whom a new synthesis of the old blood is taking place, has his prophetic picture here cast on a cloud, he, who otherwise finds so many of Goethe's dreams becoming realities in his own country.

One may well imagine that outlines of a still more gigantic picture appear, than even that of Teutonia and all her children. Land is limited upon this globe, thousands of years hence that limit will be reached by the teeming milliards of the race, and the cry will go up—more land, more

land. Then the Faust battle will begin in earnest, the battle with the Ocean and the great waters, whose surface occupies three-fourths of our terraqueous sphere, it is said. The winning of the new soil from the sea, will then be, we may suppose, the supreme heroic occupation; the Hercules of that age will not be so much a slayer of wild beasts, a drainer of swamps, a tamer of savage men, as the Faust of this poem, conqueror of the unruly waters. To make such a conquest possible in its completeness, will indeed require much not now visible, and hardly conceivable: a total organized earth with all its harnessed forces. At any rate this is the race's future land-question, just beginning to pinch a very little now in certain small localities of the globe.

This chapter, then, will be the last chapter in the earthly career of Faust, and will set forth the final emancipation of the man and of the world. It will show the deed, both in plan and fulfilment. In its development we mark four chief thoughts:

I. The Plan of Faust, which is to reclaim from the sea a new land, and to fill it with his own activity; wherein we behold the Individual who makes his culture universal by transforming earth, man, society, and the world. Such is the Plan, from which he moves at once to the deed. First Scene.

II. The Defeat of Revolution, which has entered the old institutions, State and Church; Faust takes part with the established order against rebellion, wins a battle and saves the ancient system,

which then re-organizes itself with the old abuses, but grants to Faust his strip of land. Till the end of the Fourth Act.

III. The Triumph of Revolution, which is the complete re-construction of earth, man, and society, or Faust's plan realized, bringing about, however, the death of the aged pair, Philemon and Baucis and their defender—the Tragedy of Civilisation. Four scenes of the Fifth Act.

IV. Faust's last personal conflict with anxiety, "Sorge;" his triumph, whereby he becomes a free man, upon free soil, among free men, and then his Death—the Tragedy of Man. Fifth and sixth scenes of the Fifth Act.

HIGH MOUNTAINS—FAUST'S PLAN.

In the Fourth Act we are introduced to Faust, who is again in the Teutonic world; he steps out of a cloud, those garments of Helen, which have borne him away from Greece and set him down in his own land, yet among the mountain tops. Therewith the cloud vanishes "off eastward;" still it takes form, like to those classic shapes, through which he has just passed, Juno, Leda, Helen. It is his last look of regret at his departing ideal, he has made the grand transition out of the classic world; the cloud takes various shapes, showing responsive images to his strong emotions. Then with another "ravishing picture," Aurora's love, clearly that of Margaret, and we have passed from Helen to a deeper, more internal element; "like soul-beauty, the gracious form now rises and dissolves not." This image, too, moves off in a cloud, but it "draws away with it the best part of my inner self," apparently aspiration. So Helen lies behind him and Margaret before him, he is to go forward to his first love, whose celestial form he will meet in the last scene of the poem. Thus in a dreamy play of cloud-pictures, is set forth the new condition of Faust.

But as soon as these ideal shapes have vanished, behold, who should rise up but our old

acquaintance, Mephisto, in his native form and on his native rocks again. He, too, has come from Greece, having left there the shape of Phorkyas, which he seems to have thrown off in that last Bacchic debauch of antiquity. He steps out of a pair of wonderful seven-league boots, with which he freely walks from land to land; then the boots move on "in haste," as if they were old Time himself, empty of his burden of events. Thus our former twain after long wandering, are together once more, and we wonder what they are going to do next.

In order that we may get a survey of this somewhat indistinct scene, we shall try to map out a little scheme of it, whereby to show its structure and its thought. Faust and Mephisto are discussing the world before them, having left behind them antiquity; that world before them has two grand phases, the physical and the social. We say that they are discussing it, that is, they are seeking to have and to utter a theoretical view of Nature and Society, before they come to the deed, the practical phase thereof.

I. The theoretical view of Nature is begun by Mephisto, who very naturally starts with the rocks just under foot, and tells their origin. That origin is of Hell, the devils coughed and vomited them up with fire and brimstone, so that "what was lowest is now highest," the true diabolic doctrine of science, and, as we shall see, of ethics too. Violence is the sole principle, and thus we get a piece of the devil's geology. With genuine scien-

tific dogmatism, he cites the final evidence, that of the senses: "For I was there," and saw it done. Here we connect with the "mountain of violence" in the third scene of Walpurgis Night, in which Mephisto is the leading elemental character, and his theory is supported by a philosopher, Anaxagoras. Truly the same old Mephisto as he was before his transformation into a Phorkyad.

But Faust maintains the opposite theory, that of orderly development, he asks not the question of origin or of causes, he takes Nature in her completeness, "founded in herself and rounded off to a whole." The totality of the process, not a fragment of it, is his standpoint. This part connects with Thales in the Walpurgis Night; indeed can we not here see that Faust is the developed Homunculus, who now "has become," having shattered his confined glass? On the whole we shall have to agree with Mephisto, that Nature has convulsions and upheavals, must indeed have her negative element, but still more deeply we may agree with Faust that this is only a part of the natural process, and that the final tendency of Nature is to calm down her "mad vortices," to master her negative principle. Yet how truly do Faust and Mephisto see each his own image in Nature.

This discussion of Nature, however, is but the prelude and faint shadow of the discussion which follows about the spiritual world, especially society. Faust confesses that he is not yet satisfied, not even with Helen; "something great leads him on," it is still the old Faust with his aspiration.

Mephisto attempts to guess the new purpose; he takes the lower classes packed in a great city, with the everlasting hubbub, and merely selfish struggle for animal existence; "of the hundreds of thousands, I would appear the center," I would, I, I. Such is the devil's ambition, verily, but it is not Faust's; though the people be well-fed, and even well-educated, they must have something else, otherwise they are "trained only to be rebels." Truly the devil's center, that "I" must in some way be removed or transformed.

Mephisto guesses again, and this time takes the upper classes, circling around a palace with grand parks devoted to animal indulgence, particularly to "women in the plural number." Such is Mephisto's society with its two classes, the poor seeking to satisfy Nature's wants, the rich seeking to gratify Nature's passions. A negative view of man and the world, which Faust again cannot accept. Gratification, even fame he will not seek: "the deed is all." Manifestly the "I," the devil's center is not his center, he is looking at something else, the great positive deed, the character of which he now unfolds.

It is nothing less than to put a limit to the Ocean, to rescue the land which it has engulfed, and to protect anew the shores subject to its waves. The endless repetition of its violence, which Mephisto has known "a hundred thousand years," must now be stopped; this is the new plan of Faust. In the Ocean he sees both reality and image; the physical sea which in its turbulence,

assails the fixed and fruitful land, is to be made to yield a new soil; also the sea of human passion and violence is to be thrust back by fresh bulwarks, and from it are to be won the permanent social institutions of man. Nature and Spirit blend here, reality and image join in one great poetic concord.

The sea, we recollect, was employed in Greece as the environment of culture, its formative power was taken up into art and life. But now it is to be wholly subjected to spirit, and made to obey. We have left that Greek world, whose discipline must now be translated into a deed, whose beautiful harmony must be transformed into human life, whose Helen must become internal and make the soul fairest of existence. Yet this is not all; Helen whom Faust still has in himself spiritually, must now be brought out of him, and made a complete reality. He must transform the whole earth into her image, making it beautiful and harmonious; thus it will become the image and thereby the true abode of a rational being. Now we begin to see where Faust is going to place that "I," the devil's center. Both the physical and industrial worlds he will create afresh, according to his ideal, making them "a new heaven and a new earth."

II. Such is the end of this theoretical discussion, the end is the deed. At this point the practical phase begins; the Ocean is to be tamed; Nature is to be made the willing instrument of spirit. This activity is ready to start, when suddenly a more pressing practical question is at hand. Listen! do you hear the distant roll of that

drum? What does it mean? Another ocean to be dammed; war, revolution, breaking down the barriers, and letting moral turbulence in upon the world. It is almost too practical for Faust, he does not like to hear it. Manifestly our quiet transformation of sea and land will have to wait in the presence of these armies. But let us hear what is the cause of the war; perhaps we may take a hand in it.

Mephisto, who is well informed about the secret sources of war, tells the difficulty. The young Emperor wished to enjoy and govern in one; impossible. At this point the action goes back to the First Act, as this is the same ruler for whom paper money was made. That relieved his emergency, but did not transform the man; he turns the State into his perquisite, reduces it to furnishing means for his pleasures—a great mistake. The true ruler must rather be the instrument of the State; he must "find in authority his blessedness;" his word must be the true utterance of the nation, which no one can question or fathom, the voice of the universal soul of his people. But this young emperor, pursuing his own individual ends and pleasures, has turned the State upside down, and revolution is upon him. All are indeed pursuing individual ends; the common good, loyalty, patriotism, are lost in selfish purpose; each subject is an image of the Emperor, and the State is resolved back into its units.

Which side shall Faust take? It is a much deeper difficulty than the financial one, but it must

be met. The ocean of revolution is beating up against institutions, they must be saved, then the "lofty aim," the grand transformation of sea and land can be brought about with their aid and protection. Then they can be transformed too, perhaps. Faust is General-in-chief, Mephisto is his Chief-of-staff, as well as chief adviser, both indeed, self-appointed, which is always the true appointment. We remark that Mephisto makes many excellent suggestions to Faust, apparently incompatible with his devilish nature, but he now is the instrument, the servant, practical and intellectual, of the positive man.

So the two proceed to win the battle. The first step is made by Mephisto who has called up three Mighty Ones, whom he names "the quintessence of the riffraff," and "the primordial human force of the primitive mountain," manifestly that mountain of violence which we saw in the Walpurgis Night. Bully or violence, Havequick or plunder, Holdfast or "keep-what-you-get" are allegoric figures imaging the rude selfish forces of the natural man, and breaking forth with a new energy in time of war. Mephisto controls them, being his element, and engages them on the side of the Emperor. They are romantic ghosts here, but have much resemblance to the classical figures, to the Griffons who seize, to the Emmets who keep, and chiefly to the Pygmies, or Fistlings, the violent ones whom we saw arising upon the mountain of violence, and engaging in the war and rapine of primitive society. In this more advanced society

they are still present and used, though sunk from the ruling to the subservient power, to the degraded instruments of war, which even the Devil has become somewhat ashamed of. The legends of all peoples will furnish hints of these "allegoric scamps" from ancient Hebrew chronicles down to modern German tradition.

Thus we behold Faust launched upon this turbulent ocean, in the midst of the most stirring practical problem, yet with his plan, his ideal steadily before him. Not in vain has been his visit to classic lands; he has brought back a new and more glorious aspiration; not his own culture merely is now his aim, but the transformation of the world. Helen is still deep in his soul; we can see her in his view of Nature's orderly development, we can see her in his great plan for the betterment of land and people, both of which he will adjust to a Greek harmony. With this new aspiration he is brought back to the State which he had quit to obtain Helen. With her image in him he will be able to conquer the mighty discord of the time; without that discipline he could not have done it. Art he is now to make universal; society, institutions, the very earth are to become works of art, beautiful as Helen; not merely the individual is trained to harmony, inner and outer; the Greek ideal, hitherto confined to the one, is to be mankind's, and thus attain reality. Helen universalized is now his career. Greek civilization, the soul of Helen, met with an external overthrow from the barbarians, but they took her up and preserved

her in their new order. A second overthrow is threatened by violence, Faust will preserve her by transforming the world into her image.

The commentators have carefully pointed out the individual things and persons that were the originals of these various pictures in Goethe's mind. The geological discussion is another reflex of the old dispute between Vulcanism and Neptunism; especially the theory of Leopold Von Buch in regard to boulders is put into the mouth of the Devil. It is to be noticed that the more recent movement of geologic science is receding from the volcanic theory and returning toward Goethe's view; especially this has been the case with Lyell. But in the poet's work we are to see something more than a mere geologic view or prejudice; it is the grand setting of Nature in which are to unfold the institutions of society, that are now to follow in a subtle correspondence with these movements of Nature. I do not understand Goethe to deny that there is Vulcanism in the physical world, but rather to declare this is the negative element thereof, which is to be overcome, and taken up into an orderly development. Nor does he deny Vulcanism in society, for here it is, now bursting forth in the form of Rebellion.

In like manner the large city here described by Mephisto as the center of his ambition, has been supposed to be Paris; and the castle which he would build, all surrounded by parks, is referred to Versailles, with a hint of the ill-famed "Parc aux cerfs," which seems to be contained in the allusion

to "fair women in the plural number." Napoleon, whose demonic will-power always called forth great wonder in Goethe, is seen in the discription of the ruler, who is to "feel his blessedness in command."

In this scene, too, we find a mythical as well as historical substrate; Mephisto's geology here unfolded rests upon legend; the people see a diabolic author in the violent energies of Nature, as in "Devil's Rocks and Devil's Bridges." Moreover the outer frame-work of the scene, which shows Faust and Mephisto looking down upon the earth and its transactions from a high mountain, is taken from the old Faust-book, which derived it doubtless from a well-known passage in the New Testament, of very extraordinary mythical power. The great temptation is spurned by Faust, his new life breaks forth in an utterance like a sunburst: "The Deed is all, Fame is nothing."

ON THE HEADLAND—THE BATTLE.

In this second scene we see in strange shifting shapes, now real, now symbolic, the battle and the victory. Three distinct parts compose it: first, the old State in its imbecility and dissolution; secondly, the approach of Faust with his mountain men; thirdly, the entrance of Mephisto with his deceptions. Faust is using the might of Nature controlled by intelligence; Mephisto is employing "the appearance apart from the reality," manipulating it also by intelligence.

I. The Emperor and the commanding General represent two phases of the State's decline. The Emperor is no ruler in spirit, but only through birth; the General is no commander in spirit, but only in form, the old martinet. He places the army on the right, center and left, according to rules; his delight is in the technical details of the military profession. If he loses this battle, he is going to lose it by rule, and his strategy will be perfect for defeat.

But how about the spirit of the people which is the soul of every great enterprise? Even his own family falls off. The two spies tell that; many swear loyalty but excuse inactivity; in general, a grand unsettlement of minds, and dangerous uncertainty. But the culmination of this news is that

an anti-Emperor has risen; the opposition has come to a head, and will replace the Emperor, who will fight his foe in personal combat, after the fashion of the medieval duel. It is to the credit of the Emperor that he is willing to stake his individuality for his cause; it is, indeed, his first offer of sacrifice. He complains bitterly of "Uncle, Cousin, Brother," but they are like him, pursuing their own personal ends.

It is manifest that the State, falling to pieces, cannot be saved by these two men; its head and its hand are weak, lost. The spirit has departed, but does it exist anywhere, to be called into service? Yes, here it is, stepping forward in the nick of time.

II. Faust enters in armor, ready for the battle. Well, what does he bring? We notice those "three men of might" with him; if he can only get them incorporated into that fossil army, it will have new life, and will rush forth, animated with human motives, though not the highest. The musket will begin to speak, and the square will begin to breath in fresh energy.

But the most important person he brings is himself, a man with the intelligence of the world in his head, and a great plan for its improvement. He has seen the necessity of the State for the furtherance of his plan, the State he must save first. To this end he brings knowledge, science, the mastery over the forces of Nature. Yet he dares not speak openly of such things, his visor is half-closed to conceal his real features, his

speech too is hidden in a strange magical veil. What has he to say?

He implies that he belongs to the "mountain people who think and ponder, and are deeply studied in what Nature writes on the rocks." Very different is he from that other class of mountain people, the people of violence, even the "three men of might;" he is of the class who know the mountain and what it contains; who can find its metals and its gases, its bullets and its gunpowder, if you please; whose only passion is to "discover the new," and to apply their knowledge. We have here the man of science, the discoverer, who, "with spiritual forces builds transparent forms," implements, every kind of mechanical contrivance transparent with intelligence, and thus "in crystallized shapes beholds what will transpire in the upper world." Such is the new Faust, bringing all the conquests of modern science to the aid of the Emperor and of the crumbling State.

To be sure, he is not understood, though politely heard by the Emperor, who asks "what that has to do here?" Again Faust describes the man of science under the guise of the necromancer of Norcia, who was saved by the Emporer from the Church; now that necromancer returns the kindness, and will save the State. "Still he is bounden to thee—he is the one who has commissioned us to aid thee in the speediest way." He speaks again of the mountain forces where Nature works, but where "the stupid Priests see only magic."

The Emperor accepts Faust's aid with grati-

tude, but will fight the duel from which Faust dissuades him. The duel settles nothing, the Emperor is to be the head, not the individual arm which smites; as such, he would be soon disposed of. Faust then incorporates his three men of might into the army, to give life to the dead discipline. The two chief elements of war are now on hand; the violent disposition in the fighter, and the ability to wield Nature's forces.

III. At this point Mephisto descends into the fight from above; what has he been doing up there on top of the mountain? Already he has spoken of "war's stratagem," of winning the battle by his diabolic arts; he too, gave the hint of that "primitive force in the mountain." Strange speech, which has led us to strange expectations. We shall now try to follow his doings, occult as they are; he works in the dark, and we cannot always see how he brings about his effect; but with eyes wide open and suspicion well aroused, we shall be able to see him when he comes to the surface with his deed, and judge the direction he darts. One of the most difficult portions of Faust, since the causes, the mediations are kept in alien forms or quite in the obscure. He himself tells we must not ask "whence."

We notice that an armed host "in the rear form a wall, and are waiting the sign to charge;" who are they? For once he tells us, his readers, directly—since "the knowing ones" must be his readers; the empty armor of the "Middle Ages" he has gathered from the armories, and put devils

—that is, himself—into them, to produce an effect. The hollow forms of "Knights, Kings, and Emperors," the still hollower forms of medieval principles, all he has revamped, and now he holds them back for the decisive moment — Appearances, indeed, empty forms of delusion, but most powerful to rouse animosity and struggle. The very trumpets of the shadowy host make the foe waver.

But these skeletons in armor are kept still in reserve; let us look at the battle below with Faust's eyes. The horizon is darkened, but a red glow flashes through it—gunpowder, that product of science, we think, or, as others think, the subjective appearances during cannon-fever, as Goethe once experienced it himself. Well may Mephisto remark that Jack Ruffian is doing heavy work on the right flank. Well, too, may the Emperor say that when one arm is raised he sees a dozen smiting; for does it require more than one arm to handle that gun, which hurls its bullet with the force of a dozen or a thousand human arms? Or possibly hurls a dozen or a thousand bullets at once? It is not natural, cries the Emperor terrified; yes it is, cries Faust, and tries to explain it away into something like the Fata Morgana of the Sicilian Coast. How it is natural, he dares not tell, it would be the forbidden devil's art, this secret mastery of nature by intelligence. Again the Emperor beholds the lofty spear points lighten, in sudden flash; "it is too ghostly." But again Faust seeks to quiet his fears by an allusion to the fires of St. Elmo, a purely natural phenomenon, sir.

Thus has science to hide itself behind some external appearance before superstition; she dares not put on her own garb and step into the open daylight, though she be at this moment protecting the very man who has such a horror of her. Still the Emperor is not quieted: "Tell, to whom are we indebted, that Nature for our behoof, should bring together what is rarest in her domains?" Who is this master of Nature? Just that old necromancer of Norcia, who "has been in his deepest being roused by the threat of thy foes;" so he comes forth to protect the State which protected him, whereat the Emperor recovers courage enough to crack a little joke at the expense of the clergy, yet with fear lurking perceptably behind it. The clergy, we recollect, were the chief fomenters of this trouble; they had "sanctified rebellion."

A strange battle-piece is this, rather unique in literature, one thinks. It seeks to suggest the hidden force behind the phenomenon, instead of delaying in the phenomenon, and lashing about in gorgeous description of the external appearances. A new attempt of its kind in writing, not to be understood in this age, still less taken to heart. Then mark the audacious play with old Time himself; the putting together matters centuries apart, and the compressing to a dot matters centuries long; as this old necromancer of Norcia hovering through the dim ages down to the present, and this Emperor, medieval and modern, and these events, very old, yet just happened, nay, about to happen, it seems. Truly to the bard, "a thousand years are

as one day." Space too is most contemptuously filliped to one side; Greece, Germany, are neighbors, nay, in each other. Where now is our grand critical bludgeon, probability? It can do nothing against ghosts. Indeed the whole world of outer appearance is transformed, turned upside down, kicked out of the way when it stands in the way. But courage, we may yet spy the demiurge who is thus confounding our senses.

A sign appears, a griffon and an eagle in conflict; the griffon, a fabulous bird, here representing the false Emperor, is badly plucked by the eagle, a real bird, representing the real Emperor. Such is the explanation hinted by Faust; the other question, whether he saw such a fight between two birds in the skies, he does not answer. Nor need we; behold it with the inner vision, it is perchance but a symbol, without any outer appearance, holding fealty to thought only, and not to the senses. So has the demiurge been doing with appearances all along, so will he continue to do.

Victory on the right; the central phalanx, with a truly Napoleonic move has struck the enemy's left, and borne it down. Not so on the left; the Emperor spies there defeat, "the result of unholy striving." That jest against the clergy has indeed flickered out into pale terror, and what is worse, here come dark birds, Mephisto's two ravens with ominous message. Faust again tries to explain away this appearance as a natural phenomenon; the raven-post in war is the same as the pidgeon-post in peace. But the Emperor will not be quieted

now; a strong terror begins to work upon him, which Mephisto springs to take advantage of, and utters that gleaming sentence: "Command that I command." Deliver your authority upon the spot.

With this sentence light flashes along the line, and especially illumines those dark ravens. They fly hither just at the right moment to frighten the Emperor into giving the supremacy to Mephisto; they come out of that upper region, we may suppose, where he has prepared "the hollow forms of the Middle Ages" to help him do his work. Now we begin to see why he said aloud to the Emperor: "I fear it is going badly with us," when he had little or no such fear. Then his croak tallies with the appearance of the ravens, who whisper secretly to him, and he answers aloud to them; "your advice is a just inference." What advice did they give? Inference from what? The clovenfoot peeps out in that "Command that I command."

But hold! here comes the old General, and throws down his marshal's baton in despair; the battle is lost by these sorcerers, "jugglery brings no lasting luck." The Emperor "shudders at the ugly customer and his intimacy with ravens;" these were, then, the terror-striking shapes that drove the Emperor away into the tent with the General, and left the whole conduct of the battle to Mephisto, yet, without the baton. This is indeed the last thing he cared for, "it had on it a sort of cross," which has been the chief foe to him as well as to our necromancer of Norcia.

"It is done," may well exclaim Mephisto in

triumphant exultation. What is done? The imbeciles are gone and we have command. Such indeed was that hidden advice of the ravens at the start: you can never win this battle till you get rid of incompetency. It is done, now we can ply our arts unhampered; we shall not have to explain our doings into external plausibilities to ignorance and superstition. But did those ravens really appear to the outer eye? They might, why not? They have been trained by Mephisto, who has a whole army of appearances, up above somewhere, ready to descend at his bidding. Now is the time for their coming forth, and we shall have three of them in succession, water, fire, and sound—"appearances separated from their own reality."

The "black cousins," the ravens whose methods are so dark, are sent off to the mountain lake; here again is this suspicious mountain, with a suspicious lake up somewhere in that region in which Mephisto prepared his "spectres of the Middle ages," which still stand arrayed back there subject to his call. Now the Undines, spirits of the water, are asked for "the appearance of the flood," apart from its reality. Here it comes, whirling the enemy down in confusion. Faust, who has had nothing to do with its preparation, describes the appearance to the outer vision, but Mephisto, who knows the inner law of it, sees "nought of these water-lies, visible to human sight." He takes his delight in the frantic gestures of the enemy imagining themselves to be swimming or drowning "in an appearance."

How did Mephisto bring it about? That is not

told; it is the duty of the dark messengers to keep the means in the dark; there is no Emperor now to whom matters must be explained, so the reader is left to scent out the process for himself. The reader is certain that under this appearance, which is delusive, there is a natural law which is necessary. The rustic still thinks that he sees water running up hill in a siphon, and marks the man who employs it as a magician, till knowledge takes away the magic. Such, too, is the fisherman, who has the charmed bait which lures the fish to his hook, or the hunter, who shoots with an enchanted bullet, which finds its own prey; each has for that magical link intelligence. But Mephisto, true to his character, keeps up the mysterious forms, loving to mystify the world; he will not supply that missing link of knowledge, till we extort it from him. So let the waters flow, we understand.

But here is the second appearance, that of fire, for which the ravens are sent, the dark agents, who keep us in the dark about this matter too. Their meaning is that their procedure is dark, and we must follow them by our own light. To the mountain again they go, to that suspicious mountain, where a dwarf-race from glowing smithy will furnish flashes of lightning, shooting stars, will-of-the-wisps going out in deep darkness. The appearances take place, Mephisto has their secret law, and leaves us to guess it. Try your hand at finding his way of getting up these novel fire-works, for such they seem to be.

Now comes the third manifestation, which com-

pletes the series, that of sound, hollow, yet terror-producing. No ravens are sent on this errand, for have we not already seen that empty armor of the Middle Ages arrayed on the heights, yet kept in reserve by Mephisto? Now its time has come to give the final crushing blow of delusion—"up there it begins to rattle" terribly, giving forth "a wonderful false tone." Old forms are roused and fighting, empty coats of mail, "as Guelfs, as Ghibelins, are renewing their everlasting strife." Old parties and their slogans, dead a thousand years ago, are called up and are actually smiting with the old passion; party hate is the grand factor in the devil's work, he always counts on it. Such is the "hollow armor of the Middle Ages" with its horrible noise; this last stroke of Satan finishes the fight.

Mighty is the conception of this scene, to shadow forth a battle as it truly is behind its appearances, to show an act of the world's history behind its time-veil. Execution is great, but not equal to the conception, we think; the glance broadens out towards the infinite, but the hand faltering, palsied with the finite, shows earth vanishing, heaven dawning into full spiritual vision. Old Goethe, the old magician still is here, greater than ever in some respects, great even in his paralysis. In his 82nd year, and writing this magic scene !

The plan of the battle, with its right, left and center, as well as the military movements and motives, are indicated with distinctness; doubtless the whole technical part is Goethe's reminiscence

of his "Campaign in France." The left wing was defeated; there Holdfast was incorporated into the army, who is the weakest of all these agents of violence, holding fast to his position, not progressing, not assailing. He is thus, by name and character, inferior; he has no aggressive power, cannot even hold fast to his own, because he is only a Holdfast. At any rate the left wing is beaten, the enemy begin to move up the mountain, that mountain of wonders on which Mephisto has his appearances arranged. He lets them loose, and however we may look at his processes, we see that in general he conquers by intelligence, that is, through the ignorance of the foe. He can deceive the ignorant, and frighten them by what has no reality. The man who sees the law or sees the phenomenon in its totality, can foresee Nature's course and take the advantage of wind, storm and water. The man who sees only a fragment of the phenomenon, sees, for example, the sun moving and the earth standing still, and to him the eclipse may become an unexplained terror; but the man who sees the total phenomenon, beholds rather the earth moving and the sun standing still or in the center of the Solar System, and to him the eclipse becomes but a passing shadow. The ignorant are enslaved to the appearance, hence Mephisto can deceive them, though he may not tell us the special manner. He loves to mystify, and science herself in early stages takes on a magic garb, as we have seen. Then all this has a dramatic meaning, it puts the hearer or reader into a wonder, if not a terror, similar to that

of the defeated army, as if to say: "O my brightest reader, listener, who hast seen so much of mystery, I have something which thou canst not explain, shrewd as thou art; I, the Devil, can mystify thee a little too, behold!" And he proceeds to work, like a clever juggler, telling us all the time that it is not reality but appearance.

This scene strikes its roots deep into legend. The Emperor, Charles V., is said to have won the battle of Pavia, by the aid of a magician. Apparitions of armies rise and fight over their old battle-fields, as in the case of Marathon mentioned by Pausanias, and in the battle of the Huns. Empty armor of warriors fighting under magic influence has been traced by Loeper back to Persia in Firdusi, and even to India in the Mahabharata. Showers of rain were produced by conjurers in the medieval days. The two ravens belong to Northern Mythology, each shoulder of Odin has a raven perched on it, as adviser and prophet. But all these mythical traditions become, in the hands of our poet, paramythical; that is, they are filled with a conscious meaning, and the old forms are made to convey new thoughts. Faust has won his battle by magic, but it is the magic of the modern and not the medieval time, though the latter has furnished the unfilled form, "hollow armor of the Middle Ages."

RECONSTRUCTION.

The victory being won, we are now to see the manner of return to civil order, the new reconstruction of the State. Three phases are touched upon, which will be given in succession.

I. In the tent of the anti-Emperor the scene is placed; here is beheld at work that powerful motive which was incorporated into the imperial army, thirst for plunder. It is shown in a male and female form, the one seizing fine warlike arms, the other fine toggery, till they both unite in taking away the gold.

Then the Guardsmen step in and stop the plunder; a system of order begins to appear, and the plunderers vanish. Such is the situation after a war, plunder will keep on plundering, till the strong hand appears. Yet the Guardsmen did not strike the "saucy fellow," he was too "ghostlike." For is he not an "allegoric villain," and hence not easy to strike? Indeed the whole battle, to the eye of the common soldier, flamed and flared with supernatural things; the air, so hot and sultry, was big with deviltry, and showed it on all sides.

II. The Emperor, the fount of order, now appears, and with him the four secular Princes of the Empire. One doubt troubles him a little—that jugglery which was employed on our side; still it

was we alone who won the battle; let us chant the "Te deum." Then to those who did not gain the victory he distributes the rewards, first and highest to that General who ran away at the decisive moment of the battle. Next he proceeds to raise his household servants, those who attend to his physical wants, to the supreme officers of the realm. Alas, he has learned nothing by the rebellion, the State he still regards as his perquisite.

Such is now the re-organization, simply a return to the old medieval court, with all its abuses and hollow magnificence. There is no transformation of the State in accordance with the grand idea of Faust, which must hide itself from the very man whom it has saved and whom would most benefit. In secret new discoveries have been made, which must completely transform the social condition of man; shall the State recognize and secure these endeavors or not? They must be secured, not by indifference or mere toleration, but they must be taken up into the laws, and become the positive factor of the State. Thus we pass from the medieval system, whose principle was to secure privilege to those already privileged, and we come to the modern State, whose function it is to secure every genuine human endeavor, especially in the form of industry. This will be truly Justice in which the will of man is guaranteed to him by the highest authority.

Finally the Emperor restores all the odious burdens of the Feudal System in the way of toll and taxation, not omitting the royalty for mines,

salt and coin. The very cause and justification of the rebellion he calls back to life; he has prepared his nation again for dissolution, in which nation each man, beginning with the Emperor, is pursuing his own selfish end. The old Germanic empire is the setting for this picture; Goethe recollected its ceremonial from his youth at Frankfort. But the French Revolution dances through the delineation' in a strange blending of ages and peoples.

III. With the Archbishop the medieval church enters the scene and makes its claim. There is no use of hiding the fact, it is more tenacious and more grasping than the temporal powers, using its mighty lever, superstition. In the battle it has scented the league with Satan, with that hidden knowledge, its most deadly enemy. One remedy: consecrate the battle ground to pious use, with hill and forest, with crystal lakes of fish, the vale, the meadow. That will show true penitence. What a cultivated eye the ecclesiastic had for the fine scenery, combined with all the solid things of this earth? Then the second demand—tithes, taxes, all the incomes of the land; lumber, lime and slate, yea, the poor workmen giving away their toil, instructed from the pulpit. And still a third demand, where will it end? "The Empire's strand which was given to that accursed man," Faust, there too, the Church's tithes and taxes. This is too much for the Emperor even, "the land is still in the sea"—and so Faust's new domain has a chance to be free.

Such is the reward of the man who has twice

saved the State, a little piece of land under the waves. But it is enough, it is still a place to stand on, whence, like Archimedes, he will move the world. Let the Emperor go back to the Middle Ages, to medieval State and Church, both ready to tumble over his head; let him fall back to Indulgence, Privilege, Superstition; be comforted, O Nation, for Faust has a foothold; though it be in the bottom of the sea, he will raise it to light. The feudal State with its land privileges, the Feudal Church with its heaven privileges are no match for him. Already he has gone to work, and a new world, like the primitive creation, can be seen emerging out of the waves.

The end of this scene pre-supposes that Faust has had his title to his submarine estate confirmed by the Emperor. A fragment, the original of which is in Goethe's hand-writing, has been published, which shows Faust in the ceremony of receiving his title or enfeoffment at court. Devrient has adopted this fragment in his stage-edition of the play. Loeper suggests that it should be inserted just before the withdrawal of the temporal Princes (see Loeper's "Faust" in a note to the present scene, where the fragment is printed.) This act of the Emperor is necessary to motive the work; the State alone secures to man his right of property; for this reason Faust has marched forth to save the State, which renders possible his deed, by securing him in his right.

To our feeling, the meter is in most admirable adjustment to the character of the scene. The

lengthy Alexandrines give the atmosphere of a stately, pompous ceremonial; the formality of court language breathes out of every line, yet the hollowness reverberates from them as from long empty corridors. Selfishness in the political, hypocrisy in the ecclesiastical world echo from the measures; but the style, so conventional in appearance, hides the keenest satire, which cuts to pieces the very speakers while in the act of speaking. Particularly that Archbishop, "talking pathetically" in priestly tones, is carved to death by his own words; let him but shake himself, and one thinks he would fall to pieces. Such is the scene written by Goethe the Aristocrat, yet it is the sharpest arraignment of the aristocratic re-action in Europe that could be written. One thinks of the Bourbons and their return to France, especially of Charles X. Still Faust, the new spirit, has won a foothold and keeps it. But look now! What a change! The vast ecclesiastical structure has collapsed, there remains only one little chapel with two or three worshippers, the sole true and sincere remnant of it, and even this we begin to tremble for.

ACT FIFTH.

A long time is supposed to elapse between the end of the Fourth Act and the beginning of the Fifth. According to Goethe's own statement, in a conversation with Eckermann, Faust is one hundred years old now; fifty years or more he has been working, quietly transforming the world, in his way, which is not that of rebellion and revolution. A time of great transformation, hinting an entire epoch of history, the movement out of medieval into modern Europe; must we not think here of our own age? The land has been rescued from the sea, and is inhabited; soil, water, the wild elements, which have a destructive devil in them, have been tamed, and reduced to law; the forest, the swamp, the whole earth, as well as the ocean, are possessed of demons, who must be driven out by cultivation, wherein we may see another and vaster subjection of Mephisto.

Thus we have an image of the world's movement, the rescue of its soil for the race's blessing; we see the new colonies, planted upon the new earth, with the new spirit of progress and freedom in them; they, by their very birth-right have the latest thought of their age, and are putting it into practice. Colonies always carry with them the advanced idea, for this is that which drives them forth to the savage man and country, to build their

new home. A grand transition is here, reflecting much, a transition from the feudal to the modern age, from the old to the new world, from Europe to America.

Prometheus has again arisen, with his most recent spark of fire, which he has brought down from Heaven, for the betterment of mortals, against the will of the old Gods. Still this Prometheus has saved the ancient order, saved Zeus, with whom he is now in conflict, and who has banished him to the inhospitable region of Caucausus, with his own consent, however, and not bound to the rock, but in free activity. The Promethean element in the young Faust returns once more in the aged Faust, not now the world-stormer, but the world-reconciler, preserving the old, yet advancing the new. Faust has saved the ancient institutions with a true conservatism, yet he proposes to transform them entirely, with a true radicalism. How the two grand parties, the two halves of the human race, meet in him and are harmonized in him, the one individual, the greatest conservative, yet the deepest-dyed radical among men ! He reveals the double movement in all progress, being the whole man and not a part or a party; for it is not by violence, destruction, anarchy, that the world is to be bettered; the old, all the past, must be preserved, but it has to be transfigured into the new.

Faust, then, is the civilizer, like Greek Hercules to a certain degree; he has to free the earth of monsters, drain its morasses, prepare it for cultivation. Toil, toil is the price of his freedom; through

the deed alone can he reach his divine destiny. Faust, too, like Hercules, is to be translated to Heaven, and there united with Hebe-Margaret (to use Loeper's striking expression), through activity, this new evangel of man's redemption.

Thus we carry our comparisons backward through the old world; nor can we help carrying them forward into the new world, where the matter is no longer legend, but the solid reality. Faust becomes the settler, the frontiersman on a vast ocean of savagery, he becomes the American, transforming a wild continent into the habitable abode of rational man. Often have we said, much oftener have we thought that this Second Part of Faust in many portions, seems an American Book, or rather the Mythus of America, in its settlement and conquest, as well as in its spiritual significance. That old Europe has not fully appreciated the book, cannot perhaps; but here we can see its mythical forms turning to living facts before our eyes.

Still the warning must be repeated; these scenes must be looked at with a purified vision, which sees not merely the individual, but the type, whereof the individual is but the limited vanishing shadow. The whole moves in particulars to the outer eye, but by the inner eye must be raised to universals; the two kinds of seeing are indeed blended and harmonized in the true poetic glance. Say not to thyself, my reader, in excuse of some prejudice, or possibly of some mental indolence of thine, that the interpreter puts the meaning into these words,

which of themselves have it not; say not to thyself, with an indurated prosaic philistinism, that Faust is simply wicked, ugly Faust, the envious destroyer of Philemon's bower, else thou wilt behold no Tragedy of Civilization, not in this poem, and what is worse, not in the world; indeed thou wilt be in great danger, on account of such lack of eye-sight, of being run over thyself by the car of progress.

It is always a sad sight, this Tragedy of Civilization. Not alone the old countries of the world have to witness it, where the Past lies entwined with the emotions of men in thousands of venerable monuments; there is hardly a new city of our new West, itself not fifty years old, that has not had its sacred places industrialized, its churches driven out or handed over to business, its very graves, not one generation old, torn up and scattered to the winds of heaven. Not only things, but men, we see becoming tragic in civilization; yea, a whole race upon our frontier is being swept from the earth in this fearful tragedy. But let us turn to the symbol set forth by the poet, in a Family, the old pair, who valiantly take their stand against the new spirit.

TRAGEDY OF PHILEMON AND BAUCIS.

From the preceding scene we enter at once into a new world, a world created by Faust, we may say. The old established realm gave him simply the right of raising the land out of the sea, of making another earth. Physically the thing has been accomplished, miraculous indeed; but the greater miracle is, that spiritually, too, the thing has been accomplished. The ancient State gave none of its wealth or territory; that little right alone it secured to Faust, but it was enough, being protected against the Archbishop's demand. As Faust has saved the State in the war, so it saves him by securing to him his endeavor.

But what a prodigious change! A complete reversal has taken place, in this new world the old order has the one little point of possession, the little hut and the little church. To such minute dimension has vested privilege sunk on the new earth; the vast ecclesiastical fabric which erewhile threatened to swallow all, has dwindled to the small chapel with its tiny bell sounding over the dunes, and its three worshippers. A new earth, indeed, still it seems to have its conflict.

In order to exhibit this conflict, the aged pair, Philemon and Baucis, with their surroundings are introduced. Still that old hut and church, with

their two supporters, stand in the way of the complete work, they form a limit, a barrier to the onward march of this whole "New Earth;" what shall be done with them? They will not be bought out, they will not move; alas, it has to become a tragedy, which we may call the Tragedy of Civilization. This story comprehends the first four scenes of the Fifth Act, and embraces two portraitures, which we may call the world of Philemon and Baucis, and the world of Faust, the two being in conflict.

I. The first trait of the old pair which is brought before us is their benevolence. A wanderer whom long ago they had rescued from the sea comes to greet them and to speak his gratitude. Here we see that glorious characteristic of the old church which it enforced so strongly—charity. It saved many a wanderer on the sea in ancient days, it deserves his gratitude.

The wanderer cries out in grateful prayer: "let me again look upon that sea from which I was saved." Behold, it is not; in its stead lies a garden, "a picture of paradise;" in the distant harbor ships are riding in security; the ocean has now a master, and destroys no longer. Good, benevolent old man, there is no need of him now, his vocation is gone. He helped his unfortunate fellowman in ancient days, and protected him against the strokes of Nature—and then let her strike on. But a new man has come who has conquered Nature, and prevents her from striking, nay, he harnesses her strength to do his work, and turns her blow to a

blessing. A deeper charity lies in this new deed, saving men from the need of charity. Truly a new earth will that be—for it manifestly has just begun to be—when it gets wholly out of the sea. Still let the wanderer gratefully go back to the old for the blessing it has conferred, we all agree that it once saved him.

In the second scene the three are at the table in the little hut; the wanderer is so stupified at the change that he cannot eat. It is indeed a miracle, this grand transformation of the world by Industry; but he feels the struggle coming on. In the conversation which follows, the woman shows more suspicion of the new and more devotion to the old than her husband. She thinks that evil Powers had to do with the sudden changes; day and night men wrought and perished, while dykes and canals appeared; the man who controls it is godless, "he lusts after our hut and grove." He is indeed a magician, his is the genuine magic of the poem, namely, intelligence working in ways dark to ignorance. Baucis pious, but ignorant, cannot comprehend the method of spirit, yet considers it the work of spirits. This throws a light upon all of Faust's magic. But she will not trust the "water-ground," she will not take the "fair possession" offered them in the new land, but will hold fast to the old. The husband leans more to the new, yet he, too, is not convinced by the mighty miracle: "let us go to the chapel, look on the last glance of the sun, and pray the old God."

He has religious devotion to the old God, yet

he feels somehow that the new God is more powerful. It is the final act of their Faith, yet is that which destroys them. Deeply tragic is the scene, the Tragedy of Civilization, we say; these people, good, kind, innocent, have to perish—the instrument is already prepared. We feel their destiny, they feel it themselves, and the destiny of their God; still, they will perish with him. There is a sorrow in the aged pair as of the last setting sun, as of a world passing away; such, in fact, is what they represent. Theirs was the old divine world, a mighty beneficent sun it had shining in its heaven; but the sun must set, though once it shone in meridian splendor; now it is going down in that sea which also has been conquered by the new God. Let it go, even with tears, we say; deep is our sympathy, still we say, let it go.

Every line of these two scenes moves with a trembling pace as of old age itself. A wonderful pathos, of tenderest touch, yet shaking with longevity, lies in the words. It was written by old Goethe in his eighty-second year, probably the last poetic work of his life; in it breathes the premonition of the end, which must soon come to him too. His last glance back upon this life, a look into the setting sun; then he turns away his glance and disappears. So one may love to look at his face illuminated in the setting sun; look at it well, it is the last opportunity.

The short measure and the plain speech seem to be those of the old man, with no time or strength to spare for long or superfluous discourse, we hear

him catch breath between the brief lines. Goethe all his life waited for the mood to write this scene, carrying it around with him unwritten, he says for 30 years. Not till he became in age a Philemon, and looked into the setting sun, did the mood come, quite the last of his moods.

II. In the third scene, we pass from Philemon's hut to the Faust-world, which is heralded by Lynceus in the palace, the man of sharp vision who describes what is to be seen. We recollect that he announced the approach of Helen and the new world which she brought; now he heralds the modern spirit of commercial activity, with its song. His words still are tuned to the rhyme, one hardly thinks, however, with the former exaltation which he felt at the sight of beauty. Now it is Faust whom he salutes, at the highest tide of fortune.

The central figure is Faust, the other very old man, yet in the strongest contrast with aged Philemon. The one is the old, full of the spirit of the new; the other is the old, in its decay and dissolution. The one is "reflecting," the other is "feeling;" the one has the palace, the other the hut. But hark, listen to the little church-bell, it still is heard, and marks a limit to Faust's domain.

At its sound he starts up with a curse; "before me my realm is boundless, behind me that bell proclaims that my high possession is not complete; the hut, the lindens, and that rotten little church are not mine." It is indeed our former Faust, still unsatisfied; aspiration he has yet, struggling with limits in his new world. The obstruction is a

thorn to the soles of his feet, "O, would I were far from here." That little church he has not transformed, cannot, it seems; still unhappy, though the commerce of the world is unloaded at his door. The little church is, indeed, hard to be transformed.

It is well enough to glance at that commerce; behold, the leading figure in it is our old Mephisto, now turned to business and evidently making it pay. He too likes freedom from limits, particularly from all ethical limits; the freedom of the Ocean is his, where, out of two ships you can soon make twenty, "for, having the power, you have the right." We must notice his comrades, they are the three men of might, Bully, Havequick and Holdfast, whom he enlisted in the war and has never disbanded. Indeed, "war, piracy and trade are a trinity not to be separated." The three men of might must be retained then; to smite, to seize, to keep, are fundamental principles of commerce. Competition, which is called the life of trade, means that you recognize ownership, but at the same time assert your right to dispossess the owner, if you can, not by violence, as in war, but by superior skill. Yet this is Mephisto's view of trade, we must remember, not that of the worthy tradesman.

So Mephisto has taken his place in this new world, and nobody challenges his right. But it is clear that Faust does not like the business, this royal merchandise he makes an ugly face at, "as if we brought a stink to him." But soon it is set up

in gay booths and sold to the customer.

Mephisto has the diabolic spirit still, Faust now invokes it to remove this last limit to his vision, his very wealth makes the bound more deeply felt. He will violently colonize that aged pair on his new possession, not destroy them. The three men of might, Mephisto's instruments, are of course ready.

We must not consider this mere cupidity in Faust, as the Devil does, by his allusion to Naboth's vineyard. I think we must avoid the interpretation of the Devil, only too ready to assign bad motives. Faust will attain complete vision, reach universality; must he not remove the stubborn obstacle? He is the spirit of civilization, must it be retarded by obstinate adherence to the old? It will not be, that is certain; it above all things proves its right to be. The poor Indian cannot be saved by the Quaker, unless the Indian leaves his old ground of savagery, and comes upon the new ground of culture. The moral view must expand itself to the entire breadth of civilization, otherwise Faust cannot be its hero. The old pair are on the railroad track, the engine is coming, the light is flung out, the warning is given; they persist in staying on the track, and trying to butt the train off; it will run over them and crush them; but if they will, they can jump on that same train, and ride out of the old into the new.

In the fourth scene we behold the tragedy consummated and the feeling of Faust in regard to it. Two accounts we have of it, one by Lynceus, the

other by Mephisto.

Lynceus now sings again, first in a bounding, exultant strain, in short two-footed lines rhyming alternately, wherein he says a good deal about himself, the man of sight far and near, and manifests his delight in the world, and in his own vision thereof. Particularly he sees in all things "the eternal beauty," and takes pleasure in them as well as in his own faculty, which we may call the poetic; whatever he may look on, it is so fair. Happy eyes indeed!

But not alone the beautiful he looks upon, now he has to see something terrible coming to him out of the dark world. He beholds the fire in the sky, the hut of the "good old people" in flames, who were "so careful about fire." With deep sympathy the poet gazes upon the calamity, regrets the loss of the old spot out of his view, it is gone, "with the centuries." Such is the feeling which comes to us when ancient and venerable landmarks are swept away. The poet's sentiment, however, cannot stay the mighty negative forces of civilization, his protest sounds weak amid their thunders.

Nor does Faust like this impatient deed, it has gone into him, and there vexes him. Still he thinks the old pair are saved, and the advantage is that he can now, landward as well as seaward, "look into the Infinite." That Infinite is still his longing; put a limit on that and he is restless, in struggle. He longs to transform the land as well as the sea; the obstacle is now removed, and he will give a new dwelling to the old pair, in which they

can enjoy their last days.

No, he will not, his human sympathy is not shared by the prodigious forces he employs, which are relentless. Here they, Mephisto and the three men of might, step up to give their account of the affair; they found resistance, the old pair were obstinate; the stranger, the wanderer, sought to defend the aged couple, he was struck down at once. Then the accident comes, straw catches fire from the coals; this accident is, however, always a necessity. The result is, the old pair with their defender are one funeral pile; pitiless is that march of civilization to those, even the good and benevolent, who stand in its way. It has no Quaker in its composition. Such is the penalty; the man, innocent, worthy, must not stand in the way of the train; let him rather jump on and ride, if he wishes to get along. Yet who does not sympathize with the old pair? It may be our turn next.

Faust himself sympathizes with them, nay, he recognizes their right to compensation, "exchange I wanted, not robbery." He even curses the deed, it would destroy security of property, even that of the new earth. But the Chorus of Might answers him otherwise: "Yield to force, or if you wish to be courageous, perish." It troubles Faust still; he has, however, won his "glance into the Infinite;" but let us see, "what hovers this way so ghostly?" Ah, some spectral shapes rise out of the smoke of the little house and chapel; while the old pair prayed to the old God, the new God brought destruction; but manifestly something un-

destroyed curls out of that vapor, and comes toward the lonely man, Faust. Demons, chained by that chapel, are now let loose it seems; hither they hover, the threatening phantoms.

MIDNIGHT.—FAUST'S STRUGGLE WITH CARE.

Faust has now conquered the old, embodied in the aged pair, but alas! he is old himself. He is not then unhampered, not rid of all vexations limits of life; nay, the grand limit just seen in the disappearance of Philemon and Baucis, is approaching him also. How does he feel in view thereof? Is he free in this respect too, free of the terror of death? We are now to see. Mark, this is a question of Faust's individual freedom, we turn away from Faust as developing the world, and look at Faust the man for a while.

Four gray women enter, the disturbers of life, those shadows which he saw hover near him in the preceding scene, rising out of the smoke of hut and chapel. Three are grouped together, those who harass the poor specially: Want, or the non-possession of things needful for life; Guilt, or better, Debt of every kind, (debitum and culpa) for which the payment is demanded, the due of money or of crime,

which is "bound to Want;" third, Trouble or Calamity, which results from a pinching narrow existence and its struggles. These three visit the house of poverty, mainly, from the palace of the wealthy Faust they are shut out. But Care, the fourth one, will "creep in through the key-hole," and harry him the worse for his vast enterprise. Still the three sisters in vanishing will speak a word outside, which Faust will hear inside his palace; they all express certain phases of limitation in life, but they will herald the coming of their big brother, Death, who is the final limitation unto man.

Faust is deeply troubled at the dark word, the bitter confession has to be made: "I am not yet a freeman." The individual problem of life is not solved, he is still anxious at the thought of death. Superstition has hold of him yet—"a bird croaks," he hears in the croak misfortune. That magic, the search in the obscure, is not gotten rid of; and if the day "shine clear and rational upon us," the night comes with its dreams. Care has indeed slipped through the key-hole, particularly that greatest of cares—anxiety about death. Behold here is this "Sorge," or Care, and is talking, it asks: "Hast thou never known me?" Me, a demon let loose by firing the chapel, which had chained the terror of futurity in the bonds of faith and hope?

With this word begins the struggle, the very last one of Faust's life—the struggle to overcome "Sorge," Care about the future state. Faust casts

a glance back at his career and its twofold character; once he stormed through his days, now they move "wise and thoughtful." But why speculate on the future? Beyond this world the view is closed; fool is he who turns his blinking eyes thither: "Let him stand fast here and look about; what need he to sweep into eternity?" It will do little good, it hands the man over as a prey to "Sorge," nay, to superstition. Up, and be a doing; "to the strong man this world is not dumb."

Summon all thy philosophy, O Faust; it will be needed to aid thee against this final enemy of thy freedom, "Sorge," who is trying to put the last curb of finitude upon thy aspiring soul. We all wish thee best success, that thou mayst show us the way in that same conflict when our turn has come. "Sorge" returns to the battle again and again, she unfolds her nature in her short-lined dithyrambs, and tells of the man, her victim, who "puts off all till to-morrow, looks only to the Future, and, so never finishes" himself or anything else. Out upon thee, fiend, enemy of the human race; "thy might, O Sorge, I shall not recognize." Such is the strong word of the strong man, who broods not over what is to be, but valiantly puts his best deed into what is now and here.

But she has a power and a penalty, she turns away with a curse and blinds the aged Faust. It is, however, physical blindness only, "within shines a clear light;" she has worried the eye-sight out of him, but the result is, he will no longer look to the future, with outer or inner vision. What is the

command of the master, who has just won ? Up and at work, the plan must now be completed, "one head suffices for a thousand hands." The great deed is soon to follow, the internal mastery over the last limit is accomplished, and is to show itself in the external act. The grand solution is the Deed; this is the conqueror of "Sorge."

Yes, if that word "Death" sounds spectral to him, he is not yet without superstition, he is not yet a freeman—"I have not yet fought myself into liberty." If Faust could only get rid of this last magic, the fell superstition which hovers around Death, entangling him in anxiety ! A new battle with a new ghost, the final ghost of life—such is the scene, truly showing a most profound lesson to men. Every human being looks forward to Death, and says to himself: How shall it be with me beyond? Alas, thou canst not tell. The Future is walled with the stones of Fate, and though the gate is standing ever open, thou canst not enter alive with any hope of return. Desperate, heart-consuming anxiety ! What shall I, the rational man, do with myself.

Fool, stop thy brooding, the Future is no reality, but is a specter which thou must put down by activity; cease thy self-trituration and go to work; the Now alone is, this Earth is the scene of thy true endeavor, fill each day, each moment, with thy best self, and thou hast won all eternity. Here the world is not dumb, if thou hast sense; rise, and sink thyself into the Deed, and be free; he, who always looks to the Future, never can be a complete man;

his reality is always beyond himself, and never in himself. Death will not, cannot meet thee unprepared, if thou art doing the Deed; if he should come suddenly, what has he to gain over thee? Live the universal life now; if thou see well to this, the Future is certainly thine, but otherwise it is dubious enough. A purchase of future bliss by some prescribed line of conduct, is a rash method; who dares promise such reward? Cease thy brooding on what may be, and do what is.

Such is Faust's struggle with "Sorge," whom he resolutely puts down as a shadow. But she leaves him her curse, blindness, the consequence of her harassment; finite vision he loses, but gains an inner, clearer view. Faust is struck blind, like Oedipus; he, having eyes, saw not. Still further, like Oedipus, in his finite loss he obtains an infinite gain, a new complete vision. This is the grand victory over Futurity, quite equivalent to the conquest of Immortality. Therewith is put down all anxiety and fear; man becomes truly a man, doing the deed for the sake of the deed, and not cowed with terror of the Future; he acts from the universality of his conduct, and not from future reward or punishment. Hope even comes down out of her gold-lined clouds, into the solid reality, without a cloud. Faith, freed of its uncertainty, is transfigured into a new form, which shares in knowledge.

Such is the content, as well as the connection of this scene, showing the battle of Faust versus Care, particularly in reference to a future state. It is the last conquest before Death, and the

supreme preparation for the same; now he can die a freeman, an inner freeman as well as an outer. Shall we not say that he has solved this problem for the rational man? One must neither go backward in Time for his Paradise, nor forward in Time for his Heaven. The Past must not be sought for the spirit's refuge, nor the Future for the spirit's reward; both must be found in the Present, in the ever-living To-day, in which alone the Deed is possible. This Deed, the last, we are now to see.

In the present matter, the creed of Goethe was not a pale other-worldliness, but a hearty active this-worldliness in its best sense. Some remarks of his to Eckermann, furnish a good comment upon the present scene. "I would by no means dispense with the happiness of believing in a future existence, and, indeed, would say, with Lorenze de Medici, that those are dead for this life who hope for no other. But this is not a matter for daily meditation and thought-distracting speculation. Let him, who believes in immortality, enjoy his happiness in silence, since he has no reason to give himself airs about it. * * This occupation with the ideas of immortality is for people who have nothing to do. But an able man, who has something regular to do here, and must toil and struggle and produce day by day, leaves the future world to itself, and is useful and active in this world."

THE HIGHEST DEED AND DEATH OF FAUST.

Such are the two matters now to be placed alongside of each other in this scene, in crushing parallel: the highest and the last of man. Faust has conquered all terror of death, he has found out the eternal Now, which is not to cease. The Future is to be won in the Present, which is to be filled with the highest activity; then is eternity gained, and death is but the outer sign of the victory of the immortal over the mortal, the momentary point of transition.

This last struggle between the mortal and immortal parts is now depicted—Mephisto and his Lemures digging a grave on the one side, Faust and his perfect ever-living deed on the other.

Here again we have one of those strange symbols of which Goethe was so fond and which it is the chief duty of the interpreter to unfold. First the Lemures are Mephisto's workmen, not Faust's: secondly, they are grave-diggers, not ditch-diggers, their work is turned toward death, not toward life, to the negative, not to the positive phase of existence: thirdly, they are called "half-natures, patched up of sinew, ligament and bone," skeleton-like, hovering between life and death, body with the spirit going out. Such are these shapes in which

we are to see Faust's aged frame, as it were, digging its own grave, as the physical body must, through its activity. Faust's body is theirs in a double sense; it is like theirs and belongs to them.

Such is the physical dwelling-place of Faust, in absolute contrast to his spiritual energy and completeness. The body is going asunder, it no longer responds to or appreciates the mind. Listen to the Lemures—"We have half understood something about a broad land which we are to possess," alluding to the domain of Faust; "measuring chains and stakes are here, but we have forgotten why the call was made on us." It is the weakness of Age, and relentless Mephisto replies: No broad land or measurement artificial; dig a four-cornered hole in the ground, and measure it by your own length. Then follows the making of the grave and its song, which song ends with an open grave into which an old man was about to stumble.

Sure enough, at that moment the aged blind Faust happens along, finding his way by the door-posts. That open tomb he does not see, but his plan he sees more clearly than ever, his energy is more determined than ever. "Overseer, collect laborers, mass upon mass, pay, entice, press by force. Every day I must have news of the progress of that ditch." This overseer is Mephisto, digging not the ditch just now, but the grave. The two forces are indeed grappling, Mephisto feels certain "the end is still destruction." Even these dykes, the great benefaction, will merely prepare a completer banquet for the water-devil at some time.

The result of Faust's great work, he thinks, is only to make a grander festival for the demons at last; all civilization and culture, he holds, are destructive in the end. He is still the servant of Faust, being overseer; but as he served Faust simply to attain his own purpose, which was to entrap Faust's soul, he begins here to circumvent the blind Faust. So we are to behold Mephisto in his final negative role on earth, the grave-maker. In one way he is having success; he is conquering the body, while the mind of Faust is becoming more and more triumphant over that conquest.

Hence in supreme contrast, we shall have the last and highest moment of Faust. A swamp with its malarial pestilence poisons his newly acquired possessions, they must be drained, and thus his work must be made complete. A deed of benevolence it is, giving not only health, but "opening new space for millions" in industrious activity. At last he will stand a free man, upon free soil, among a free people—the realisation of man's highest endeavor. Faust has transformed the world, material and spiritual, has conquered freedom for his race, and hence for himself. For not till he sees in all the image of his own freedom, can he be truly free; their limit is in reality his limit; as long as his brother is a slave he cannot be fully emancipated.

Moreover this freedom is only won by perpetual activity; if the flood without threatens the bulwarks, "a common impulse hurries the people forward to fill the breach." There can be no lul-

in this struggle: "He alone deserves freedom, as well as life, who has to conquer them daily." Yes, every moment must witness the conquest of freedom, every Now must be filled with man's best endeavor. Not Faust alone, not the hero alone is to do thus; every individual of the community, of the world, must be this ceaseless active principle; be he high or humble, it is all the same, he must show a mastery over the world and himself, he must manifest in his person the conquest of Fate, even the soil under his feet he is to make over again in his own image. Such is the free land and free people—millions of Fausts, keeping the ocean out every day. The Highest of the Man is to make man and nature the image of himself; so did the Creator in the beginning, so does he still, and therein reveals the divine example. Truly this is the immortal part of Faust, for the possession of which Mephisto will fight, but which he cannot take, as it is in no sense his. Faust has won immortality through the Deed: "The trace of my earthly days cannot vanish in the Ages;" for the generations of men will preserve this trace forever, being Fausts, free men upon a free soil. Now he can say to the fleeting moment: "Delay, thou art so fair," for has he not in the moment attained eternity? It is the supreme moment, and the last; he sinks back, and is dead, for what higher point on earth can he win? The limit of the Deed he has reached, and with it the limit of earthly existence, happy man! He is tragic, not in the old, but in the new sense,

not because of failure, but because of fulfillment, not because of guilt, but because of the final purgation of guilt, for now he is truly reconciled. Life has given him its highest boon; what more has it for him? This is veritably the Tragedy of Life, a Tragedy which every human being has to enact; the mortal, when it attains the immortal, vanishes, and before us lies Death.

But how about the contract? Faust has said to the fleeting moment: "Delay thou art so fair;" does he, then, belong to Mephisto? No; Aspiration is indeed satisfied, but this satisfaction has not been reached through sensuous indulgence, which was Mephisto's way; on the contrary, it has been reached by a great benevolent activity, quite the opposite of mere enjoyment. The Devil has not won the wager, but has clearly lost it; long since he has been reduced to the means of the good, and in this last scene he is to be the instrument of Faust's triumph.

Such is the death of Faust, which is the supreme moment of his life, of his reality, just when he has reached Heaven. The very widest contrast is here; Literature can hardly show another such a scene. It is the old Goethe, who is saying good-bye to men, ere he depart, and telling prophetically of his own demise, soon to take place. Religion has portrayed many deaths —that of the Christian in view of anticipated glories, that of the Infidel with the devils tugging at his garments. Here is a new chapter, which shows the death of the free man acting for sake of

the highest deed, and for the sake of that alone, asking not whether the outcome in the future be reward or punishment, but always pouring his best self into his life and thus realizing perfect manhood.

Thus our modern world is mythologized in this Second Part of "Faust;" we saw how Industry here had its Mythus unfolded, how it created its own symbol, how Culture, too, dressed itself in its mythical garb. Now we see before us the individual in ultimate attainment: "A free man, among free men, upon a free soil;" shall we not call this the last word of the World's History? Surely its best word, containing all that we are or ought to be, told to us out of the very heart of the Ages. Man reaches the last boundary of manhood, and goes across into the Beyond; the perfect life passes over the confines of life, its completeness is its tragedy. Thus death is not a fate or an accident any longer, not even a calamity, but the last fulfillment, the final realization of freedom; and the end of living is to make death the perfection of life.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

A new part of "Faust" begins here; we might almost call it the Third Part. The earthly career of the hero is closed, in death, yet in triumph, closed in the tragedy of life, yet in its true solution. The end now touches the beginning, and the answer to one riddle is but to ask another and greater. With the termination of the terrestrial course, a new world dawns with its new problem; the question comes up in sudden, startling whisper—How about the Hereafter?

Therewith Religion enters, must enter, and take possession of this poem in its own right. The future state is the grand instrumentality of Religion, the form into which it has a tendency to put all its sanctions, its rewards and punishments. Faust has attained the Now in all its completeness, has reached the fullness of life and death in a moment of Time; but there remains eternal duration which Religion seizes possession of, as God's world. What is Faust's relation to this new domain, what is the value of his deed there? In other words, what is the eternal worth of his career, as beheld not in Man's, but in God's world? Such a world we are now to see portrayed, with Faust brought into it, and his account settled there.

The two fundamental postulates of Religion we

must now accept, in fullness of heart, ere we can witness the splendors of the coming scene; these are, the existence of God, and the immortality of man. With this grand religious panoply we may valiantly enter the battle; yet two other weapons of faith it is necessary to have, as their possession is pre-supposed by Goethe in the present portion of his work. These show the inter-relation between God and Man; first, a providential world-order, whose center is deity, and secondly, the freedom of man in this providential world-order.

All religions, in symbols clear or dim, in legends deep or trivial, in dogmas complete or incomplete, have undertaken to set forth these beliefs, the first and last, for the human race. But the special religion, here employed by the Poet will be the Christian, that of his people; and, as his work is mythical, he will take the Christian Mythus, as it lies unfolded in his own and in the European consciousness. We have seen how he has drawn into his world-embracing poem the Heathen Mythus, in its Teutonic and Hellenic forms; seeking to shadow forth the secular life of man on earth; now he weaves into it the Christian Mythus, the last one, and portraying the last, throwing its pencil of lamp-light upon the unseen world, and illuminating the life beyond.

Herewith Goethe's work overlaps and takes up into itself Dante's poem, the grandest Christian Song, and one of the Literary Bibles of the race. A Dantean music we hear often in these last portions of "Faust," not the same strain to be sure,

but with a similar upbearing ecstasy and flight starward; certain notes we catch which sing only from Dante's angels and saints. But particularly the form of Dante's whole poem is cast into futurity; Hell, Purgatory, Heaven—it is all to come. The fullest embodiment of the Christian Mythus it shows both in outer shape and inner spirit; Goethe has resumed it into his poem at the end, where it belongs; he thus pays to Dante's book the supreme world-historical meed for beauty and greatness, yet not without a few satiric gleams which give us at the same time a glimpse of its inadequate side, for our modern time.

The grand setting for this Mythus, that in which it was born and reared, is the Church, the religious institution, in contrast to the secular institutions, State and Family, in which the life of Faust, as hitherto unfolded, has mainly moved. Thus the cycle of institutions is full, secular and religious, that organized world around the individual, from which he draws the breath of his spiritual existence, through which world Faust has to pass in life and in death.

But Faust has died, unshrived, unannointed, certainly there is no chance of reconciliation with the Church, here and now, with its outward temporal manifestation. But just this lack of conformity with the visible symbols and organism of the Church, throws the matter into the invisible realm, where we are to witness a new reconciliation in a grand religious phantasmagory of Earth below, and Heaven above. Faust has won the victory, we saw;

now there is to be an expression of that victory, not in a secular, but in a religious form; his principle is to be deeply identified with the faith of the world, and shown to be that which man has always believed, though under other appearances, to be that, indeed, which man has built into his Church, and which still constitutes the vital fact thereof. Faust is to rise in this Mythus, to unity with God, the final consummation and ideal end of the Church.

The boundless striving of Faust, the Oceanic struggles and tossings of his soul to reach Truth, completeness, in fine, the pulse-beat of his whole career is to be identified with the inner moving principle of the Church. This, in its own speech, is Love, which all men have worshipped in its divine founder, in the whole line of its heroes, from the humblest upward, saints, fathers, doctors; they all manifest Love in some form, the Church's symbols seek to express it, humanity has unconsciously been led by it, the motive power of the Universe. This part of the poem has, therefore, as its theme, Love, Divine Love; the images show some form of Love, Nature hints it, Heaven reveals it, Man seeks it; underneath these measures we feel the whole music to be attuned and upborne by this key-note of Love. As Schnetger says: "The entire concluding scene is a universal climbing upwards on the part of loving ones, to whom other loving ones extend the hand." Such is indeed the melody, melting the arches of the ancient cathedral, and all the rigid rites and symbols of the Church, into the

tender throbs of Divine Love.

To these symbols of the Church, a new symbol is added; the very last one, the complete transfigured union of man and woman in Faust and Margaret. The New Holy Family it may be called, not the old, rather dubious one, which many of us do not like to think about, let alone to worship. The Church has always lovingly symbolized itself as a family, of which humanity are members; the World-Family, whose bond is Love, universal Love. Yet not consistently; the Church has also monasticism of man and woman, celibacy of the Priests or Holy Men, these cannot well take the union of man and woman as their supreme, all-adorable type. Rather the contrary; the result is, the Church has left out the highest, most intimate bond of the Family, that bond which generates its love and its very existence. The Poet has supplied the deficiency, and leads us up to the union of man and woman, both transfigured, both having overcome the short-comings of terrestrial life. Thus the Second Part ends with their union, while the First Part ends with their separation.

We are now to cast a look back at the past life of this dead man, Faust, and to hear his funeral sermon preached, or rather to hear a wonderful requiem sung over him. On such an occasion two questions arise in the mind. The first is, does this soul belong to the Good or the Bad, to the Angels or Demons? The second follows hard upon: What reward for it, or punishment? Such is usually the last scene in the earthly career of mor-

tal man: that prying doubting glance sent over the bier into the darkness beyond. Even a third question peeps up for a moment: What means this man's life to the world?

This chapter is now to give the answers to these questions, which answer is embraced in the two final scenes.

I. The Conflict between Angels and Devils for Faust's immortal part, and victory of the former.

II. Faust's ascension to Heaven where he finds Margaret. There takes place the mystic union between Faust and Margaret, in which the Ineffable becomes fulfilment—the new symbol of the Holy Family.

I.

Faust falls, the Lemures, the grave-diggers, seize him and lay him upon the ground, he drops to his own, clay to clay, he is dead. Mephisto already begins to triumph, as if to say, he is mine! "It is past," cries the Chorus. But at this expression the Devil grows very impatient, as he seems to read into it a possible doubt of his success: "That is the same as if it had never been," namely to think that all is past without the service due me being rendered in the world beyond. Manifestly he is not going to surrender his claim without a struggle, which is looming up in the near future.

But the stiff body is first to be laid away; the Lemures are to do this duty too, belonging to the grave. A wild song they sing over the body and

its new home in the ground. The song divides into solo and chorus; the solo represents the dead man, uttering the one faint voice of complaint against the house, ill-made with spade and shovel. But the full chorus thunders back: "Better than thou deservest, thou guest in hempen shirt." Again that low flute voice of complaint from out the grave: "Who hath furnished so poorly the room—no table or chairs!" Thereto the chorus gives the response which silences: "It was a short loan, the creditors are many." That body was not thine, it was borrowed only for a short time; it must now be returned to the air and elements, the original creditors. Such is the weird sepulchral rune in which we hear at times snatches out of the song of the grave-digger in Hamlet. Thus vanishes the physical part of Faust, for once and forever, and with it the Lemures. But how about the spiritual part?

That is, indeed, the question, over which the struggle is about to open; Mephisto is present with his claim "in blood-written title." But the Devil, too, complains; "in all matters I am having a hard time." There are now so many ways of enticing souls from him, that he cannot get his own, poor Devil that he is! Then he does not know any longer where the soul is located in the body, whether in the head or the belly, in the pineal gland, or in the navel. When it comes out of the body, in what shape, grub or butterfly it sallies forth, he cannot tell; indeed, whether it be at all is a question. These studies in natural science have intro-

duced so much uncertainty about the soul that the Devil is almost ready to give up his pursuit of it. Modern methods have quite taken away his "ancient right," have carried doubt into his whole diabolic realm, and defrauded him of many a soul which he was ready to snap up, "as the cat the mouse." What is he to do? Formerly he alone was sufficient, but now he must have help, strong and plenty of it.

At once he summons his most important aid, which seems to be the old Theology with its grand organization of demons. Three kinds of infernal terrors, taken directly from the medieval, and even the modern Church, rise up at his fantastic conjuration. First the awful jaws of Hell gape wide, like those of a great monster, whose cavernous gullet is full of sulphurous flames, in which the damned are struggling; then in the background a red-hot city in eternal fire, clearly patterned after the city of Dis in Dante. Yet even the Devil doubts the efficacy of these terrors now; little fright in them for modern sinners, who "think it is a lie, cheat and dream." So he will try his second set of goblins, the thick Devils with short, straight horns, who are to keep watch "in the lower regions," lest the cunning soul may slip out the umbilical knot, "where it likes to stay," especially in clairvoyants. The third set, thin Devils with long crooked horns, are to guard the upper regions, "clutch in the air incessantly with stiff arms and sharp talons," that they may seize "the fluttering fugitive" if the soul as butterfly or winged genius

seek to escape upward. With such aid the Devil thinks he may be able to capture "the immortal part" of Faust.

The satire of this passage strikes deep and wide, including many an old poet, notably Dante, and many a modern theologian; the latter, however, wishes to save the soul through terror, while Mephisto seeks to damn it through terror. Both sides in spite of their opposition, unite in taking the soul for a material thing, which can be seized, subjected, destroyed from without; both, too, marshal an army of demons, till we may well doubt which is the real commander of the infernal cohorts, the devil or the theologian. But the Christian Mythus has another principle, Love, represented by another set of beings, the Angels, who are now to enter the combat against the fiends for the possession of Faust's "immortal part." Terror is not their implement diabolic or theologic, but Love; thus the two principles are ready to grapple.

The grand conflict is now set before our eyes in the forms of the Christian Mythus, which, from its very beginning, is full of this idea of a struggle between angels and demons for a soul emerging from the body. In the Epistle of Jude mention is made of a quarrel between the Archangel Michael and Satan over the corpse of Moses, to which quarrel Goethe repeatedly refers in his writings, as a familiar legend. In a letter (1781) to Maler Mueller, cited by Loeper, he says: "The quarrel of the two spirits over the body of Moses is a silly Jewish fable which contains nothing human or

divine." Such was his early view, but time will bring the new insight, and he will put that fable into his greatest book.

From the New Testament this little shred of an ancient myth passed into the poetry and pictorial art of the Middle Ages, where it developed into a mighty battle between the angelic and diabolic hosts, which probably finds its culmination in Milton. The popular consciousness was full of it, is full of it still; theatrical representations, even spectacular pageants took it as a theme; especially old wood-cuts revel in such a battle scene, between angels and demons, around the bed of the dying sinner. Goethe must have known many pictures of it, but he needed only to draw from the secret stream of legend flowing through him from medieval fountains. Yet the source of it in him may go still further back, reaching down into the old Teutonic faith, which fabled of black and white spirits that fight over the dead.

In the present scene we behold the two forces at work, striving for Faust's soul, eager to draw it heavenward or hellward, represented by external figures, which are, however, internal also, forces in the man as well as outside of him, a fact which the poet has not failed to indicate in many a little hint to the spirit. These two forces have been active in Faust from the beginning of his career; to which does he really belong? Such is the question here, and the struggle; we shall, accordingly, listen to a double strain, most diverse and growing wider and wider apart to the end.

The first strain is that of the Angels, heard in six different chants, which will mark the six stages of the struggle. It gives a kind of history of the penitent soul, as it strives to rise from guilt to redemption; thus it images in new ways the great striver Faust, as he in pursuit of truth, rose out of error into the complete deed. This chorus of Angels is made up of penitents, who have trod the thorny path, and they are battling for one who may be called a penitent too, his whole life being one long penitential journey, which draws salvation out of sin. Hence their deepest note is Love; that Love which has saved them, drives them forth forth to save others—"Love only leads the Loving in." Faust's history and their's are blended in their song, and into one life at bottom; for Faust, too, has shown universal Love in that great final deed of his, the transformation of the sea into land, done for the sake of mankind. One may well presage from the start that he belongs in that angelic company.

But Mephisto does not think so, and, accordingly we are to see and hear him, in six corresponding chants of his music, which will show the Devil passing through his stages till he defeat himself, nullify his own purpose, and turn out a comic character. Hence the comic form and spirit of Mephisto in this part; his speeches are full of sarcastic humor, and devilish wit; jagged, irregular, doggrelized to the very limit of meter, abounding too in sensuality; a very devil still, belching dark sulphurous smoke commingled with vivid

streaks of lightning. It is the last appearance of Mephisto in this Faust drama, we say it with no little regret; our companion he has long been, entertaining to the last degree, if not always exemplary. But now he is to play out his comic character to its final complete stroke, when this world-comedy will end in a devilish self-annulment of the Devil.

In poetic form as well as in structure this scene recalls the Easter scene in the First Part. Then we heard a chorus of angels, announcing from Heaven the resurection of Christ and the salvation of the world; now we hear another chorus of angels from Heaven, announcing Faust's salvation and resurrection. In the Easter scene there was the answer of unbelief and denial from Faust, who then had the Mephisto in him; in this scene there is the same answer, but from Mephisto himself, of whom Faust is wholly freed, and is joined to the angelic choir. Verily, the whole poem lies between these two religious scenes, written, I think, in purposed correspondence with each other, showing Faust below and Faust above.

Then there is a similar measure, short lines, angelic throbs of melody, with tri-syllabic rhymes often, which marry whole words in concordant sounds. A sudden gush of music is each little verse, truly harmonious and singing harmony. In prodigious contrast with this high song is the speech of Mephisto; a jar and jolt is felt in passing from one to the other, like a sudden jerk from Heaven down into Hell; yet the two belong

together here, absolute harmony and absolute discord, side by side; though the reader's nerves be strained to the last degree of tension, let him hear both. The one part has always a movement upwards, the other downwards, forming an enormous chasm which keeps getting deeper and deeper to the end, when it is world-deep; the spiritual universe lies between those two sets, angels and demons. All of which has an echo in the measure and music.

We may now undertake to fix the thoughts somewhat, as they fleet through the scene; yet we must not try to make them too definite. Many a passage is obscure to us now, not from its own inherent darkness, but because we have not grown up to it and into it; light will come hereafter. This is not the realm of rigid categories, nor has it the clear outlines of Classic shapes; it is the domain of emotion, of religious experience, to whose comprehension each individual must at last bring his own life. But its general scope may be marked out; indeed its central thought is still firmly held and distinctly formulated in the creed of the Church.

We shall follow the organism of the scene closely, and set forth in order the six chants of the angels, followed by the corresponding replies of Mephisto. We notice at the start, a wonderful halo above to the right, evidently just in the opposite direction to those "awful hell-jaws" which are still gaping, down to the left, with flaming Dis in the background.

1. We must remark that it is the entire Heavenly Host which sings at first, as it hovers down from the skies. We hear in it the grand rallying shout to and from "those who are sent, kindred of Heaven." It hymns the word of forgiveness to the sinners below, "to revive the dust" of the dead, and heralds to all creatures a beneficent influence. Love is the moving principle of this Host, as it descends to the combat.

Mephisto's answer we hear, the answer of Hate; the angelic song is to him a discord, "a boy-girlish screed of pious droning." The Devil reproaches Religion for needing the Devil; "our most shameful deed is just the thing for their piety," for example, the innocent death of Christ. Really a bitter self-condemnation, which can only say: You are as bad as I am—"you are devils in pious disguise." Comic, too, he must show himself, as when he complains that "they fight the Devil with his own weapons," turn back his deed upon himself. Yes, to the Devil the angels are devils, and Love is Hell-fire. Still he will fight, "it were a shame to lose this battle," at the brink of Faust's grave. Forward, ye demons, to the combat.

2. Repentance is the next stage, symbolized in the roses scattered by a chorus of angelic penitents, with a song which hints the blessings of a contrite heart. "Bring Paradise to the one at rest," to Faust, who was also a penitent in his way, one who strove to work out of his evil nature into a universal life.

This Repentance is the beginning of the battle, the point where Mephisto resists with all his might,

and summons all his demons. But note the effect of the roses upon them, burning and agonizing them. They do not will to return from sin, and be purified by fire; their's is the burn of contrition without its restoration. They try to blow off the flowers, and wither them with hellish breath; they cannot, they can only kindle the flames the more, which are "blown too hard," and rouse new torture. But the resistance of the demons is to no purpose; "their courage is all gone," yet not without a strange sensual touch of "the flattering glow" for the angels apparently. Broad diabolic comedy here lies between heavenly chants, quite the absolute contrast of poetry.

3. The next song tells what these roses of repentance bring to the repentant soul which accepts their discipline: Love, Bliss, True Words, Clear Day everywhere. A promise lies in the song, to be fulfilled through the grand cleansing principle of repentance, and suggests the future of Faust. Surely we are witnessing the divine process of purification.

But as the one side is rising, the other is sinking. All the devils are now put to flight, "tumbled into Hell," except Mephisto, who will "remain in his place," defiantly Satan still, resisting the work of repentance. He fights the roses, seizes them, squeezes them to a jelly, still they stick to his neck like pitch and sulphur. Verily he is in Hell, penitence has put him there; no love or bliss do the roses bring to him, but the opposite. His cohorts may fly, he will not; another way must be taken to

master him, not a direct, but an indirect course; he cannot be annulled from the outside, but through himself. If let alone, he will destroy his own purpose, being inherently self-destructive, as we have often seen already.

4. We hear a still stronger exhortation to Love from the Angels, and to the resistance of all that interferes with the same: "Shun what does not belong to you," that which contradicts your own nature; "Suffer not what disturbs your inner self," which is evil, hate, sin, the grand disturbers. "Love leads only loving ones in," which sentence declares the reciprocity of Love in the Universe. Strongest word is this against the Devil, who is discord, separation, dualism.

If angelic Love has been here defined by the angels, Mephisto is now to define his idea of Love by his action. It is sensuality in its grossest, most revolting form. He has been the sensualist from the beginning; of a sudden he conceives a passion for some of those angel boys, with whom he has just been in the stoutest conflict; their Love, sung down to him, has become absolutely perverted, and has given the cue to his Love. Yet now as always he knows his own folly, still he commits it; desire puts down his better reason. How the sensuous impulse overwhelms him in the midst of the battle! "O, approach and grant me just one look," which they do and take possession of the whole space including the grave. The battle is won, at this point Faust and Mephisto separate eternally, Mephisto has lost forever, lost through that passion which

Faust during life transformed; of course the two can stay no longer together. At last Mephisto tries to seize a tall stripling with the words: "Put off thy pious mien and look at me a little lustfully." No more fight in Mephisto, he is in love after his fashion; he has dropped out of view the struggle for Faust's soul, another object has intruded.

5. Still loftier is the strain of the angels, now the song of redemption and reconciliation with the Highest: "Turn upward to clearness," the way whereto is not through self-indulgence but through self-condemnation, which Truth shall heal; thus the penitents may "redeem themselves from the Bad," and bring themselves "into unity with the All." If in the previous song of the Angels we had the separation from sin, in this one we have the turn to unity with God.

Mephisto recovers himself for a moment, "the love magic was but skin-deep," but he still has to fight the burning roses, and he is like "Job, boil on boil." His diabolic boast is heard: "Saved are the noble parts of the Devil;" therewith, however, the noble parts of Faust are saved, by the separation, whereat is heard his fiendish curse. Now the rescue from evil is accomplished, and Faust is ready to be borne upward.

6. The sixth song, therefore, celebrates the ascension into a blessed unity with the Good. "All of ye, united, raise yourselves up, and sing praises," amid which Faust's immortal part is carried aloft. This is his final divorce from that evil principle which had gone with him through life; the next

time we meet him, we shall find him in the celestial realm.

Such is the end of this line of angelic songs, which give a gradation of the soul in its ascent to the Good, starting with repentance, waging a battle with the Destroyer, and finally reaching up to the union with the Highest. Love is the principle here unfolded, the principle of the Angels and of God, it is also the principle of Faust in transforming man and earth; aspiration to make the deed good, universal, is Love, Love of neighbor, of race. This is what Religion divested of its finite ends, teaches and has taught; it is thus, in its essence, identified with Faust's career. We begin to see whither Faust's "immortal part" is going, and what is the meaning of this final portion of the poem in its seizing hold of the Christian Mythus.

But what about Mephisto? We recollect far back that he thought to entrap Faust by sensual indulgence; but he has only entrapped himself at last. This is his comic outcome; "absurd love, vulgar lust" has deluded him, and his own deed has returned to himself. Caught in his own snare, the very snare he laid for Faust—thus we now behold him; he indeed beholds himself: "Thou hast deserved thy lot, it goes vengefully hard with thee." He has been a self-knower from the beginning, the keener is his self-reproach. He may be said to have now reached a complete realization of his negative conduct, his grand end has perished in his own hands; self-defeated, he winds up his part of the drama a disillusioned

comic character. In the "Prologue in Heaven" he was shown as the Fool of the Universe, he whose design is always bringing forth the opposite of itself; the whole poem has exhibited him in this role through thousands of shifts and turns; his last action reveals and his last words declare his supreme folly. Poor Devil! But be careful, the clown is around still, be not too exultant.

Such is the true outcome of the Devil, the only possible one for this poem. Falk tells us that Goethe at one time thought of a restoration of Mephisto, as well as of Faust, in accordance with the ancient doctrine of Origen, in which the Devil receives pardon of the Lord, and becomes a good angel again. But the poet gave up the thought, if he ever had it, and fell back upon the deeper doctrine, that Man can be restored, but not the Devil, simply because he is the Devil, that is, because evil is evil, and not good. The comic termination is the true one, the diabolic plan for capturing the human soul is defeated, indeed, self-defeated.

II.

The battle has been fought, and the Devil conquered; Faust, now wholly separated from his diabolic counterpart, we saw borne upwards by a band of angels. Whither? We have now a scene which seeks to answer the question, and to conduct us into the World beyond, not in its militant aspect, which we have just beheld, but in its tri-

umphant peace and blessedness. Yet not without an activity of its own; there are degrees and stages in this future state through which the individual must rise toward completeness; hence we are to witness a series of shapes and conditions which image the ascent into the divine life. A graduated Heaven or Paradise is unrolled before us in a hintful symbolic strain; and the poet Goethe again unites his spirit with that of his great Italian predecessor, Dante, whose whole vision was blent with futurity.

Again, too, the Christian Mythus will be employed, quite in the way in which it has come down through Time, unfolding its grand hierarchy of shapes, Fathers, Doctors, Virgin, Angels. Hence we shall note a double character in this scene; it portrays the future, yet it belongs to the past; most of its shapes rose in the old ages of the Church, indeed some of them may be called historical; still they are mythical too, and foreshadow what is to be, casting their light backwards and forwards, upon the future as well as upon the past. The doctrine of the life to come, as it has developed itself in Time, belongs to all Time, not to any fragment thereof; which again is only to say, eternal life is eternal.

The Catholic Church, as the historic and artistic Church, will furnish the setting and most of the shapes, which fact has been supposed to indicate that Goethe, in his old days, became inclined, if not converted to Catholicism. Yet Protestantism is here too, as a number of evangelical writers have

pointed out; Faust is still a Protestant Hero, who does not abandon the new, though he reconcile himself with the old. Nay, the very last outgrowth of the Christian Mythus, Swedenborgianism, which is, in a certain degree, a mythical reconstruction of Christianity, peeps through decidedly in several places. In fact, the scene embraces the whole sweep of the Christian Mythus, in its earliest and latest shapes, with an added shape of its own.

The outer frame-work of Nature here employed, is that of a mountain with deep chasms, forest, rocks. The mountain, which the poet is supposed to have taken as a pattern, is Montserrat, near Barcelona, seat of a large Benedictine monastery, divided into twelve different chapels or hermitages up the side of the mountain, which division graded the monks according to age and holiness. But other hints play in: the Delectable Mountain, so often employed as a symbol by religious writers; the Holy Mountain of Isaiah 65, 25, on which the wild animals shall not injure or destroy. A picture probably known to Goethe, has been pointed out (Schroeer ad loc.) in which hermits and lions lie down together. And by way of contrast we may notice the Mountain of Mephisto, upreared in a night by Seismos, and the Witches' Mount, Blocksberg.

But its true spiritual counterpart is the Mount of Purgatory in Dante with its grades. As we have just had a kind of Inferno in the battle of the demons for the possession of Faust, so now we

enter a realm of purgation, of development. The mountain is on earth, yet it leads up to Paradise, and at times partakes thereof, is indeed the connecting link between earth and heaven. Much of the verse, too, is in the Dantean mood, though not of the Dantean measure. Thus the conception reaches back to the poet who has most truly embodied this part of the future world—a graded order thereof and a man passing through the same.

Such is essentially, though not exactly the structure, which we shall now study, as it is carefully wrought, and somewhat intricately. We may still retain the image of a gallery of shapes, not now a Classic, but a Christian one, through which Faust, or "the immortal part" of him is to pass, in process of celestial evolution, quite as we saw him, Homunculus and Mephisto pass through the gallery of heathen shapes in the Second Walpurgis Night, in process of terrestrial development. From this point of view we may liken this scene to a Christian Church, or to a vast Cathedral with its rows of saints and martyrs in statuary and painting, through which the traveler wanders, especially the traveler in Italy, as he moves along aisle and nave, with many glances upward at overbending arches which interlock and form above him a protecting Heaven. Nature with her external setting of rock, and tree, and mountain is transformed into a world-cathedral, in which are gathered the saintly spirits who represent both past and future.

The whole falls into three divisions, or, we may call them the three worships:

First, the worship of God, the Father, or the rise of the soul into unity with Him, here proclaimed in three different forms by the three Patres in the Church, to whom Faust is brought, and through whom he begins his transfiguration.

Second, the worship of Christ the Son, here represented by the Madonna, the worship of Sorrow and Repentance, proclaimed by the Doctor, called Marianus, in the Church, to whom the penitent Margaret is joined, and then the penitent Faust. The divine person, neither as Father nor as Son, is introduced, but the Madonna appears.

Third, the worship of the New Holy Family in the complete transfiguration and mystic union of Faust and Margaret, whereat speech grows dumb, and the poem ends, having attained the Ineffable.

I. The surrounding Nature is celebrated in the Chorus of Anchorites, who see everywhere in it Love—in the forest, rock, wave, even in the wild beast. Such is the key-note; each line is a short song of Love, as revealed in the physical world. But this natural setting at once passes to its spiritual indwelling essence, in its double phase, that of the Holy Fathers of the Church, and that of the sinful man Faust, both of whom, however, have the common principle of Love, both are seeking the supreme unity with God. Each may be separately considered and then conjoined.

1. The "Pater Ecstaticus" was a name given to at least three saintly characters, John Roysbroch (died 1381), Dionysius the Carthusian, and Saint Anthony (died 365); possibly Goethe thought

of Santo Filippo Neri, whom he specially mentions as having "the gift of ecstacy" in his Italian Journey, and whom he humorously adopted as his Saint while in Italy. But the portrait is a thought more than a person; it is the rise to God through crucifixion of the body; it prays for sensuous annihilation, even for a universe of pain, that it may attain "a foaming rapture of God." Short exclamatory sentences in dactylic movement indicate the flights and jerks of exaltation, a r apid flow of paroxysmal speech. Such is the first and earliest form of religious Love.

The Pater Profundus is in contrast to the preceding shape, though his note is Love too; he reaches it, not by destroying, but by contemplating Nature in all her phases. He is in a lower, deeper region, but is of a higher order, not flighty, not negative, but a reconciling character; he preserves his body, but gets rid of "the senses' limits" by thinking profoundly upon the works of God. This name was applied to two historic characters of the Church, Thomas of Bradwardyne (died 1349), a famous English Theologian, and to Bernard of Clairveaux (died 1153), founder of the Cistercian Order. But in this case, too, the particular man has received "the universal consecration" into an abiding shape of the Church's development.

The Pater Seraphicus, whom we may call the Father full of seraphs or angels, is more difficult to comprehend, as he is a kind of a double spirit talking with himself under an alien form. He first

feels a new life moving within him, as he sees a morning cloud hovering through the firs; then he hears a youthful group of spirits, who, at once break forth into speech: "Tell us, Father, who we are;" unknowing ones, infants "midnight-born" and at once deceased, with mind but "half-unsealed," yet angels, to whom all "existence is so tender," as it has no struggle, no battle of earth in it as yet, in fact no knowledge, though they can "feel the presence of Love." The Pater Seraphicus thus has his other self out of himself, sees it, and talks with it as the choir of Blessed Boys, who are still a part of him, and are taken into his eyes that they may witness this earthly life.

At the view of earth with its trees and rocks and plunging cataract, image of struggle and violence, they turn away "with fear and dread," the world is too strong for their "tender existence." The Pater directs them upward to "the presence of God," where they feed on his unobstructed glance: "whom ye adore, him shall ye see," truly his own experience. Here worship rises to the intuition of deity, an immediate looking upon God; in the other two Patres His divine presence was only felt or thought.

Thus we see the phenomenon of a divided consciousness, a double vision, found in many a seer, prophet, and even poet; himself and the spirits are two sides of his soul, not fully identified by him, yet both are one and himself at last. Hence these Boys may truly call him Father, and enter into him, and speak from within him, his double

nature separates into a dialogue with itself. This title, Pater Seraphicus, was given to St. Francis of Assisi, who dwelt with angels here below; the allusion in this place has been applied also to Bonaventura, and might be referred to Thomas Aquinas, who was called the Doctor Angelic. But the claims of these medieval saints are totally eclipsed by those of Emanuel Swedenborg, truly the Seraphic Father, whose soul was full of angels, with whom he daily conversed and lived his terrestrial existence, and who used his eyes to behold earthly things, and who took his other senses to feel what men feel. Goethe, through his whole life makes allusions to this doctrine of Swedenborg, the earliest goes back to 1772, and speaks of "the honored seer of our times, who was the joy of Heaven, to whom spirits spake through every sense, and every limb, in whose bosom angels dwelt."

Such are the three Patres, all manifesting Love, and seeking to reach harmony with the divine spirit, yet all in different ways. The first soars up to God in an ecstasy of emotion, the second sinks down to God in the depths of contemplation and thought, the third "in the middle region" has the immediate intuition of God, through the Blessed Boys who have turned away from the Earth. This last is the innocent soul's supreme religious attainment, the vision of deity, coming to men through this Swedenborgian dualism of consciousness. All three Patres have no guilt; they have reached the divine life without passing through the fire of

Negation; doubt, intellectual denial they have not had their struggle is with the physical senses and the world, which they master by destroying them, or by rising beyond them through contemplation, or by looking directly on the face of God. Into this Christian gallery of saintly shapes, representing stages of religious life in the individual and in the church, a new character, not known among the saints, is introduced.

2. This is Faust, the grand striver and the grand sinner, whose "immortal part" the angels are bearing away in triumph from the battle against the devils, and we hear the joyful strain that "he is saved from the Bad." Moreover there rings through Heaven the great principle, which has been the life-pulse of the poem, and which Goethe himself cites as the key to Faust's salvation: "Whoever strives unceasingly, him can we redeem." Such a man cannot be cast away without destroying the world-order; "Love from on high" will take part in his aspiration, and the happy choir of spirits will welcome him. It would dethrone God to spurn the struggling repentant sinner, the Universe would lose its foundation of Love, and tumble to chaos.

This rise of Faust to harmony with the divine being is very different from the rise of the three Patres. Their's was immediate, a turning away from sin and the world; but Faust's movement is through sin, evil, negation, which he has to conquer, not to flee from. Still he has received help from above; in the last conflict with Mephisto, "those roses from the hands of loving holy peni-

tent women helped us win the victory." Always the individual striving fits into the power supreme; that penitential pang is what saves Faust and brings him to a final unity with the "Love from on high," though, when the devils feel that same Love, they leap with hellish torment.

Of those bringing the "immortal part" of Faust we hear two choruses in responsive song, the one of younger, the other of the more perfect angels, who are deliberating about the best way of advancing the spiritual welfare of the newcomer; his earthly element "can be separated only by eternal Love," which he must behold in God; so he is handed over "for a beginning" to the company of Blessed Boys of the Pater Ecstaticus, who has the immediate intuition of deity. By them he is received "in the condition of a chrysalis," and we soon learn that "he is already beautiful and great with holy life."

So far can these sinless beings bring Faust, they nurse him in his early condition; but his strong negative nature they cannot deal with, a new dispensation, a new world is demanded. Not the Love alone which saves the good man, but the Grace which redeems the bad man is needed for this sinner Faust. The penitent souls now appear, those who have had the experience of sin, and have repented—not the untried angelic souls. We now enter the Christian world specially, with its repentant sinner on the one hand, and its forgiving divinity on the other.

II. The realm of Grace is heralded by the

Doctor, called Marianus; but first let us translate some of Goethe's words to Eckermann, which indicate what the poet means by those expressions, Grace and Love, whatever be their technical theologic meaning: "In Faust himself there is an activity which is always growing higher and purer to the end; and there is an eternal Love coming to his assistance from above. This is in entire harmony with our religious conceptions, according to which we are saved not through our own power alone, but through the divine Grace which comes to us." Here the two sides are stated again: an inner self-activity of the individual, and an outer Love, or, in religious phrase, a divine Grace which comes to the individual, and is the complement of his own activity.

1. The first of these new shapes is called Doctor instead of Pater, implying that he has to reach his insight through learning and intelligence, rather than through the more immediate way of feeling and intuition seen in the Fathers. His song is a hymn to the Virgin, the source of forgiveness and grace, wherein this last strain of Goethe's poem moves in unison with the last strain of Dante's poem, which is also a hymn to the Virgin. The Doctor Marianus is "in the highest purest cell" above the Patres, we must think, on this Purgatorial or Paradisaical Mountain, for it seems to partake of both; those Patres thought chiefly of saving themselves in their prayers, except once when the Blessed Boys of the Pater Seraphicus received the chrysalis Faust for a while;

but now the divine word is Grace which thinks only of redeeming others. The title Marianus indicates devotion to Maria, the Virgin; some have made it refer especially to Duns Scotus, the great defender of Immaculate Conception (died 1308); others have referred it to another Scotus, called Marianus, who died in 1083. But it is rather a figured idea standing here like the statue of a saint in a church, looking upward at the grand epiphany of the Virgin on a cloud, surrounded by penitent women, "those needing Grace," the stainless helping and saving the stained.

2. This picture of the Virgin and penitent women is now to be gifted with speech as it unrolls more fully before us; specially the prayers of those who have fallen and received pardon are addressed to the Madonna for others. First the three sinful women, taken from Sacred History, beseech forgiveness for "this good soul, who forgot herself but once," a prayer that she receive what they have received. This is the true sign of their conversion, the mark of Grace. Then she whom they have prayed for, comes forth, "one of the penitents formerly called Margaret;" she having received the blessing utters an intercession for her lover Faust, "who, no more in sorrow, returns." Thirdly, Faust is brought to this penitent company, still in possession of the Blessed Boys, whom he has outstripped since "he has learned, and he will teach us." Faust has had the trials of life, which the Blessed Boys have not, he has gone through the full discipline of evil, and knows. Yet he has at-

tained Grace too, what he has learned, he will impart to others. With the second intercession of Margaret his transfiguration grows complete, "the new man hardly knows himself, the fresh might of youth steps forth from its terrestrial hull, the new Day dazzles him yet, let me teach him." Whereat the Virgin speaks to Margaret her only word: "Go up to higher spheres," evidently above the Virgin's sphere, "he will follow thee." Thus the united pair ascend in a new glory.

At this view the Doctor Marianus falls upon his face, and prays fervently, it is a vision which he has not seen before. "All ye tender penitents, look up to that saving sight, that ye transform yourselves to a blessed destiny." A new transfiguration he sees; then he turns to the Virgin, through whose Grace all this has been done; he calls her Virgin, yet she is Mother too, a totality of womanhood; he calls her also Queen, ruling on earth, calls her Goddess, ruling in Heaven; yet her highest attribute is Grace, as she stands environed with penitents whom she has redeemed, and who now seek to redeem others.

Such is the end, the highest point to which religion has brought the soul, the highest point too, which the symbols of the Church attain. We hear the grand answer to the Cathedral Scene (dies irae) of the First Part; there was uttered damnation, here is heard forgiveness. Margaret has found mercy, not a day of wrath; she, having overcome her sinful deed, is united with Faust who has done the same in his way, through activity. Both

reach heavenly, or universal Love, and stand for it. The Marian worship ends, and passes over into a new worship, the Catholic is transformed, not so much into the Protestant faith, as into a new Catholic faith and symbol.

As we are in the future still, we may inquire what is the future of Faust and Margaret? Here speech must stop; a single short Chorus brings before us a far-off vision of their union, which is inexpressible in words. Language ceases at this point, and with it the poem; Truth now is visible, yet not utterable; the great reality becomes a vision, into which life and speech pass. This final word, proclaiming its own inadequacy, as well as that of the sensible world, yet must be heard; it is the last and highest mystery of the poem.

III. The Mystic Chorus it is now called, a title which indicates its character; who compose it, or whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, is not said, cannot be said, since it is but a fleeting voice heralding fleetingness of itself and of finite existence. "Everything transitory is only a likeness" of what is not transitory but eternal, is but the material in which the spiritual world stamps its image; and its whole purpose and scope is to lead us into this spiritual world, that we see the same with new vision. "The Unattainable (that is, the impossible in yonder finite world), here (in this supersensible world) becomes event." "The Indescribable (yonder) is here the deed." Such is the contrast between the two worlds; what is impossible in the one, becomes the reality of the

other, doctrines which have been held by idealists from Plato down.

The next sentence, which speaks of the eternal womanly principle (das ewig-weibliche) is manifestly an application of the preceding doctrine. Two elements are indicated as belonging to woman; the finite visible appearance, and the eternal invisible woman, which is her spiritual nature, immortal, as there is "an immortal part" to the man Faust, her divine dower, transfigured out of her human visible element and given its place in the world-order. Now it is this eternal part of the feminine nature which "draws us onward;" Love, let us call it, or that form of Love called Grace, as we have seen it manifested in Margaret, in all the penitents, in the Virgin; indeed it is the world-principle, which looks after the erring one, and is always drawing him back to harmony with it, even through his violation, through evil. In sin itself there is a tension which seeks to overcome sin and a pain which seeks to drive the sinner out of sin, an invisible hand "drawing us onward"—the eternal woman in the Universe.

For it is more the woman than the man, her heart not his head. From the beginning she has charge of the weak, helpless individual, born and and unborn; she rears the infant, endures all its impotencies in her love, never requiting its shortcomings; if she did, how soon would the poor worm perish! Even the infant, then, "she draws onward" by her nurture and love, manifesting therein humbly the essence of Grace. But this

quality of hers, natural indeed, is a world-principle, is transfigured to an attribute of God, for man is but a babe in the presence of the Almighty; nay, it is embodied in the person of the divine Mother, who will not visit the errors and shortcomings of man and woman home to themselves, thus she not only forgives, but is perpetually "drawing onward" the man and woman who are still in sin.

The principle of the man is, in the main, different, he must have the strict return of the deed; if it be bad, then he must suffer. This is absolutely necessary for the rational man, for him who has reached the stage of reason. His short-comings must be brought home to him, else he would never learn them; he would never find out the nature of his deed, were he forever shielded from its consequences. If there were mercy alone, it would be most merciless, man would perish through forgiveness; there must be also justice which rigidly serves up to the human being his deed and thus teaches him his greatest lesson, drives him with the scourge of the Gods to transcend his weak and wicked self, and to become complete. Then he has conquered mercy and must receive it.

Yet the world must have not justice alone, the deed must not always come back; it would be cruel, unjust. The infant must be treated mercifully, not with its own act returned; so man, that infant in the cradle of God, must also live in a universe of mercy. It is an old and true saying that if we had all been treated with justice, we had

perished long since; yet such treatment would be the grossest injustice. Summum jus, summa injuria.

So these two principles must be brought together and harmonized; they must be made one, two phases of one principle, which if held asunder, or in opposition become not alone mutually destructive, but self-destructive. Nor will it do to place one above the other absolutely, mercy over justice, or justice over mercy; true justice is always merciful, and mercy is not itself without the substrate of justice. In the Family there must be mercy, say, in the mother, also justice, say, in the father, though both parents may and should partake of both qualities. In the school we cannot leave out either, without the ruin of true discipline, and true education; both, too, must be organized in the State. Mercy and justice are finite manifestations of One Thing, eternal, higher than either; call it Love or Grace. But if the two must separate and come into conflict, justice is likely to prevail and to put down mercy,—the man puts down the woman, the State suppresses the Family. But such a conflict makes a tragedy, particularly of woman, of Cordelia, of Antigone; but the tragedy will involve the man also in its sweep. The lesson is plain, read from a thousand tragedies in life and in literature, written and unwritten: Unless ye, O man and woman, become One, and harmonize yourself in the oneness of justice and mercy, ye will be eliminated from this world, in which ye are begetting only strife and discord.

And now we have reached the final union of Faust and Margaret, the marriage of the lovers which ends the play, the common happy termination of thousands of dramas. Yet this marriage, how different from other dramatic endings of the kind! This has the terrestrial family transfigured into the celestial, converted into a symbol of the supreme union of man and woman, a symbol above Pater and Doctor, above the Virgin with her Holy Family, out of which this new Holy Family has grown, with a Faust, not a Joseph, for husband. A hint we might say of a new Church, or transformation of the old one, in which the marriage of man and woman, the complete spiritual union of the great natural dualism of sex becomes the highest religious symbol, some straying hint of which we catch again from Swedenborg, admired and deeply studied by Goethe, and the revealer of the last phase of the Christian Mythus.

Thus Mercy and Justice kiss in Love, which act requires both to be present and in activity, else the kiss will amount to nothing, will be disgustingly tame. The union lies in the kiss, not in one of the kissers but in both; you cannot kiss yourself, however much you love yourself. Margaret, through her undying Love has drawn Faust onward, led him to put down Mephisto in the First Part, and now brings him to this new final harmony. She has gone before him, yet comes after him, still Faust has received the return of his deed, of his aspiration; through evil and guilt he has still striven, and overcome his own negative nature; he

has had to earn this love of Margaret, before he could receive it; he has met with justice. Yet both the man and the woman through the way of error and sin have come together; such is the discipline of this transitory world to attain the eternal world.

This expression "ewig-weibliche" has become a winged word, flying among all peoples, and bent on a flight through a long portion of duration. It excites wonder in all who look upon it, an utterance of strange fascination. Not too closely must we press the meaning of this word, it rather defies limits, hinting the illimitable, being an expression seeking to express what is beyond expression. Every definition of it is inadequate, though a help, possibly; it holds what we pour into it, with much empty space left, a marvelous word, of which each person is to make his own interpretation, provided, of course, he make the right interpretation—in some form an utterance of the unutterable. Such is the end of the poem, it runs against the limits of human speech, and casts its final word beyond, which we follow glimmeringly toward eternity.

It will be seen that the two women of Faust are very different. Helen is beauty, not love; she is sought by Faust, is attained, then leaves him behind. But Margaret never quits him, she rescues him through Love, which she awakes in him, and which never is quenched; through it he rises above a mere individual life of culture, which is the realm of Helen, into a universal life, one with his kind. Then she takes him to herself, she is the Eternal Womanly, which has led him onward

from the beginning.

Faust's career has now been shown in its identity with religion, with the heroes and symbols of the church. The poet having given the life of Faust in the secular form, now identifies him with the faith of the world, his immortal part is brought to Heaven, transfigured into harmony with God. After all obscurations and errors are taken away, Faust is seen to have had at bottom love in his heroic aspiration, love is in his heart through all his evil hours, and is to be cleansed of its dross by the experience of evil. Love is, too, the principle of the Church, which it seeks to express in its ecclesiastical form; the secular and the religious worlds thus clasp and become one in this last scene, which looks backward through the whole poem, as well as forward into the Ineffable.

Which of these forms was truly Goethe's, the secular or religious? Not much doubt on this head to one who reads the entire poem; redemption here in this life through activity is the thing emphasized. Yet the aged poet had to throw his glance into futurity; he was on the brink when he wrote this scene. As an evangelical clergyman says (W. Beyschlag, cited by Loeper): "Goethe, as he gave forth such a result of his life, was not far from the kingdom of God, and so he will in his part be able to be for us an indicator of the way thither." Like a man "in extremis," not from terror but love, he could not end without reconciling himself to the Church, or at least recognizing its place in the world.

This last appearance of Margaret is again a strain from Dante, whose Beatrice is also the woman as intercessor for the man. Indeed Beatrice has looked after Dante during his infernal journey, has sent him Virgil, and inspired him during his whole career; she too, is the "Eternal Womanly which leads us onward." So Margaret with Faust; she goes before him in death, but comes after him in love which is deathless. The celestial union of the man and woman is attained in both Dante and Goethe; but the latter seems to place it in a higher sphere. Indeed we have in this last scene a beautiful reminiscence of Italy, ever fresh in the heart of the poet; but strangely, it now bursts up on a new side; heathen Italy charmed him, busied him all his life; but here we see how deeply religious Italy took hold of him, far more deeply than he at the time knew or imagined. But age will ripen the seed, this is the fruit, not seen in his "Italian Journey" which is anti-christian rather in temper, and certainly in art.

Thus in a final cast of imagination the poet has indicated the two grand elements of his poem, the individual and the providential. The man Faust acts through himself, yet this action of his must be in a world which has its principle also, its government. How can the two, the man and the world, be reconciled? This last scene has shown their harmony in a religious form. As Goethe has said, "Faust's activity is always growing higher and purer to the end;" he is self-purifying, but he has to rise through evil and its penalty, through a self-

inflicted justice. Yet the other side is present also; as Goethe again says, "there is always an eternal Love coming to his assistance from above." When he changes from his error, there must be a world to receive him and not to exclude him, nay, to help him, and to confirm him. This is Love or Grace, the Eternal-Womanly, which environs the erring man, "draws him onward," and finally receives him to itself. It is typified in Margaret, with whom he is now united in the mystic marriage, but who, in a sense, has been with him from the start, even in his first strong denial. This is the last supreme glance of the poem, joining the beginning and end; with it we begin to see the whole in a new light, a light reflected from the transfigured face of Margaret.

Some women do not like Margaret, and refuse to accept her as one of the great ideal portraitures of her sex. It is true that she is of humble life, that she is not intellectual, and that she falls; still, of all the female characters that were ever drawn, she has within herself the most indestructible element of womanhood. Shakespeare has shown the woman under severe trials, nobly enduring the greatest wrongs, though innocent, as Hermione, for instance. But Margaret passes through the Inferno itself with all its fires ablaze, through sin and shame, through the last degradation of her sex, still the germ of womanhood is not and cannot be destroyed, it is only purified in the flames of Hell. Her character is the supreme compliment paid by poet to womankind, if they could but appreciate it!

The simple maiden of the people, with nothing but the natural woman in her, uneducated, inexperienced, betrayed, cannot be lost, she recovers herself by her own innate purity, which is her perdurable essence underneath all estrangement. Truly she is the Eternal Womanly, imperishable; nor can any wrong done to her or any infernal outpour of evils shake her love. Many gifts and accomplishments she has not, which the woman may and should possess; still she has womanhood, supreme womanhood, which stands the very hardest test possible to her sex.

Thus has the poet included the three main phases of European legend in his poem, Teutonic, Greek, Christian, and thereby made it image almost the total range of human culture. This mythical substrate we must never forget; it is the primal poetic material, drawn from the hearts of the people; it unites the poet and his race both in a common soul and in a common utterance. The legend is a grand growth of time, always the same, yet always putting forth new leaves and branches; this Faust legend has grown from the beginning, like the world-tree Igdrasil; its last foliage, flower, and fruit are seen in the present poem. Yet this legend, we must think, will sprout again, like that of Helen, of Iphigenia. Why not? It is genetic, self-unfolding; moreover it will have an ample content, for Time will give it again something to say.

What, for instance, will the future world-poem have to tell? It were audacious indeed to undertake to give its theme in advance. But every stu-

dent must strongly feel that this Faust poem points to new conditions beyond itself, to new problems, even to new struggles which rise out of its very solutions. For example, that Tragedy of Civilization ended with getting rid of the old pair, the grand obstacle. But this very triumph involves a new tragedy, deeper, crueler by far, and more heart-rending than the destruction of hut and chapel with their inmates. The world of industrial activity, which is now the victorious civilization, has its millions of human instruments; it presupposes the man as a machine-maker, or as a machine-director at least; for this end he must be born with a gift of brain equal to his new vocation. But consider that he, still a rational, bread-eating animal, may appear in existence without such a gift; what is to become of him, daily needing bread? Alas, he will be ground to death by the machinery which he cannot control. Unless he become something more than a machine, nay, unless he controls the machine, it will turn upon him like a devouring monster and eat him up alive. Such is the new Tragedy of Civilization, just beginning to be played a little in short preludes, the Tragedy of being born into this civilized world.

But it is time to stop this book, lest it, in its very treatment of Tragedy, become tragic to thee, my faithful reader, who hast held out so valiantly to this end of our long struggle. We, both together, have fought our way through the poem inch by inch, after weeks', perchance months', endeavor; bravely have we returned to the attack, though re-

pulsed from the adamantine fortress of its difficulties every day. The time seems like a long, desperate battle, not merely with the meaning of things, but with the things themselves, so real has the conflict been to thee and me. We have shared in the toil of the hero, his failures, his victory, his death, so that these weeks and months have appeared almost another life to us, a life of Faust lived by us through this book of song. We may reasonably consider it, on review, a not uneventful portion of our own existence, having made the acquaintance of such a piece of writing, and having listened to its harmonies; hardly shall we find another poetic strain in Literature that will tax our outer ear, and inner faculties, as this has done. Some strange fascination it has, when we begin really to unlock its mysteries, and first glance upon its shapes as they are in truth, and not simply in appearance. Assuredly, we must feel after this first study, that it has much wealth still in store for us, in fact that the mine is but just opened. It is truly one of those books into which we are always growing, and which we never outgrow; we return to it, as to primitive fountains, to slake our thirst. But the battle is over for the present, and it is right that we look back; shall we not, each one of us, say, as we now dismiss our study: I should like to read this book soon again?

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